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TENT LIFE WITH ENGLISH GIPSIES IN NORWAY.

CARL XV.

KING OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

OBIIT 18 SEPT. 1872.

TENT LIFE

WITH

ENGLISH GIPSIES IN NORWAY.

BY

HUBERT SMITH,

MEMBER OF THE ENGLISH ALPINE CLUB; NORSKE TURIST FORENING;
AND FELLOW OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.

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WITH

FIVE FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS, THIRTY-ONE SMALLER ILLUSTRATIONS, AND MAP OF THE COUNTRY, SHOWING ROUTES.

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1873.

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In Memoriam.

DEDICATED

AS A SINCERE TRIBUTE

TO

HIS LATE MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

CARL XV.

BY

THE KIND AND SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HIS

PRESENT MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY

OSCAR II.

KING OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

PREFACE.

We awoke one morning; our gipsies were gone; our camp was gone; no light shining through as we lay in our tent. No freshness of the morning air; no wafted perfume of fragrant wild flowers; no music of the waterfall in the glen below. We were left to pursue the pathway of our journey alone.

Yet our notes *de voyage* remained to us. Impressions caught on the wayside of travel—written by the light of actual circumstance—we give them to our readers. They are a true episode in a life.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

"Nullus dolor est quem non longinquitas temporis minuat, ac molliat."

There is no grief time does not lessen and soften.

SINCE the succeeding pages were written, Norway and Sweden have mourned the death of their King, Carl XV., at Malmoe, on the 18th September, 1872.

The dedication of this work is, therefore, with the kind and special permission of his present Majesty, King Oscar II., inscribed "In Memoriam." Thus the work opens to the reader with a shadow of melancholy; for, in our experience, few kings have had the love and affection of their subjects in a greater degree.

One memorable event marked the close of his late Majesty's reign, as if to illumine the last sands of the hour-glass of his life—the millennial period of the unity of Norway as one kingdom was accomplished on the 19th July, 1872.

A thousand years had elapsed since Harald Haarfager (the Fair Hair) gained the battle of Hafsfjord, and united Norway under one crown.*

* During this reign, after the battle of Hafsfjord, the great viking "Rolf Ganger," son of Earl Rognvald, having offended King Harald, was banished from Norway, and, in company with many other Northmen, sailed with a fleet of vessels to the Hebrides, and from thence to Normandy, where the Northmen, about the year 896, obtained possession of Rouen, and Rolf Ganger, afterwards embracing Christianity, became Duke of Normandy.—*Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normans*, par Augustin Thierry, vol. i. p. 114.

At Hafsfjord, by a strange coincidence, King Harald Haarfager, having reigned, it is said, from about 861 to 931, was buried, according to the ancient sagas, near the town of Haugesund, not far from the scene of his memorable victory, the last of a series of conquests which gave to Norway one king.

The battle of Hafsfjord also accomplished King Harald's vow, and gave to him the hand of Gyda, the handsome daughter of Eric, King of Hordaland, who, in answer to his proposals, had said, she would never throw herself away, even to take a king for a husband, who had only a few districts to rule over.*

The obelisk of granite, erected near Haugesund, on the grave of Harald Haarfager, to commemorate the event, is seventy feet high. Surrounding its base, twenty-one pillars, eight feet high, are inscribed with the names of the twenty-one petty kingdoms, into which ancient Norway was formerly divided. Bronzed reliefs on the pedestal record that Harald Haarfager is buried beneath, and that the monument was erected one thousand years after he had consolidated Norway into one kingdom.

At a grand National Jubilee Festival, at Haugesund, on the 19th July, 1872, his present Majesty the King of Norway and Sweden,† then Prince Oscar, with a large assemblage of the people of Norway, inaugurated the monument.

* From the Heimskringla, or Chronicle of the Kings of Norway, translated from the Icelandic of "Snorro Sturleson," by Samuel Laing.

† The king ascends the throne as King of "Sweden, the Goths and Vandals, and Norway;" but in all Acts specially relating to Norway, that country is entitled to be named first, and this work being entirely one of Norwegian travel, we have for that reason given Norway precedence in our Dedication.

The day was fine, and the associations of a thousand years carried the mind back through the far distance of time to the battle of Hafsfjord, when, to apply the words of "Sigvat the Scald,"—

> Loud was the battle-storm there,
> When the King's banner flamed in air,
> The King beneath his banner stands,
> And the battle he commands.

His late Majesty was also a poet and an artist. Two interesting volumes of the late King's poems, entitled "En Samling Dikter" (a collection of poems), and "Smärre Dikter" (short poems) are the scintillations of a bright and imaginative mind—"Till Sverige" (To Sweden), "Borgruinen" (the Castle Ruins), "Fjerran" (Afar), "Ensamheten" (solitude), "Trosbekännelse" (Confession of Faith), "I drömmen" (I Dream), "Hvar bor Friden" (Where dwelleth Peace), "Kallan" (The Fountain), "Ziguenerskan" (The Gipsy-Girl), with other poems form the Innehål, or contents of the "Smärre Dikter." The larger volume—"En Samling Dikter"—includes "Heidi Gylfes Dotter" (Heidi Gylfe's Daughter), "En Viking Gasaga" (A Viking Saga)* "Hafsfrun" (The Mermaid), "Tre Natter" (Three Nights), and several other poems.

The full-paged portrait of his late Majesty Carl XV. is an excellent likeness. He was cast in Nature's most

* Laing defines a Viking and a Sea-king thus :—a sea-king, one connected with a royal race—either of the small kings of the country or of the Haarfager family, and who by right received the title of king as soon as he took command of men, although only a ship's crew, without having any land or kingdom. The Viking is a term not connected with the word kóngr, or king: the vikings were merely pirates—alternately peasants and pirates—deriving the name viking from viks, wicks or inlets on the coast, where they harboured their long ships or rowing-galleys. Laing says every sea-king was a viking, but every viking was not a sea-king.

perfect mould; whilst his mind had true greatness and noble-hearted chivalry.

It is beautifully engraved by the author of "Scrambles Amongst the Alps;" indeed, this and the engravings illustrating this work, which have all been taken from original sketches of the author, or photographs obtained specially for the work, are by Mr. Edward Whymper,* to whom the author is much indebted for his prompt attention, when a very short space of time could only be allowed for their completion.

An additional interest will also be felt by the reader in knowing that the work is true, even to the names of the gipsies.

So must close our Introduction; and, as we look back to our tented wanderings, they seem as a bright summer's day, whose sun, setting on the horizon of our fate, reflects itself, though with imperfect gleams, within this book, whilst the day is gone for ever!

THE AUTHOR.

7th May, 1873.

* An interesting article, by Mr. Whymper, with frontispiece, showing a "Fragment of the Jakobshaven Ice Stream," appeared in the "Alpine Journal" of May, 1870. Another article, the result of recent exploration, entitled "Some Notes on Greenland and the Greenlanders," with a frontispiece, from Mr. Whymper's pen, appeared in the "Alpine Journal" of this month.

THE GIPSY GIRL.

PASSING, I saw her as she stood beside
A lonely stream between two barren wolds ;
Her loose vest hung in rudely-gathered folds
On her swart bosom, which in maiden pride
Pillowed a string of pearls ; among her hair
Twined the light blue bell and the stonecrop gay ;
And not far thence the small encampment lay,
Curling its wreathèd smoke into the air.
She seemed a child of some sun-favoured clime ;
So still, so habited to warmth and rest ;
And in my wayward musings on past time,
When my thought fills with treasured memories,
That image nearest borders on the blest
Creations of pure art that never dies.

DEAN ALFORD.

TENT LIFE WITH ENGLISH GIPSIES IN NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

"The best books are records of the writer's own experiences of what he himself has seen or known, or—best of all—has done. The writing then becomes naturally concrete, perspicuous, a mirror of the fact; and whether it be a book for the world and for ages, or for nations and generations, there is this common to them all, that they are genuine records of genuine things, and throw light on the subject."—N. P. WILLIS.

NORWAY—OUR GIPSY TENT—TENT FITTINGS—COOKING APPARATUS—COMMISSARIAT—GIPSIES' TENT—BAGAGE DE LUXE—WEIGHT OF BAGGAGE—TRANSIT—DONKEYS—OUR PARTY—ESMERALDA.

THE picturesque and lovely scenes of Norway offered many inducements for our campaign. The peculiar advantages of tent life would enable us to wander in its wildest Dals. Its beautiful fjelds, fjords, and fosses could be seen at our ease. We might bivouac in the silent forest; we could sleep in its lonely glens, and wander in its deepest recesses, independent of the chance accommodation of the "gjœstgiver-gaard," or the more doubtful comfort of the mountain "sœter." The result of a former visit had not been without its practical utility, and the tent carried the day.

In previous travels we had used many kinds of tents,

including Mr. Whymper's very useful Alpine Tent. For this campaign we had a new one made, such as gipsies use. All experience inclined us to adopt this form of tent as the most comfortable.* It was made by gipsies, whom we had often befriended in our search after gipsy lore,—and who now no longer regarded us with distrust, as belonging to the kairengroes (house-dwellers). When it was completed, my people declared it was the best they had ever seen. A stout back pole, with strong pliable raniers or rods, fitted into it, and a cover made of two pairs of light gray blankets, of strong but fine texture, sewn together, with a broad edging of scarlet bocking, gave it an appearance which the gipsies declared to be perfection.

The interior fittings of our tent were not neglected. One of Edgington's waterproofs costing twenty-five shillings, was laid on the ground as a substratum. A handsome carpet, of strong but light material and warm colouring, was cut to the size of the tent as usually pitched, and then neatly bound with scarlet braid by my housekeeper, who made nearly everything used for the expedition. When the carpet was placed on the waterproof rug, it formed an excellent floor to the tent. Our large railway-rug, which had been with us all round the world, was still serviceable. An extra rug for use if necessary, and two air pillows covered with scarlet flannel, completed the bed accommodation. A blue partition-curtain, with broad yellow braid artistically

* Although we prefer our gipsy tent for convenience and comfort, it cannot be compared to Mr. Whymper's Alpine tent for security of shelter when pitched on a camp ground of sterile rocks amongst high mountain peaks, exposed to strong gales of wind.

elaborated in zigzag pattern, to be suspended *à volonté* from the tent raniers for privacy and seclusion, left nothing more to be desired. We had not yet sunk so low in effeminacy as to use beds, though there are instances of gipsies in England who have descended to that melancholy state.

It was necessary that our *batterie de cuisine* should be as simple as possible. In the first place we had our kettle prop which had done duty in camp life in the previous year. A kettle prop is a stout bar of iron bent at one end so as to have a projecting portion for hanging the kettle upon to boil water. The other end of the prop is sharpened so as to make holes in the ground to fix the tent raniers or rods into. (The three stakes joined together at the top, with a large witch's caldron suspended over the fire, as seen in many representations of gipsy life, have now passed away with the gipsies' scarlet cloaks once so fashionable.) We had our large fish kettle for boiling anything; our tin can for boiling and making tea for four persons; two larger tin cans for boiling or fetching milk or water, all with lids; two large zinc bowls; four smaller soup bowls, fitting one within the other; a round tin with lid to hold three pounds of butter; a quart tin can with handle; two sets of tin pannikins, four each set, fitting one within the other;* eight pewter plates; seven knives and six forks; eight spoons; a tin salt box; a tin pepper box; a sardine box

* The pannikins hold about a pint and a half, and each weighs 6 oz. They have a small loop handle on each side, which folds down, and is covered with leather, so that the pannikin can be carried when filled with hot tea. This kind of pannikin, first suggested to us by Mr. Whymper, whose plan it is, we prefer to any other we have seen for weight, size, and convenience.

opener; a frying pan, with handle to remove; a tin box containing the exact measure of tea for four persons. This was very useful, not only for economy, but in wet weather,—the box, being filled in the tent, could be carried in the hand,—in readiness for the boiling water. A Russian lamp; a small axe; two tin boxes of wax lucifer matches, and eight small cloths for cleaning, completed our *service de ménage*. All the articles enumerated could be conveniently put into the fish-kettle, except the two large cans, the two large bowls, the pewter plates, the frying-pan, and one or two other articles. These were all placed at one end of a bag called the kettle-bag, tied in the middle; our bags of tea and sugar, &c., for present use, being placed at the other end, ready to be slung over the donkey for transit.*

Our commissariat was selected with a care commensurate to the requirements of the expedition and of the four hungry *voyageurs* to be fed.

Our provisions were procured at Hudson Brothers, Ludgate Hill, London (with whom we had before had dealings), and were all we could desire for quality. Our purchase included 28lbs. of Australian meat (costing 7½*d.* per lb.)—which for the first time, we ventured, with some hesitation, to take—two hams, some bacon, a dozen boxes of sardines, 2 cheeses, a number of jars of Liebig's

* We have recently purchased a new and ingeniously contrived "cooking canteen," designed by Lieutenant Lecky, H.M.S. *Asia*. This canteen may be inspected, and is for sale at 79, Mark Lane, City. It weighs 22 lbs., and its cost is two guineas. We however think it more adapted for a military encampment than for an expedition like our own. One large light fish-kettle, frying pan, and tin boiling kettle, were amply sufficient for all requirements; and after the wear and tear of our wanderings in Norway, they are still serviceable and fit for another expedition.

essence of meat, some tins of potted meats, 2 tins of biscuits,—some of which were college biscuits,—rice, oat-meal, pea flour, beans, &c.; which, together with 12lbs. of tea from Messrs. Phillips, King William Street, in small bags of 3lbs. each, were placed in a large stout "pocket" as far as space would allow, and then packed in a wooden case, and forwarded to the care of Messrs. Wilson & Co., Hull, ready for the steamer. The weight of the provisions when sent, was 150lbs. These articles, with 30lbs. of sugar in six small bags of 5lbs. each, which we had before forwarded to Hull, completed our stock of provisions for the expedition.

The gipsies brought their own tent rods; we found blankets for the tent cover. The gipsies' tent cover is formed of two blankets, fastened with pin thorns over their tent frame of raniers or rods. They had for use one of Edgington's waterproofs and two double blankets.

We also took a railway rug ornamented with foxes' heads, which we often used with the aid of our Alpine stocks, as a balk to keep off the wind, and to close in the space between our tents when we required more room or shelter. We had, besides, a very large but exceedingly light waterproof sheeting, purchased from Edmiston, made to loop over our tents, so as to enlarge them considerably and protect us from heavy rain. The blanket covers of our tents were not waterproof; and this waterproof sheeting, which only weighed 4½ lbs., was invaluable. When we were resting during the day, it effectually protected our provisions, baggage, and ourselves from the heavy showers of rain which sometimes occurred during our wanderings.

Our additional baggage consisted of one salmon rod,

three trout rods, four Alpine stocks, two long ropes for tethering the animals, a fishing basket, a tin box with padlock, a musical box, a moderate allowance of clothes, a small tin of blacking with brushes, hair brushes and combs, soap, towels, pocket mirrors, writing-case, maps, stout straps, books (guide books and others), fishing tackle, &c., two courier bags with locks, and a plaid haversack, which contained a small case of medicaments for use when we were beyond all chance of medical advice—for, although fresh air is peculiarly health-giving, there were times and seasons when we had to officiate as the "cushty drabengro" (good doctor) of the party. We had also in this plaid bag a silver-mounted glass flask of imposing appearance, which was kept filled with Brændeviin, to be poured out into a thick-set, solid-looking drinking glass, that had been purchased, once upon a time, at Épernay, in France; it was fitted to stand the hard usage of this world, even to receiving libations of brændeviin instead of champagne. The glass is still unbroken, and ready to do duty in another campaign; and when we look at it, our brain becomes puzzled as to the number of bold Norwegians whose lips it has touched as they quaffed its contents to *gamle Norge*.

The weight of baggage is given in the following divisions:—

The kettle and articles packed into it weighed 10½ lbs.; bowls and pewter plates, packed separately, 6¾ lbs.; the frying pan, 3½ lbs.; our boiling can for making tea for our party, four in number, 1¼ lbs.; our large boiling can, for a larger number than four persons, weighed 1¾ lbs.; the large iron kettle-prop, 6 lbs. 6 ozs., making the total

weight of cooking apparatus and *service de ménage*, 30 lbs. 2 ozs.

The tent rods and pole weighed 14½ lbs.; the tent blanket, cover, and partition-curtain, 17½ lbs.; large waterproof siphonia cover, 4½ lbs.; small spade to dig trenches round tent in wet weather, 1 lb. 15 ozs.; total weight, 38 lbs. 7ozs.

One of Edgington's waterproof rugs, the tent carpet, two rugs, and two air-pillows, weighed, together, 20 lbs.

Our large tent and fittings, with cooking apparatus and *service de ménage*, therefore weighed 88 lbs. 9 ozs.; and with books, fishing-rods, clothes, the provisions, and other baggage, made a total of about 360 lbs. weight, which allowed 120 lbs. for each donkey to carry.

The method of transit for baggage of all kinds, that impediment to rapid movement, required careful consideration. We had 360 lbs. weight of baggage to carry across the sea, to take with us through the valleys of Norway, to convey over mountains, and rugged paths, across rivers and shaky wooden bridges. The kind of animal suited to our expedition had also to be considered; ponies and mules had their claims. Excellent ponies might be purchased in Norway upon our arrival, but then we had the risk of delay. If we took mules they were oftentimes vicious and troublesome. At last we commissioned a gipsy to purchase three strong donkeys, to be specially selected for the purpose. It is said in one of Dickens's works, that no one ever saw a dead donkey or a dead postboy—and this inspired additional hope that the animals would survive the journey. We had no reason to regret our choice. Donkeys will endure want of food better than even mules or horses;

they are patient, quiet, and tractable; they soon take to the camp, and seldom stray far. The weight would be about 120 lbs. each, decreasing as they progressed on their journey. A strong donkey has been known to carry for a short distance, 4 cwt., but this is exceptional; 200 lbs. for a journey on good roads they can manage without difficulty; for rough mountain roads and paths, this load ought to be reduced to less than 100 lbs. Donkeys were much valued in early times; and in New South Wales they were recently more expensive than horses. Fortunately our gipsy was able to procure them at a moderate rate; and in a short time I was the possessor—to use gipsy language—of three "cushty merles" (good donkeys). They were to travel with the gipsies' camp until we were ready to start, and so become used to camp-life. Very good ones they were:*

> Content with the thistle they tramped o'er the road,
> And never repined at the weight of the load.

It was necessary for the success of the expedition, that the party should be composed of not less than four; but one who had before accompanied our wanderings, was unable to come. Our preparations were partly made, and his loss as a fellow *compagnon de voyage* was irreparable. Skilful in designing and making a tent, full

* "The ass is an excellent and sober little beast, far too much despised by us. He is not only the most enduring, but one of the quickest walkers among cattle, being usually promoted to the leadership of a caravan. He is nearly equal to the camel in enduring thirst, and thrives on the poorest pasture, suffers from few diseases, and is unscathed by African distemper. The long desert roads and pilgrim tracts of North Africa are largely travelled over by means of asses."—*The Art of Travel*, by Francis Galton, F.R.G.S., p. 195.

of resource in camp life, never without an expedient to overcome a difficulty, a sketcher from nature, cheerful under all exposure, temperate in all his pleasures, ever ready with his song and guitar; at eveningtide, by the flickering embers of the camp fire, by the silent lake, or in the mountain *cwm*, or lonely glen—his loss was indeed to be regretted. His lithe figure, and luxuriant raven-black hair, shading in heavy tresses his ample forehead, jet-black eyes, and thoughtful countenance bronzed by exposure, strongly resembled the true gipsy type. By other gipsies whom we had chanced to meet, he had been thought of better gipsy blood than our own gipsy people.

Our right hand seemed gone. As we lounged into the gipsies' camp, there was no sun to illumine our way to the north. The party *must* be made up to four; but no other friend would venture on the exposure of a camp life in a foreign country. The romantic scenery, the novelty and charm of a nomadic life in nature's wildest scenes, completely failed to allure them from their comfortable homes.

So the party was to be made up to four. The Rye was not to go without a sufficient escort to take care of him. Tall Noah would pitch the tents and pack the animals. Esmeralda, as the forlorn hope, would do all the cooking, and undertake the arrangements of the tent, which our friend had beforetime done with our joint assistance. Zacharia, the "boshomengro" (violin-player), would again obtain water, and make the fire. They would each have one animal under their charge. With this arrangement we were obliged to content ourselves. Esmeralda, who was nearly sixteen years old, was tall,

spare, and active, and wonderfully strong for her age. She had dark hair, and eyes full of fathomless fire. Zacharia had certain nervous misgivings about being chopped up by a bear in his tent some night; tigers and lions were also inquired after; but, all being settled, there was no flinching, and our gipsies were ready on the day named.

CHAPTER II.

"He is an excellent oriental scholar, and he tells me that amongst the gipsies are the remains of a language (peculiar to themselves) in which are traces of Sanscrit. Sir David Baird, too, was remarkably struck with the resemblance of some of the Sepoys to the English gipsies. They are evidently not the dregs of any people. The countenances of many of the females are beautiful, as those of the males are manly."—*The Peacock at Rowsly.*

GIPSY EQUIPMENT—NORWEGIAN GIPSIES—PRESTEN EILERT SUNDT—THE HULL STEAMER—THE TOURIST'S FRIEND—OUR GIPSY SONG.

THE gipsies' equipment and wardrobe was not extensive; some additions given by the Rye made them up *assez bien pour le voyage.* One or two waistcoats, and a handkerchief or two, formed, we believe, the whole of Noah and Zacharia's change. But their boots! those were unexceptionable. They must be new—they must be thick—they must be nailed—double and treble nailed. One shoemaker failed in solidity and soundness of substratum; but at last, to the Rye's comfort and inexpressible relief, a more skilled follower of St. Crispin produced some *chef d'œuvres* of ponderous construction, which the gipsies admitted to be masterpieces. The man who drove the nails had well-earned his wages; the soles, indeed, at length resembled one of those old-fashioned oak doors, that one sometimes sees in ancient castles, or manorial residences. We duly discharged their cost, consoling ourselves with the reflection that we had

not to walk in them through Norway. Esmeralda had one dress to change. What it wanted in skirt, was made up by the ornamentation of plaid braid, and silver buttons, quite in accordance with the fashion of some Norwegian districts. She had no bandboxes, chignon-boxes, glove-boxes, parasols, umbrellas, caps, pomades, perfumes, and a thousand other things often required. A long Alpine cloak, and a few articles of change, formed a very slight addition to our baggage.

There are Norwegian gipsies. Even Norway has been reached by wandering hordes of this singular people.* We were desirous of comparing the language of English gipsies with that of the Norwegian Zigeuner; we were anxious to see some of the roving Tater-pak of this Northern land. In our researches into the history, language, origin, and probable fate of this wild, wandering people, who still cling with remarkable tenacity to their ancient modes of life and language, we had met with the interesting works of Presten Eilert Sundt—a gentleman who has given much time and indefatigable

* Monsieur Bataillard, in his interesting work "Nouvelles Recherches sur l'Apparition et la Dispersion des Bohémiens en Europe," says that the earliest mention of Taters in Norway is found in a law of 1589. His opinion is that they did not enter Norway by way of Denmark and South Sweden, but through North Sweden and the Duchy of Finland, that is to say by the north of Russia. This opinion appears to have been supported by Presten Eilert SUNDT. M. Bataillard, therefore, considers that the Norwegian gipsies were not part of the numerous hordes who entered the south of Europe subsequently to the year 1417. M. Bataillard is the author of a work entitled "De l'Apparition et de la dispersion des Bohémiens en Europe," published in 1844, and now out of print. The same author has recently published another interesting and valuable contribution, entitled "Les Derniers travaux relatifs aux Bohémiens dans l'Europe Orientale," published 1872. In this work Monsieur Bataillard gives a most able review of the works of various authors who have written upon the gipsy people wandering in Eastern Europe.

MAP
Shewing the Route and Camping grounds
of the
ENGLISH GIPSIES
through
NORWAY.
ENGLISH MILES
NORTH
SEA
SWEDEN
Hallingdal
Thelemarken
SKAGER BAK
NORWAY
NORTH
SEA
DENMARK
ENGLAND

MAP
Showing the Route and Camping grounds
of the
ENGLISH GIPSIES
through
NORWAY.
NORTH
SEA
SWEDEN
Rollingdal
Thelemarken
SKAGER RAK
NORWAY
NORTH
SEA
DENMARK
ENGLAND

energy to a complete investigation of the present state of the Norwegian gipsies, and has formed a vocabulary of the Romany language as spoken by them in Norway.

Presten Sundt's notes will remain a valuable record of the footsteps of this people in the world. His first work, "Beretning om Fante-eller Landstrygerfolket i Norge," was published at Christiania in 1852; it was succeeded by "Anden aars Beretning om Fantefolket," published at Christiania in 1862. To him the Norwegian Government are indebted for the only information which we believe has yet been given relative to the Norwegian gipsies. The extracts from Presten Sundt's works, expressly made for us, will be found in the Appendix to this work.

Our preparations had wonderfully progressed: besides bags of various kinds we had three *pockets*, as the gipsies call them,—one for each animal. The pocket is a large broad, flat sack, sewed up at both ends, with a slit on one side, which buttons. The blankets and rugs, &c., are folded and packed flat into it through the slit or opening. Any hard substances are placed at each end of the pocket, so that the donkey's back may not be injured. The pocket is placed flat over the tent covers, and then girthed tightly round the animal. The bags, tent-rods, and other things are fastened by cords passing between the girth and the pocket.

A steamer was to sail from Hull in June, and we ultimately arranged to take a return ticket from Hull to Norway and back, ourself first-class, and the gipsies second-class: our return tickets cost us £25, including

the carriage of three animals, either donkeys or horses, whichever we might wish to take, going or returning. At one time we thought of going by the special steamer to Throndhjem, intended for the convenience of sportsmen, but as the voyage was longer, and the fare

BREAKING UP CAMP: GIPSY POCKET AND LOADED DONKEY.

considerably higher, we gave up the idea. Messrs. Wilson were most prompt in giving us every information, and when we had decided to go, they secured us an excellent berth, and received our heavy baggage when forwarded.

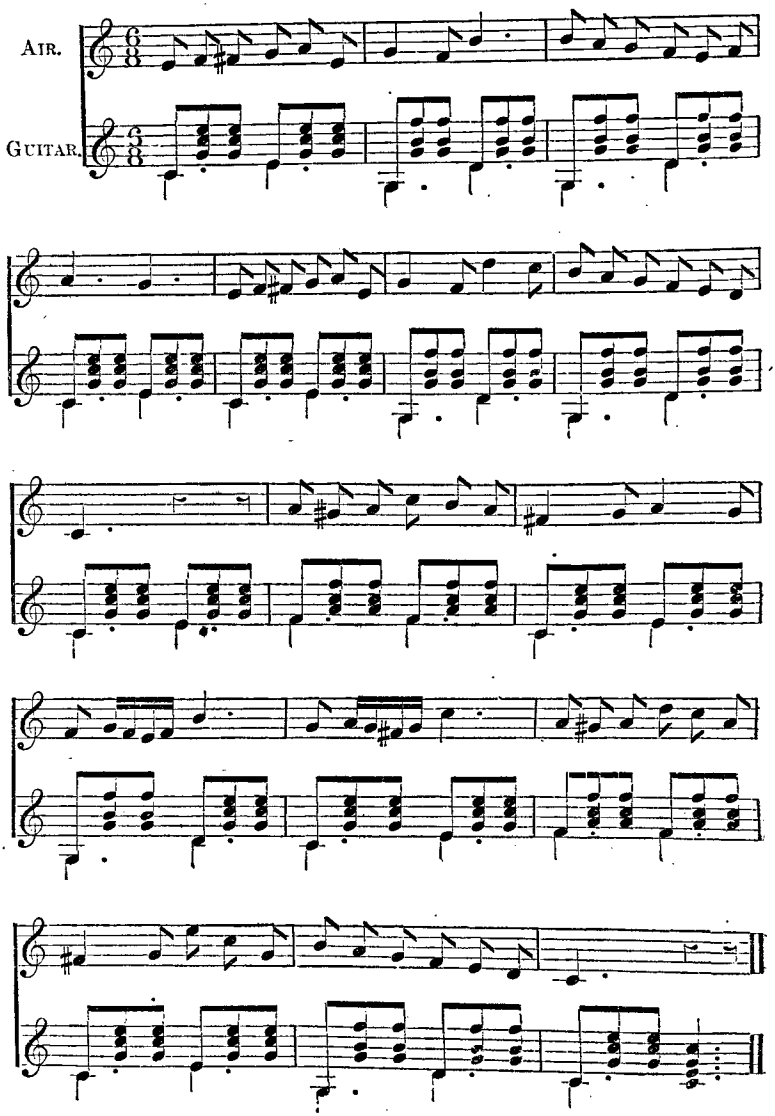
We soon received a small publication, by John Bradley, entitled, "Norway, its Fjords, Fjelds, and Fosses, and How to See Them for Fifteen Guineas:" with a tempting view of Norwegian scenery on the cover. Unfortunately we could not travel at so cheap a

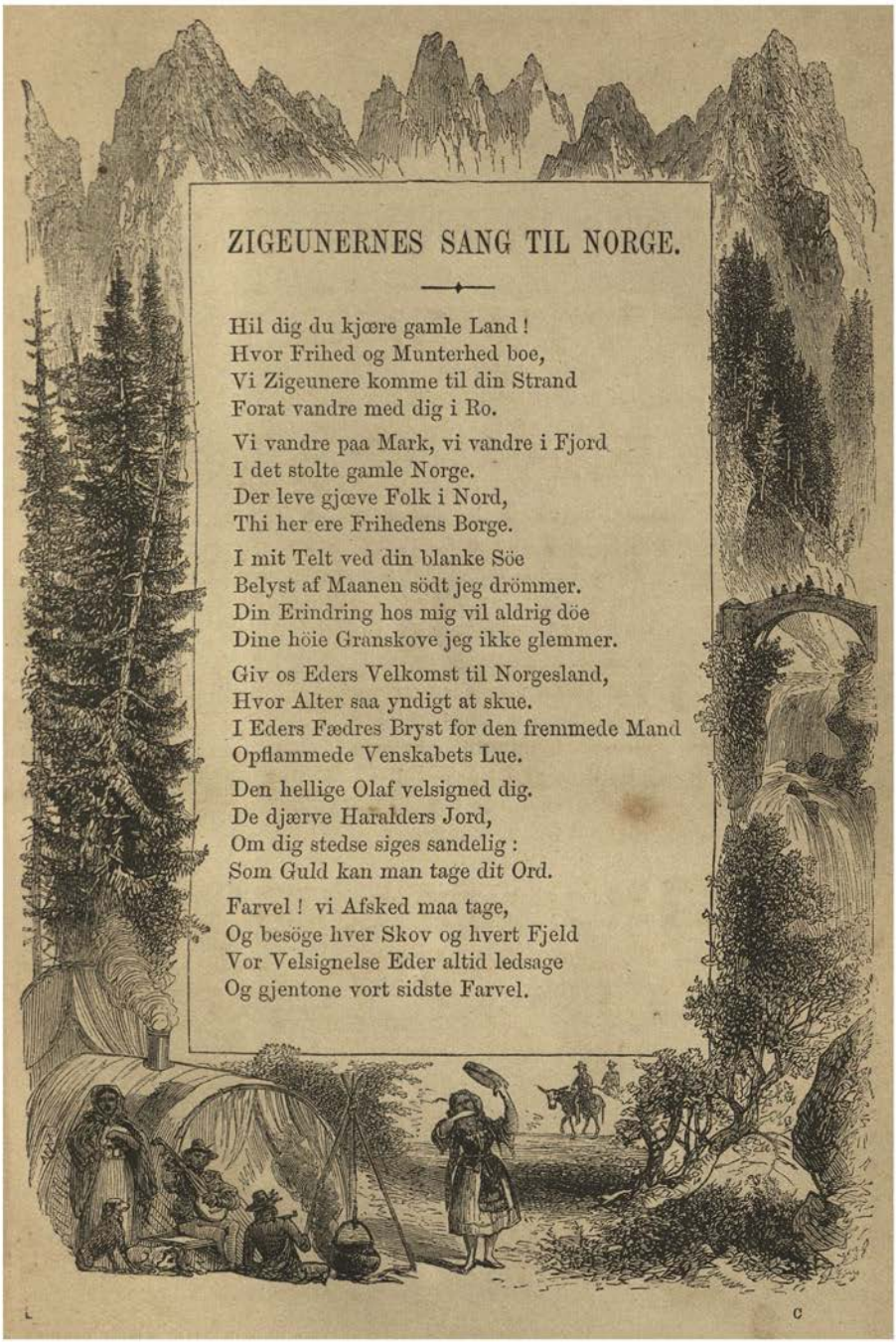
rate with our party; but we recommend the publication to intending tourists.

We now wrote to Mr. Bennett, 17, *Store Strandgade*, Christiania, who is a perfect oracle upon all matters pertaining to Norway, and gives ready aid to northern tourists, and he at once sent the maps we required. We afterwards received his newly revised Guide Book, which is indispensable to all Norwegian travellers.

A gipsy song was composed by us for our campaign, —a sort of souvenir, to be given here and there,—a memorial of our visit; we had it translated into Norwegian. It was a guitar song, with an engraved border, illustrative of gipsy life. The music was arranged by our friend, of whose regretted absence, we have already spoken. He had taken it from an air, which he once heard played, by an Italian boy, in the streets of London. It had since dwelt on his memory. The following is the music of the air, and the song follows, with a Norwegian translation, which is said, to be exceedingly good.

MUSIC OF GIPSIES' NORWEGIAN SONG.





ZIGEUNERNES SANG TIL NORGE.

Hil dig du kjœre gamle Land!
Hvor Frihed og Munterhed boe,
Vi Zigeunere komme til din Strand
Forat vandre med dig i Ro.

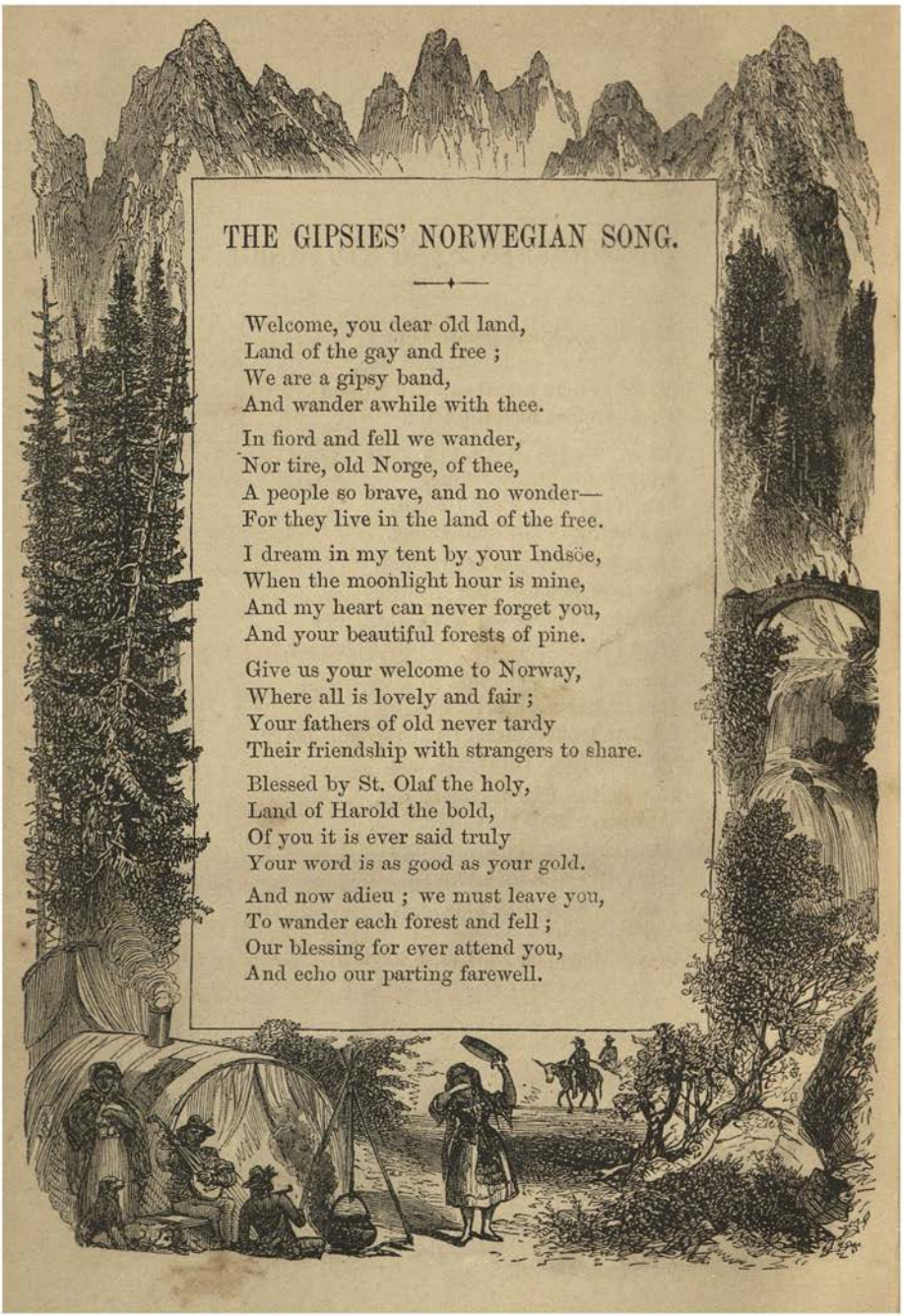
Vi vandre paa Mark, vi vandre i Fjord
I det stolte gamle Norge.
Der leve gjœve Folk i Nord,
Thi her ere Frihedens Borge.

I mit Telt ved din blanke Söe
Belyst af Maanen södt jeg drömmer.
Din Erindring hos mig vil aldrig döe
Dine höie Granskove jeg ikke glemmer.

Giv os Eders Velkomst til Norgesland,
Hvor Alter saa yndigt at skue.
I Eders Fædres Bryst for den fremmede Mand
Opflammede Venskabets Lue.

Den hellige Olaf velsigned dig.
De djærve Haralders Jord,
Om dig stedse siges sandelig:
Som Guld kan man tage dit Ord.

Farvel! vi Afsked maa tage,
Og besöge hver Skov og hvert Fjeld
Vor Velsignelse Eder altid ledsage
Og gjentone vort sidste Farvel.



THE GIPSIES' NORWEGIAN SONG.

Welcome, you dear old land,
Land of the gay and free ;
We are a gipsy band,
And wander awhile with thee.

In fiord and fell we wander,
Nor tire, old Norge, of thee,
A people so brave, and no wonder—
For they live in the land of the free.

I dream in my tent by your Indsöe,
When the moonlight hour is mine,
And my heart can never forget you,
And your beautiful forests of pine.

Give us your welcome to Norway,
Where all is lovely and fair ;
Your fathers of old never tardy
Their friendship with strangers to share.

Blessed by St. Olaf the holy,
Land of Harold the bold,
Of you it is ever said truly
Your word is as good as your gold.

And now adieu ; we must leave you,
To wander each forest and fell ;
Our blessing for ever attend you,
And echo our parting farewell.

CHAPTER III.

"The woods are green, the hedges white
With leaves, and blossoms fair;
There's music in the forest now,
And I too must be there."

JEFFREYS.

A FRIEND'S MISGIVING—DARK FOREBODINGS—A SLEEPLESS NIGHT—THE RAILWAY STATION—THE ALBION—A PHILOSOPHER—THE STREET BOY—DISTINGUISHED TRAVELLERS.

WE had nearly completed our preparations, and were leaving town, when we dined one evening with a friend whom we had not seen for some time. He seemed interested in our approaching excursion, but his astonishment was great, when our plan was divulged.

"What! going to Norway with gipsies?" said he in amazement, as he poised in his hand, a glass of champagne. "Why I don't believe my friend Tom Taylor, who has taken a great interest in the gipsy language, ever went so far as to camp with them. You'll be robbed, and murdered—not the slightest doubt. Travel with gipsies!" exclaimed our friend, and he seemed to shudder at the thought.

We were quite unable to say how much self-sacrifice Mr. Tom Taylor may have made. We had read his interesting collection of Breton Ballads. He writes well on a great variety of subjects, and is an excellent art

critic; but we could not give any opinion upon his camp experience. My friend shook his head, "Write to me when you get there,—promise to write me a letter," said he earnestly. "Yes, you will be certainly robbed, and murdered," and he silently emptied his glass.

There was something touching in his manner, as he gulped down the effervescent draught, with a look which showed plainly that he had no hope for our safe return.

In the drawing-room the subject seemed one of interest. We gave our friend a promise to write. As we left the house, his adieux were those of separation, for the last time.

It had been a wild rainy night. What with packing, and writing letters, we never went to bed. *Mes gens de la maison* remained up also. After a very early breakfast we were *en route*. As we drove up to the railway station of a large populous town, we caught sight of our gipsies. They were waiting for us with the three donkeys in the shelter of some open building of the station. The gipsies looked wet, draggled, and miry, but full of spirits. As we stepped from the carriage, a porter took charge of our twelve packages.

We had received previously full and explicit information from the passenger department as to the trains and expense of transit, and had engaged a horse box to Hull. One of the officials, seemed rather astonished, when he found three donkeys, were to be conveyed in the horse-box, he scarcely seemed able to connect a horse-box, with the proposed freight.

A stray policeman seemed puzzled at the retinue. The three gipsies, saluting us with *Shawshon baugh, Sir?* (How do you do, Sir?) marched up and down the

platform, apparently much pleased at our arrival. The stray policeman wandered about, as if he was up, and down, and nohow, as to what it all meant, or whether the gipsies, belonged to us, or themselves. He was lingering near, when we produced a 10*l.* Bank of England note at the booking-office, in payment for our tickets. A new light then beamed on his mind, and we did not see him again. The horse-box was paid for. The porter got labels for all our packages, and timidly ventured to inquire the use of the tent-rods, which he had curiously regarded for some time. We secured a second-class, and a first-class compartment in the same carriage, all was arranged, the signal was given, and we were off. We had only one change—at Leeds—and no stoppage. The horse-box went right through. A pleasant *compagnon de voyage*, accompanied us most of the journey; he had lately come from the blue skies of Italy.

The gipsies were joined by an inquisitive fellow-traveller, in a white hat. Some people trouble themselves about everybody else's business but their own. He cross-examined them, as to who we were, and where we came from. "Gloucestershire," said Noah—"we all came from Gloucestershire this morning." "You must have started very early," said the inquisitive traveller. "Oh, yes," said Noah with emphasis—"very early."

It was a damp, wet morning, as we arrived on Friday, the 17th June, 1871, at the Hull station, and found ourselves on the platform. We left the gipsies, to look after the donkeys, which were put in some stables at the station; and taking all our things in a cab to the *Albion* steamer, we put them on board. Messrs. Wilson were called upon. They are prompt men of business; to

their word in all things. Ample arrangements would be made to shelter the donkeys during the voyage, and we paid our fare. At the station on our return we found a civil porter waiting for us, and having paid the stout stableman 1*s.* for each donkey, the gipsies took them on board about one or two o'clock in the day.

Much curiosity was created when the gipsies came on deck. The steward of the vessel said, they seemed to have lately come from a warm country.

The *Albion* steamer had small, but comfortable second-class accommodation. No meal could be had until seven o'clock; but the second steward managed to get the gipsies some sandwiches and ale. They had been fed *en route* in the morning, and were quite satisfied, with the refreshments so provided.

During the previous wet night, they had camped some distance from the starting point, and had ridden the donkeys through the rain to the railway station. Noah and Zacharia had no great-coats, but Esmeralda was dressed in her long Alpine cloak, and treble necklace of blue, and white beads. Her straw hat was surmounted by a small plume of feathers, dyed blue, by one of her brothers. She did not wear earrings, and had no other ornament.

We had left the steamer to obtain some methylated spirit for our Russian lamp, and to call at Messrs. Wilson and Co.'s, when we remembered, that we had forgotten our watch-keys. A watchmaker's shop was soon found. The watchmaker was a merry-looking man. The watch had always been provided with one key to wind it up, and another to regulate the hands. We had always been assured, that two different keys, were re-

quired. "Ha! ha!! ha!!!" laughed the watchmaker, who was apparently a German, "I will give you one key which will do the same thing—ha! ha!! ha!!!"

It was a beautifully formed key, nor had we ever met with one like it before.

The watchmaker appeared to us as a second Jean Batiste *Schwilgué* of Strasbourg.* "Ha! ha!! ha!!!" laughed the merry little man, "all is mystery. We eat and drink, but we comprehend nothing. Ah! we often end in believing nothing." We remarked that no one who contemplated with attention the works of Nature could overlook the design of a great Creator. The watchmaker went to an inner door. A pretty girl probably his daughter, changed a shilling for him. "Ah!" continued he, "you see by travel; you take in through the eyes; they are the great vehicles of human life. I laugh at them, ha! ha!! ha!!!" and he bowed as I left the shop.

We were now nearly ready for the voyage; as we passed from the gates of the railway station an interesting-looking boy, pleaded hard to black our boots. It is an honest way of making a livelihood. In this instance we stepped aside—one boot was just finished, when he suddenly bolted. Although he did not wait for his money, he did not forget the paraphernalia of his business. Another boy explained, that he was not allowed to black boots so near the station, and a policeman in the distance had caused his hasty disappearance.

The boy again met us soon after, and completed his work; we were glad to have the chance of paying him.

* Jean Batiste Schwilgué was born at Strasbourg, 18th Dec., 1776, and completed the celebrated clock in the Strasbourg Cathedral.

When we went on board the steamer, all was confusion. On the wharf, we had 1*s.* wharfage, to pay for each animal. The total expenses of our party to join the steamer amounted to 10*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* including 6*s.* 11*d.* for hay, supplied to the donkeys for the voyage.

The evening was damp and gloomy. An old weather-beaten Norwegian pilot wandered about the deck. Men in oilskin coats, smelling strongly of tar and tobacco-quid, hustle and bustle, against everything. Very comfortable accommodation, had been erected specially for the animals near the engines, in the waist of the steamer. Esmeralda was feeding them with hay.

When the gipsies were afterwards looking over the side of the vessel, they formed an interesting group. Then came the active steward, of the second cabin, who promised us to take care of them. The second steward was a small, but firmly-knit, active young fellow, who said he had been wrecked twice, in the old coat he was then wearing, and for which, therefore, he had a strong affection; after saying he should go next winter to California, he left us to look after his many arrangements.

We were informed that Sir Charles Mordaunt and also Lord Muncaster,* who had so narrowly escaped the

* It may be that the noble descendant of the Penningtons owed his almost miraculous escape, to his possession of the curiously-wrought enamelled glass cup, given by King Henry the VIth after the battle of Hexham, 1463, to his ancestor, Sir John de Pennington, knt., with a prayer that the family should ever prosper, and never want a male heir, as long as the cup remained unbroken. The cup is called the "Luck of Muncaster," and Muncaster Castle, and its long broad winding terrace, commanding magnificent views over the valley of Eskdale, is one of those enchanted spots which we meet with in the picturesque county of Cumberland. It is singular that another family in Cumberland also possess a similar talisman, to which is attached a rare value, "The Luck of Edenhall," belonging to

Athenian brigands, had left Hull in the special steamer for *Throndhjem* on the previous evening.

the ancient family of Musgrave. It is an old enamelled drinking glass, said to have been seized in olden time by a Butler of Eden Hall from some fairies he surprised dancing near St. Cuthbert's well in the Park. The glass had been left by the fairies near the brink of the well, and the fairies, failing to recover it, vanished with the words—

> "If that glass either break or fall,
> Farewell the Luck of Edenhall."

An interesting account is given of the "Luck of Edenhall" in Roby's interesting "Tales and Traditions of Lancashire."

CHAPTER IV.

"ZARCA. It is well.
You shall not long count days in weariness:
Ere the full moon has waned again to new,
We shall reach Almeria; Berber ships
Will take us for their freight, and we shall go
With plenteous spoil, not stolen, bravely won
By service done on Spaniards. Do you shrink?
Are you aught less than a Zincala?"

GEORGE ELIOT'S *Spanish Gipsy.*

ENGLAND'S FAREWELL—SUMMER TOURISTS—THE CHEVALIER—SEAFARING—A GIPSY RECEPTION—CHANGE OF PLANS—NORWEGIAN PILOT—THE BIRMINGHAM BAGMAN—INDUCEMENT TO AUTHORSHIP—STRANGE WILLS—A SAILOR'S PHILOSOPHY—ICELANDIC LANGUAGE—PROGNOSTICATIONS.

THE steamer's saloon was elegantly fitted up. Bouquets of flowers shed their fragrance on each table; books, pens, and ink had been supplied for the use of the voyagers. One passenger soon entered, carrying a long sword; another—a French gentleman—followed, and expressed a wish to be in the same cabin with his wife. We have pleasure in saying that we found the captain very agreeable, and courteous.

The *Albion* steamer left the Hull docks at eight o'clock the same evening, being towed out by a steam-tug. The under-steward, went to meet some passengers, whose arrival was expected by a late train, but returned without having found them. The gipsies and ourself, as we stood looking over the bulwarks of the steamer, took our last view of the fading shore, and the steamer was soon fairly

on her voyage. Our gipsies were almost famished; but we managed to get them some tea, at nine o'clock, and they went off to bed.

Our cabin was one of the best in the steamer. We awoke as daylight dawned through the open bull's-eye window of our upper berth. Not feeling decidedly well, or ill, we got up, to see how we were; then we had some conversation, with our fellow-passenger in the berth below. (We were the only two occupants of the cabin.) This traveller, who was invisible behind the curtain of his berth, informed us that he was going on business to Gottenberg; while we told him, that we were going to make a tour, in the wilds of Norway.

When we sought our gipsies, we found that they were not up. In company with several of our fellow-passengers, we afterwards sat down to a capital breakfast provided for us in the saloon. The steamer had its usual complement of travellers to Norway in summer—some for fishing, some for health, and some for business.

One pale, gentlemanly passenger, whose acquaintance we made, had met with an accident to his leg. Another agreeable tourist, whom we will call Mr. C., was accompanied by his wife—a tall young lady, with a Tyrolese hat and feather. A young invalid officer, just returned from Italy, had had the Roman fever, and was given up; he had, however, recovered sufficiently to travel, and intended going to Lyngdal to join some friends. There were also two or three Norwegian gentlemen (one of them, a Chevalier de l'Ordre de Wasa), a Scotch traveller with a large sandy beard, and a tall, portly gentleman, going to visit some friends near Christiania.

Finding we had three donkeys on board, the Chevalier

and another passenger accompanied us to see them. The first-named gentleman, was especially interested in our proposed excursion. How shall we describe him?

He was rather under middle height, thick-set, and strongly built; and occasionally his countenance expressed, much animation, and good-humoured energy. The information he possessed was extensive; he spoke English perfectly; had travelled much, and knew Scandinavia, and its people well.

The donkeys were declared very fine ones, especially the large light-coloured animal, with a dark cross on its shoulders, long, finely-formed legs, and beautiful head. This donkey was about six years old, and we called it the Puru Rawnee.*

The next donkey, was a dark animal, five years old, strong, but not so finely formed; although not so spirited,

* Puru Rawnee—old lady.

it endured all the fatigue of long travel, even better than its two companions; we called it the Puro Rye.*

The third was about four years old, with a beautiful head, very lively, and was called the Tarno Rye.† They seemed to relish the hay, and made themselves quite at home.

The donkeys became objects of *special* interest, and the Puru Rawnee was *much* admired. Most of the passengers had something to recount as to their impressions. A Norwegian gentleman said that they had no donkeys in Norway, which we afterwards found to be quite correct. Another good-humouredly said, that sixpence each ought to be charged, and the entrance closed. Many were the suggestions, and speculations, concerning them by the passengers, as they quietly puffed their cigars. The gentleman of the Roman fever, who seemed to be improving each hour, said in a significant manner, during a pause in the conversation, "You'll write a book; your experience will be interesting—you ought to write a book."

We now went to find our gipsies, or what was left of them. Esmeralda was lying on the deck, with her head on a closed hatchway. She raised her head in a most doleful manner, and said, "Very bad, sir." Noah was lying next his sister, and sat up for a moment looking very wild. Zacharia was extended full length, perfectly speechless. Evidently, they wished themselves on shore again.

Great curiosity was excited among the passengers to see the gipsies. We explained, that they were in a very prostrate condition—in fact, quite unable to hold much

* Puro Rye—old gentleman. In Turkish Romany, phuro—old.

† Tarno Rye—young gentleman.

intercourse, with the outer world; but at length we yielded, and introduced a party to them. The interview was short, and as our gipsies were still lying on the deck, and quite unable to do the honours of the reception, we soon left them in peace. The passengers were apparently much pleased with the introduction.

They were real gipsies—gipsies who had all their life roamed England with their tents—none of your half-and-half caravan people—an effeminate race, who sleep in closed boxes, gaudily painted outside, with a stove, and a large fire within. Ours were nomads, who slept on the ground, and wandered with their tents, during every season of the year.

The steward took care we did not starve. Our dinner was quite a success. The table groaned beneath the weight of soup, salmon, roast beef, veal, ducks and green peas, young potatoes, puddings, Stilton and Cheshire cheese, &c., with excellent claret from a Norwegian house at Christiania.

The gipsies did not give much sign of revival. During the afternoon, we visited them now, and then, consoled them, and gave the steward orders, to let them have whatever they wanted.

We had a long conversation, with the Chevalier, as to our route, through Norway. It had been our intention to make Christiansand our starting-point, go through the wilds of the Thelemarken, and visit again the Gousta Mountain, and the Rjukan Fos. The Chevalier suggested Christiania, as the best starting-point, taking railway to Eidsvold, where, he said, Presten Eilert Sundt resided. He then said, we could travel by road, or steamer, to Lillehammer, and from thence through the Gud-

brandsdalen. He afterwards sketched out a very long and interesting route, having its termination at Christiansand, and we determined to follow as far as possible his suggestions.

There were many inquiries by the passengers as to how the gipsies fared, and we went to see them again just before tea-time. Zacharia was in bed, and asleep; Noah was just getting into bed; and Esmeralda was in the second-class women's cabin, with some tea, and bread-and-butter before her, looking exceedingly poorly. The close proximity to a stout woman who was dreadfully sea-sick, was not enlivening.

The Norwegian pilot, who was a good-tempered old man, had been much interested with the nails in the gipsies' boots; when they were lying on the deck, he would sometimes stoop down to make a close inspection, as if he were counting them. He said nothing, but probably thought more.

The occupant of our cabin, when we saw him, was a young man with an eye to business; in fact, some of the passengers averred afterwards, that he could calculate in a few moments, the exact amount, the steamer cost, to a fourpenny nail. He seemed, however, to be very well intentioned, in his inquisitive analysis of everybody, and everything. He was said by some one to be a Birmingham bagman, whilst others said he was a wandering Jew; but whether Jew or Gentile, he took a decided interest in the gipsies, and the donkeys, for which we suppose there was some excuse. He had dark hair, eyebrows, and beard, pale complexion, and generally walked with his hands in his pockets, and his shoulders screwed up to the back of his neck. His head, was inclined downwards, whilst he

looked at you, with large rolling eyes, from under his bushy eyebrows, with a quick upward glance of inquiry. Now and then, he would walk off to see the donkeys, and report on his return, to the other passengers, his views as to their state of comfort, and happiness.

Somehow his opinion, did not appear to have much weight with the other passengers—whether it was from want of intelligence on their part, or obscurity of perception, we could not say. At tea-time he sat opposite to us; he dashed wildly into salad, and then said in a loud voice across the table, "I have seen your donkeys; I should like to go with you." "You seem to like them," we replied. "No!" exclaimed he, very wildly; "it is your gipsies' dark eyes."

"He is insane," said the Chevalier, in an under tone, to which we readily assented. The bagman certainly did look wild; and it immediately occurred to us that he slept under our berth, in the same cabin—not a lively contemplation, but we were determined, not to meet trouble halfway.

We had entered up some of our notes, and had strolled on deck to enjoy the freshness of the sea-breeze, when we found ourselves one of a small party of passengers, whiling away the time, in pleasant conversation, in which our captain joined.

"You must write a book," said the officer who had had the Roman fever.

"And dedicate it to you?" we rejoined.

"I will take one copy," said one passenger.

"I will take three copies," said our captain.

"Ah!" said another, "it should be on the saloon table."

"And then," said another, "it will be interesting to know the fate of the three donkeys."

We admitted that, after so much encouragement, we must write a book, and dedicate it to the officer, who had had the Roman fever.

Several anecdotes were related. One passenger said, "There was a house near Hyde Park, which formerly belonged to an old gentleman, who left his property to trustees on certain trusts, provided they buried him on the top of his house."* Several instances were told of persons desiring in their wills to be buried in their garden; and one or two cases were mentioned where the wish had been disregarded.

The weather became rainy, and our *compagnons de voyage*, sought shelter elsewhere. We, however, still

* Although the account, singular as it is, receives very general credence, and the place of sepulture, on the roof of the mansion near Hyde Park, is even pointed out, we must say, that a literary friend, who devoted some time to the inquiry, discredits the truth. In a letter written by a near relative of the titled possessor, which we have seen, it is stated, that the account is correct, and it is also stated, that the property, for that reason, was purchased for a lower price. The matter therefore remains involved in some mystery. We have since been informed by a clergyman, that he well remembers being told, of the sepulture of a body, on a house near Clapham Junction, on the London and South-Western Railway. Another instance has also been mentioned to us, as occurring in one of the midland counties. At the last moment, but in time to find a record in this note, a friend has kindly sent us the following facts, illustrative of our page heading, "Strange Wills." At Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, a pleasantly situated place on the High North Road, about eleven miles from Hertford, a resident, Henry Trigg, having peculiar ideas about the resurrection, left his property to his heirs, upon condition, and in trust, that they put him in an oak coffin, and placed his body on the rafters of his barn, attached to the Old Castle Public House, in the parish of Stevenage. There he was placed in 1724, and there he now remains. In the time when coaches stopped at the Old Castle Public House, there were many travellers on the Great Northern Road. The old oak coffin was then a lion of the place, and brought grist to the landlord of the inn. Even now it is occasionally visited by the curious.

clung to the fresh sea-air, and as we paced the deck near the wheel, we could not help observing the silent seaman, gazing intently in solemn earnestness, on his compass, as if, like Dr. Dee, he noted many things, within a magic crystal. He was a good-looking, though weather-beaten man, with a dark moustache.

In answer to an observation we made, as to the weather, he said, "Well, sir, I never felt it so cold as it was last Sunday—not even in the Baltic last winter, when I had ice, an inch thick on my back. Why, I had three coats on last Sunday!"

We then remarked, that there were few accidents on the line of steamers.

"Accidents you think seldom occur on this line? Well, I don't know. There was the *Echo* last winter; not a soul saved! I've slipped four in my time, as have soon after gone down."

"You've been lucky," said we.

"Lucky? Well—if there is such a thing as luck; but I think Providence ordains all things; I believe all things are ordained for us." Many sailors we have met, have been men of deep religious feeling; below a rough surface, we have often found much true piety.

The Chevalier still remained on deck, and we had a long conversation about Iceland. The Icelandic language is the same as the old Norwegian language; but he told us that it is difficult for one who speaks only *modern* Norwegian, to learn Icelandic. In Iceland, he said, they were great snuff-takers; it was calculated that each person took 2lbs. of snuff per head each year. Like the Scotch, they had their mulls or snuff-horns.

At twelve o'clock on this day, the thermometer stood

at 62.° The ladies had scarcely appeared; they generally suffer more than gentlemen.

It was nearly twelve at night when we entered our cabin to go to bed. The occupant of the second berth was invisible, but not asleep; and he asked whether we objected to have the cabin-door open. We were only too glad to oblige him, and with the bull's-eye window open also, we had an agreeable atmosphere.

His mind was apparently still dwelling upon the gipsies. An interrogating voice issued from the lower berth, as we were preparing to go to bed.

"I suppose you have been writing your diary?"

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose you will write a book? I will take two copies. Have you a bed or a mattrass in your tent?"

"No!"

"That would not do for me. I should have an air bed to keep you off the ground. You will probably stay a day or two at Christiania? I suppose the gipsy girl will cook for you? She will suffer, and be ill, won't she? You will have much trouble with her."

We informed him she had more spirit, and was quite as strong as her brothers.

Our fellow-passenger again continued, "Where did you engage them?"

We answered, we had known them some time, and they were attached to us; and then, wishing him good-night, we left him to pursue his dreams of the gipsies' dark eyes, which had evidently made an impression upon him.

Our shrewd calculator was evidently under the gipsies' spell.

CHAPTER V.

" Que veut dire ce mot la, Esmeralda ?"
" Je ne sais pas," dit-elle.
" A quelle langue appartient-il ?"
" C'est de l'Égyptien, je crois."
Notre Dame de Paris, par VICTOR HUGO.

" What is the meaning of the name Esmeralda ?"
" I don't know," said she.
" To what language does it belong ?"
" It is Egyptian, I believe."

A SEAMAN'S ADVENTURES—THE UNFORTUNATE TOURIST—AN APT QUOTATION—FREEMASONRY—CHRISTIANSAND—PAST RECOLLECTIONS—THE RUNIC STONE—OVERPAYMENT—TWO SALMON FISHERMEN—A TRAVELLER'S CURIOSITY—NORWEGIAN SNAKES—SCENERY—WE ARE ONE—GOLDEN OPINIONS.

ON Sunday morning, the 19th of June, we rose at four o'clock, and went on deck. The morning was cloudy; not a passenger to be seen. The seaman at the helm received our salutation. This one did not possess a moustache, but he had his say, and said it. He philosophised thus. His wages were not 4*l.* a month. "4*l.*," said he, "I ought to have; but if I did not take less, they would ship men at 3*l.* who would. There were 300 men in the Custom House at Hull who never did more than two hours' work a day. They had not got it for them to do. He had been to California, and had, by gold digging, accumulated in a few months 350*l.*—was stuck-up coming down the country—lost all—shipped to Valparaiso, got about 80*l.*, and set up in business. The

Spaniards and the Chilians had a row, and he walked off and lost everything. Had not done much—did not know where a man could go to make money—England was overcrowded. They were emigrating now from Norway, to the United States and Canada. Had tried Australia, but did nothing there. Had seen men in Sydney who were walking about, and could not get more than two hours' work. Thought it best to stick to England, though he could not get higher wages; but, somehow," said he (finishing up) as he gave the wheel a pull, "we seem to be all going along together; I suppose we shall come out at some gate, or other. It beats me, but I suppose it will be all right at last."

We took advantage of early hours—our diary progressed. Leave nothing to memory, but that page of perception, which gilds the past, with a thousand golden spangles. The tints of remembrance, give more genial hue. As a record of truth, the facts must be rigidly noted; they must have instant impress, if they are to be of value.

One by one, passengers appear in the saloon from their cabins. The Scotch tourist with a large sandy beard enters. He was one in search of health, and had by accident fallen thirty-seven feet, which nearly killed him. Could not speak Norwegian—had been very sea-sick—was going through Norway—thought the fall had injured his head—felt very unwell, and looked it.

We get a cup of tea at 7·30. At eight o'clock, stewards make their appearance, and bustle about. The morning began to clear; passengers assemble at breakfast in larger numbers and in better spirits. A fine day is expected.

Many inquiries are made after our gipsies and donkeys. The gipsies were still unwell. Esmeralda managed some beefsteak and tea as she lay on deck. The gipsies had our best encouragement.

The barrister and the officer recovered from the Roman fever (a member of the Naval and Military Club) were both charmed with our gipsies' names.

The officer especially so, and gave occasionally, the following recitation:—

"Upon a time it came to pass
That these two brothers die did;
They laid Tobias on his back,
And Ezekiel by his side did."

This quotation from a popular song, was considered a very apt illustration, of the probable fate, of our two gipsies, Noah and Zacharia, before the expedition was ended.

The Birmingham bagman, was soon seen hovering on the narrow bridge, leading to the forecastle above the waist of the steamer. At times, he leaned upon the handrail, and would look down upon the deck below, where our gipsies reclined. Sometimes after gazing at them, he made some observation to Esmeralda. Occasionally he came to us, and was exceedingly anxious about the donkeys.

So frequently did he come, and so many were his suggestions, that at last we began to fear, we should be in the same melancholy position, as Sinbad the Sailor, with the Old Man of the Sea.

The passengers seemed most pleased with the name of Esmeralda. The portly English gentleman said it was a gipsy queen's name. The barrister often hummed an air

from a favourite opera called "Esmeralda," which had been brought out in London that very season.

The Chevalier was in excellent spirits at dinner. He had been engaged upon a diplomatic mission to England. We discovered ourselves as Freemasons, which led to our taking champagne together at dinner.

A young Norwegian, who spoke English exceedingly well, and his English wife, sat near us.

The day had gradually become bright and lovely. The steamer approached Christiansand. In the afternoon, we sighted its forts. The town looked smiling, as if to welcome us from the ocean. Several passengers were going on shore: the portly gentleman, the officer who had had the Roman fever, the Chevalier, and ourselves and gipsies descended into a boat. The fare when we landed was 16 skillings. The officer was going to some place near Lyngdal. We left him at the Custom House, passing his baggage. As he wished ourselves, and gipsies good-bye, his last words were, "Remember, I must have a copy of your book." We hope before this, he has recovered, and is able to read these pages.

The houses of Christiansand are of wood; the streets are broad, the pavement, when not Macadamized, often rough and uneven. The town had wonderfully improved since our last visit.

Christiansand recalled to mind the time, when a friend and ourself, once landed there from England. We had sailed in a small fishing-smack, commanded by Captain Dixon. It was our first visit to Norway. We stayed at the Scandinavian Hotel, kept by Madame Lemcou. The hotel was very like a private house. No one spoke English. Well, we remember our difficulties, and the

kind old inhabitant, who called upon us. He had no doubt come to place his knowledge of the country at our service. His stock of English consisted of "your most humble obedient servant," which he often repeated. Our knowledge of Norwegian, at that time was in comparison, scarcely more extensive, so that our interview, ended much as it began.

We rambled with our gipsies through the town. It was a sunny evening. The inhabitants were also enjoying their evening promenade. Although warm, and pleasant, scarcely any of the windows of the houses, were opened for ventilation. The sides of the wooden houses were often covered with weather-boards, and painted. Esmeralda, with her dark raven hair, and eyes; Noah, with his tall figure; Zacharia decorated with a flaming yellow "dicklo" (gipsy handkerchief) flaunting round his neck in gipsy fashion, were severally scanned by curious observers as we passed. Noah heard one person say in English, "How healthy-looking they are!" We could not help being amused, at the puzzled expression of some, not excepting several young soldiers we met.

We walked round the cathedral, which was not improved by whitewash, and possessed no chef d'œuvre of sculptured ornament, to make us linger in our contemplation.

The old Runic stone in the churchyard of Oddernœs Church, we had before visited. Noah—whose ideas no doubt connected most views with sites for a camp—pointed out one highly suitable on the bank of the Torrisdals Elv. Time wore away, and we at length made our way quickly down to the boats, waiting at the rough wooden piers of the harbour.

We had a boat to ourselves. Esmeralda sat with us at the stern—her two brothers sat on the seat opposite. As the boatman rowed us from the shore, we thought how strangely, we wander through the world, as we follow the high road of life. When we reached the *Albion* steamer, many passengers were looking over the side of the vessel. We had no small change, when we went on shore, but the portly gentleman kindly lent us the necessary amount. On our return it was necessary to pay the boatman. We gave him the smallest change we had, which was a quarter of a dollar, and then ascended the gangway with our gipsies.

The Birmingham bagman had been watching us. "Ah!" said he, coming up, as we stepped on deck, "why you gave the man too much. I saw you give a large piece of silver to him. He pulled off his hat to you. You spoil them." We explained that we had no change. "But," said he, in a state of excitement, "you spoil them." We trusted it would do the boatman good, and left him, to communicate his ideas of pecuniary compensation, to some one else.

This he appears to have done; for very shortly after the Chevalier coming on board, grossly infringed, the bagman's scale of payment, and he came in for another storm of indignant remonstrance.

Monsieur le Chevalier, whose quiet humour nothing could disturb, asked the excited bagman, why he did not give the boatman the English half-crown he wanted to get rid of? "Can you give me any discount?" shouted the bagman, infuriated. The Chevalier calmly answered, "Your appearance shows me, that you can give me nothing to discount upon." The bagman rushed

off, and we found him some short time after, when we went into our cabin, lying in his berth.

"I have had a row with that Dutchman," said he, beginning to unfold his melancholy history, when we advised him to mind his own affairs, and went on deck.

Two gentlemen came on board at Christiansand, whom we at once noted as salmon fishermen. Both were handsome, though slightly past the meridian of life. One was taller than his companion, with a complexion, darkly bronzed in the summer's sun, and by exposure to the fresh air. He had been on board a very few minutes, when we entered into conversation. His companion, and himself, had been at Mandal, salmon-fishing, but the weather was hot, and the water low, and clear. The largest salmon they had taken was 18lbs. My expedition incidentally became partly known in conversation. He seemed much interested. We showed him our donkeys, and he seemed to think our expedition a heavy cost. Very shortly after, when we had parted, our gipsies came on the after-deck, and said a gentleman in a velvet jacket had sent for them. We told them to return, and soon after saw Mr. T. interrogating Noah on the fore-deck. We were rather annoyed at the time, that any one should send for our people and question them as to who their master was, and his name. When we saw Noah afterwards, he said, "I told him nothing, sir. He asked your name, and I told him 'Harper.'" Afterwards Mr. T. again joined us on deck, with the portly gentleman and the barrister in search of health. Mr. T. was afraid of sleeping on the ground, and having rheumatism. He mentioned an American method—a kind of frame which kept you completely off the ground,

and folded into a small compass. We described our tent, and many questions were asked about our method of camping, which we explained. Most seemed very anxious to know, how we became acquainted with our gipsies. But we merely said that our interest in the tent-dwelling races, had thrown us in contact with them. The portly gentleman informed us that a species of viper existed in Norway, but the snakes were not numerous. He said he was once in the Thelemarken* district, and having put up the horses in a shed, he lay down on the turf. Some time afterwards when he got up, a small viper, was found clinging to his coat, which, falling off, the peasants cut it into pieces and burnt each piece separately, since they have an idea that if the pieces get together, the viper can piece itself again. When he afterwards got into his carriole to continue his journey, he felt a shivering sensation between his shoulders most of the day. Mr. T. asked a variety of questions, about our commissariat, and what we were taking, and seemed much interested in the expedition. We gave him the best information we could. He was one of the best types of an Englishman we met with in Norway.

The passengers began to recover. The steamer had been nearly two days at sea. The evening was beautiful. We had been charmed with the rocks tinged with reddish hue, rising in picturesque outline, from the Topdals Fjord. The fringed pine woods of the shore, were mirrored upon the almost motionless water, of the Norwegian frith.

The passengers were now more numerous at tea. Some ladies joined us. All were looking forward to their arrival the next morning at Christiania.

* Sometimes spelt Telemarken.

It was delicious as we strolled on deck. What a pleasant freedom there is upon the sea, away from the hum, and noise, of the great human struggle, of many minds, in populous cities! What bitterness and strife, misery and evil, we had left far behind us!

As we paced the deck in the delightful contemplation, of a summer's eve at sea, we could not help noticing, Mr. C. and his wife, with the Tyrolese hat and feather. They were seated side by side on the deck, with their backs towards us. In silence, they appeared lost in happy contemplation. The surrounding light of circumstances seemed to say, "We are one!" How pleasurable

should be the feelings of two hearts firmly united, holding, as it were, silent communion with each other. By a few touches of the pencil, in our small note-book, we caught their outline. We felt we were in the hallowed precincts of true love, and retired to another part of the vessel, lest we should disturb their happy dream.

We again lounged near the man at the helm. There stood the sailor, with his compass before him, as the

vessel glided onwards from England's shore. This seaman was not one of our former friends, but he was a rough, honest-looking, thick-set, hardy fellow; one of those men, who carry honesty written in their countenance. "Well, sir, I hope you will have a pleasant time of it," said he. We thanked him for his good wishes, "That young lady," continued he, alluding to Esmeralda "has had more than one talking to her. There's that one, sir," said he, looking towards the Birmingham bagman, who was walking about in the distance, with his hands thrust deep in his trousers' pockets as usual; "and there's another that is just gone. But she is not one of that sort; she let them go so far, and then she stopped them short. She's a very good young girl. They have had a good education;" and he gave his wheel another tug, as if to clinch the observation.

CHAPTER VI.

"Free as the winds that through the forest rush—
Wild as the flowers that by the way-side blush.
Children of nature wandering to and fro,
Man knows not whence ye come, nor where ye go.
Like foreign weeds cast up on western strands,
Which stormy waves have borne from unknown lands;
Like murmuring shells to fancy's ear that tell
The mystic secrets of their ocean cell."

The Gipsies. DEAN STANLEY'S *Prize Poem.*

MARINER'S LIFE—THE EVASIVE ANSWER—A TRUE PRESENTIMENT—THE KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY—THE BEAUTIFUL FJORD—GIPSY MUSIC—A CUSTOM-HOUSE DIFFICULTY—ANOTHER FREEMASON—APPROPRIATE VERSES—CHRISTIANIA—HORSE MONEY—17, STORE STRANDGADE.

THE stewards were excellent. One had been shipwrecked several times. "Rough work in winter, sir. Most on the line get lost. At Hull most of the young men who go to sea are drowned." Not very encouraging information, thought we, but such are the chances of a seaman's life. Having sent our gipsies to bed, we retired ourselves. About twelve o'clock our first doze was disturbed by a noise in our cabin. Looking round, we saw the bagman with a bottle in his hand. He was taking Lamplough's pyretic saline, which he strongly recommended for headache, or to set you right after drinking. After taking his draught, he disappeared into his berth. Our thermometer was 66°, with both port-holes open.

We were recommended to look out for beautiful

scenery, at about seven o'clock the next morning. When we went on deck, at an early hour, the weather was damp and cloudy.

Some time afterwards we had a chat on deck, with our fellow-passenger the barrister. He was going to Christiania, and from thence by the coast steamer to the North Cape. The coast excursion is a very pleasing one. Our fellow-passenger was full of anecdotes and information. Mr. T., after examining our gipsy, Noah, had said to the barrister, "I find that the gentleman's name is Harper." "You are quite in error, I can assure you," said the barrister, "the gipsies have only been cramming you." Mr. T. appeared much astonished, and we said it was only what he could expect; and, although not done intentionally, it was not exactly the right way to acquire information; and any one doing so would not get much for their trouble. We had risen at four o'clock. Our portly fellow-passenger, was also up soon after, and wishing us good-bye, descended with his portmanteau into a boat, and left the steamer. This he did to save time, not wishing to go to Christiania. We found afterwards that a young Norwegian in the second cabin, would have gladly availed himself of the same boat. He had been absent eight years from his home, and friends, and was anxious to see them as soon as possible.

When he afterwards arrived at Christiania, he said, "I have a dread, that I shall hear some bad news." After a short absence from the steamer, he again returned. His worst fears were but too true, and he sat down, and cried very much. Such are the melancholy scenes of life, meeting us at every turn, and sadly remind us, of the short existence of all things in this world.

The early morning was rather damp and wet. The passengers were up in good time. Our gipsies we found as gay and sprightly, as they had been before ill, and prostrate. Mr. T. still seemed delighted with our expedition, and visited from time to time our gipsies, with his friend, whom we took for his brother. We mustered well at breakfast, under the presidency, of our polite captain. When we had finished, and returned on deck, our title to be recognised as an accepted mason, after a very rigid and searching ordeal, was at length acknowledged, by Monsieur le Chevalier, who was exceedingly particular.

From various circumstances, we had not been lately to our lodge in London. We still retained pleasant reminiscences of former visits, and especially of our reception, at those Lodges we once visited in Paris, with our old friend the Chevalier M.* His Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway is now one of the most distinguished masons in Europe. May he long hold the proud position, of being a monarch, whose power rests upon the affections, of a free, and noble-hearted people.†

The conversation at breakfast, was lively and animated.

* Cæsar Moreau, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, was the author of 'Précis sur la Franc-Maçonnerie ; son Origine, son Histoire, ses Doctrines, &c." Also the founder of the Société de Statistique Universelle, et de l'Académie de l'Industrie Française ; also Member of the Royal Society, and many other learned societies in Europe.

† His Majesty, the noble-hearted Carl XV., patron of literature and art, himself an author, was born 3rd May, 1826, and died, after a severe illness, in the noontide of his life, at Malmoe, in Sweden, on the 18th September, 1872, mourned and sincerely regretted by his attached subjects. The King was the eldest son of Oscar I., and grandson of the celebrated French General Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, who ascended the throne in 1818 as Carl XIV. His Majesty Carl XV. was buried on the 9th October, 1872, in Ritterholm Church, and is succeeded by his brother, the Duke of Ostergötland, under the title of Oscar II.

Most of the passengers were in good spirits, and seemed delighted with the bright anticipations, of their approaching wanderings, over fjeld and fjord. Even the Birmingham bagman was better, and we noticed him, at some distance from us, feeding his beard, in a most reckless manner with egg.

What a delightful scene presented itself after breakfast! From the steamer's deck, we gazed on the beautiful fjord, calm and glistening in the sun. The cloudy morning was now changed—all was lovely, and filled the heart with a dreamy sensation of pleasure. Rocky shores, wooded islands, secluded maisonettes, and dark pine woods, extended as far as the eye could reach, into the boundless distance of endless woodland—one eternity of nature, which reminded us of the stanza:—

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Soon after breakfast Mr. T. came to us, and said, "I have asked your young man to play his violin, and he very properly says he cannot do so, without your permission." Mr. T. was anxious to hear them play; we therefore at once gave our consent. Noah came for one of the Regent Street tambourines, then in our cabin, and in a very short time the gay sounds of violin and tambourine, were heard in the Christiania Fjord. Our gipsies were grouped below the fore-deck, the sun was shining. The travellers and sailors seemed much amused. "Why you are travelling with your band!" said some of the passengers. Nor shall we forget the tall form of our gipsy, Noah, with his hat placed jauntily on one side his head, as he rattled the tambourine, with a verve, and feeling

which only one, of wild, strong passions can do. Mr. T. came up. "I like your idea very much," said he; "and I suppose that young gipsy girl, will cook for you. I admire her boots; they are something like boots. What a difference," whispered he, as a genteel, ladylike passenger, passed near, whose small, thin, elaborately-worked, fashionable boots, with high heels, and small rosettes, just above the toes, certainly did not appear, fitted to promote, the elasticity of the footstep, or comfort of the wearer, among the Norwegian fjelds and fjords.

Then we had much speculation as to the astonishment of the Norwegian people, when they saw our donkeys. We were informed that the Chevalier's father, had once possessed the only donkey in Norway. This animal had long since been dead, and Norway had been left without a single donkey in all the land. Some said we ought to make a charge for exhibiting them to the peasantry, and an animated discussion took place, as to the amount of duty to be paid, before they could be landed. One said it would be the same as upon horses; another said that the duty could not be the same as upon horses, and they would have nothing to pay. Some passengers expressed an opinion, that they would have to pass a law in the Storthing, to assess the amount of duty, before we could possibly land them, and it might cost us 20*l.* to get them through.

As we approached Christiania, and our voyage was nearly over, we had our account to discharge with the stewards. Our gipsies cost quite a fortune. If they had been ill at first, their appetites must have been ravenous, towards the close of the voyage. The steward had been told, to let them have everything they wanted to eat, and

to drink; we could not, therefore, say much, so settled the bill. Both stewards, hoped we should come back in the same vessel, and took some trouble to give us the dates of sailing, from Christiansand. It was then our intention to take the steamer from Christiansand, at the end of the summer.

We met with another freemason on the morning we landed at Christiania, whom we believe was chief engineer—a very stout-built man, with a kind, amiable disposition, whose every word rang, of open-heartedness, and benevolence. He had a jolly, merry wife, and a French poodle dog, which, of course, begged, and was as intelligent, as those animals usually are. We became very good friends. Before we landed he gave us a newspaper, containing some verses, which, if we remember right, were written by some man going to be hung. Unfortunately, we have mislaid the gift.. Our friend said the verses had struck his wife, and himself, as being most appropriate to the wanderings of ourself, and the young people. They wished us all success, which we sincerely reciprocated.

In the second cabin there was also a sea captain, and his wife, from Australia—very kind people to our gipsies; in fact, we could not help feeling, some tinge of regret, that we were so soon to leave. Yet we were on the threshold of camp life. We were about to continue our former wanderings. The thread broken elsewhere, was to be resumed in Norway. We must admit, that the allurements of fresh scenes of nomadic life, softened our separation, and gave us new hopes for the approaching campaign.

Our baggage was mounted on deck, as we approached

Christiania. Very soon we had the city of Christiania in full view, with the King's palace, and castle of Agershuus.* We could scarcely account for the feeling, but Christiania seemed to wear a pleasant, homelike aspect, which we liked. It was probably eleven o'clock when the steamer arrived. A number of the inhabitants had arrived on the pier. Mr. Bennett was there. Time had favoured him, for he looked stronger, and we might say younger, than when we were last at Christiania. One of the first incidents before landing was a solicitation for horse-money. It seems to be a kind of payment customary for the benefit of the sailors; and it was hoped that the donkeys, although not horses, would still entitle the sailors to its payment. We had enjoyed such a pleasant voyage, and were in such good temper, with all on board, that we did not raise any objection to the remuneration.

What a quaint, foreign-looking court-yard you enter as you seek Mr. Bennett. Numbers of carrioles are crowded together at the end of the court, ready for distant journeys. Then you ascend some steps, to a wooden balcony, and enter his suite of rooms. One large room is completely full of Norwegian silver relics—tankards, belts of a past age, carvings, paintings, engravings, photographs of Norwegian scenery, maps, books, and all sorts of articles, illustrative of the manners, and customs of the Norwegians, of ancient and modern time. We seem to have wandered into a dream-land

* Höyland, the Robin Hood of Norway, after three years' patient perseverance, effected a clever escape, from the Agershuus. Being again retaken afterwards, he ultimately died, within the walls of this castle. It is said that some of his treasure is still buried in the fjelds of Norway, where he had deposited, his spoils for safety.

of ancient sagas, and ten to one you meet other spirits who are doing the same.

Mr. Bennett, the presiding genius of the place, had probably ceased to be astonished at any mode of travelling an Englishman might adopt. Williams had landed with his knapsack, which resulted in an interesting work, having the additional value, of giving a correct entry, of the expenses of his expedition. MacGregor came *en route* to Sweden, with his canoe, and wrote another interesting work. Now an Englishman comes with gipsies and donkeys! What next?* The worthy English consul, and *chargé-d'affaires*, who so well represents our country, was absent from Christiania, but we were introduced to his son. When he heard of our retinue, grave doubts as to our safety, apparently crossed his mind. He seemed to think it improbable, we should return to our friends. It could scarcely be expected, that Mr. Bennett could advise us, upon the best camping grounds, but we must ever feel grateful remembrance to him, for the trouble he took, to pass our things through the Custom-house, and forward those left behind to Eidsvold.

The cicerone provided for us by the Chevalier, dined with us at the Victoria Hotel, Raadhuusgaden. The day was lovely. We found some of our fellow-passengers, already seated at the *table d'hôte*.

* Two intrepid French travellers afterwards landed from their balloon, "La Ville d'Orléans." Captain Rolier and Emile Cartailhac, during the siege of Paris, ascended from that city, on the night of the 24th November, 1870, and after a perilous voyage of adventure, across the sea, they ultimately descended in Norway, on the snows of the Lidfjeld, in the Thelemarken. The two aëronauts received shelter, and assistance from the two mountaineers, Clas and Harold Strand; and with the welcome and hospitality of an ever-generous people, they were enabled to leave Christiania, and reach in safety their native land.

CHAPTER VII.

"Gipsies, although long forgotten, and despised, have claims which we must not resist. Their eternal destinies, their residence in our own land, point us to a line of conduct we ought to pursue. They show that God expects us, to be interested for them, and to impart to them, the crumbs which fall from our table."

"*The Gipsies.*" By a Clergyman of the Church of England.

THE VICTORIA HOTEL—THE GIPSIES' FRIEND—THE PASSE-PARTOUT—PRESTEN EILERT SUNDT—THE CHRISTIANIA RAILWAY—OUR DONKEYS APPRECIATED—GIPSY SPIRIT—THE "TOLK"—NORWEGIAN MONEY—LINGUISTIC DIFFICUTIES—GIPSY AUTHORS—GIPSY NUMERALS—DEPARTURE FROM CHRISTIANIA.

THERE is often a pleasant sociability at a *table d'hôte.* Mr. T. was there, the invalid barrister, the tall Scotchman, and other travellers. Nor was the Birmingham bagman absent, as the background to throw out the lively tints of life's experience. Mr. T. and the barrister sat near us. Mr. T. was delighted with our plan of seeing Norway, saying it was just what he should like. Time passed quickly. We hastily terminated our dinner, with some excellent Château-de-la-Rose claret, and then bade our fellow-travellers farewell. As we left the table, we saw the Birmingham bagman mournfully contemplating his fork. Whether he was going to use it as a toothpick, or whether he was calculating its cost, or whether he was hesitating, as to the possibility of sleeping in a tent without a bed, we know not. Whatever

his thoughts may have been, we could have no unfriendly feeling at parting, especially after his extreme anxiety for the comfort of our donkeys, his admiration of Esmeralda's dark eyes, and his liberal offer, to take two copies of our book. Be this as it may, we trust by some mysterious method of calculation, he will make a handsome profit to himself.

We found that Presten Eilert Sundt had not yet removed to Eidsvold. The Chevalier kindly gave us a letter of introduction to him, and we drove at once to his residence in the suburbs of Christiania, which we reached at about four o'clock. Ascending a large staircase, in a few minutes we were shown into Presten Sundt's sitting-room. The "gipsies' friend" was seated at his writing-table, with his books, papers, and various accessories, indicating active, and literary tastes. We met as two spirits, who, though taking far separate paths in life, had the same results in view—the same end to accomplish. Nor could we help being impressed with the energy written so strongly on his countenance. His forehead surmounted by thick, bristly hair, gave additional determination, to an expressive look, tempered by gleams of strong feeling. Then we discovered the combination of great energy, with a deep interest in the welfare of his fellow-men. When Presten Sundt had read the Chevalier's letter, we at once explained that our time was limited, and we should shortly take the train from Christiania to Eidsvold. Many were his inquiries about the English gipsies. The Norwegian gipsies, he said, were difficult to meet with. Presten Sundt, said a traveller had called upon him last year when he was from home; Mrs. Sundt received the visitor, who said he was much

interested in gipsies, and before he left gave the name of Viscount Monroe. Presten Sundt showed us the works he had written, and their practical value cannot be too highly estimated. Foreseeing the many difficulties, our small gipsy party might encounter, in a strange country, Presten Sundt wrote out, signed, and sealed a document which he delivered to us. It was a kind of *passe-partout*, requesting his countrymen at all times to give us aid and assistance, and a kindly reception was ensured. The

name of Presten Eilert Sundt, was so well known, in the length, and breadth, of Norway's land, that a few words were the "open sesame" of our excursion, and possessed a talismanic value, we must always appreciate. Presten Eilert Sundt introduced us to Mrs. Sundt and his son. Coffee was brought in, but, alas! our time had expired. Presten Sundt regretted our hasty departure, and suddenly decided to accompany us to the station and bring his son. We all stepped into the carriage, still in waiting, and

drove towards the station. *En route* our conversation was continued upon the subject of gipsies. We suggested, that in order to utilise the energy, and ability of the gipsy race, those paths in life, should be selected, in harmony with their previous habits. The descendants of generations of tent-dwellers, could not be turned into *kairengroes*, or house-dwellers, by a wave of the hand. Their employment must be consistent with their inborn, and inherent attachment, to the pure air of heaven. The rain poured down in torrents, as we drove up to the station, and entered the *salle d'attente.* At first we could not see anything of our people, though the hour of departure was near at hand. As we waited in the *salle d'attente*, Presten Sundt pointed to a map of Norway, hanging on the wall. It was the "Reisekart over Norges," in two sheets. Presten Sundt recommended the map, as being coloured to indicate the cultivated, and inclosed portions of the country, so that we could distinguish with tolerable accuracy, the wild and open districts, likely to form our most convenient camping-grounds. Whilst there was yet time, Presten Sundt's son kindly purchased one for us.

At length we found our cicerone in the left-luggage office. He had acted the part of pilot, to enable the gipsies and donkeys to reach the station. The donkeys had been the centre of considerable interest to the inhabitants of Christiania that day. Multitudes thronged on board the *Albion* steamer. The deck was trodden and tramped by an animated people, anxious to inspect the new arrivals. The gipsies must have felt some slight degree of envy upon the occasion. This curiosity of the inhabitants was only natural, when we consider that

they had never seen any donkeys before, and they were quite as likely to excite special interest, as the hippopotamus we well remember in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. Can we forget the intensity of the moment, when it rose to the surface of its tank, and its nose, was distinguished for a few moments above water? Can we forget the satisfaction of impatient crowds of visitors, when such an event occurred? If we could know the discussions respecting our donkeys, they would doubtless be most instructive—a tome of literature, added to the natural history of the animal kingdom. The animals were pulled about from nose to tail. Their ears were pulled—a particular part of the back, was pressed with the thumb, to gauge their strength; their mouths opened, their teeth examined, their fore-legs smoothed down with many hands. One of the sailors being asked what he called them, answered, "Rabbits," and pointing to the "Puru Rawnee," informed them that she was the mother of all rabbits. No rest had the animals, and sorely puzzled they must have been, to make out what it was all about. The sailors could with difficulty manage to wash the decks. At length, one, either by accident, or intention, gave the crowd a sudden shower-bath with the ship's hose, bringing forth ejaculations, which my gipsies did not understand. Multitudes of pocket-handkerchiefs, removed the moist results, as our friends precipitately left the vessel.

Our time had been so occupied, that we could not return to the steamer before the evening train. The gipsies had remained on board during the day in charge of the donkeys. They expected us from hour to hour. Esmeralda informed us afterwards, that they had almost

given us up, we were so long. Before they left for the railway-station, Mr. T. and the invalid barrister had been to the steamer to inquire after their master, and joked them about our absence. "What shall you do, now your master is gone away?" Upon which Esmeralda answered, "My word, I shall let him know what it is staying in this way; I shall speak my mind." "You must keep your master under," said Mr. T. "Yes, I will," said Esmeralda, with assumed indignation, which caused much laughter. Yet, with all her wild spirit, we had no cause to complain of want of obedience in Esmeralda. Many long, long miles, we afterwards walked together, and we must always remember her willing attention, in our hours of camp life. When our gipsies saw us at the station, their eyes lighted up with a thousand smiles.

On board the *Albion*, a young man offered his services as an interpreter, or "Tolk," as they are designated in Norway. We were afterwards accosted in the street, by a smart-looking fellow, much more fit for a butler, than a campaigner, who also wished to accompany us. We declined their aid, preferring for the present to trust to our own resources, rather than make any addition to our party.

Our donkeys, notwithstanding the various opinions expressed, were allowed to land without any duty being charged. Mr. Bennett kindly arranged for the railway tickets, and procured for us the amount of small money we required. Every traveller is obliged to take a good supply of small coin. It is not very easy to get change out of large towns in Norway. Mr. Bennett's Guide Book gives complete information as to the various small

coins in circulation, and their actual value. Some are depreciated, to less than the amount marked upon them. Thus: eight-skilling pieces, with the crown and 'F.R.VI.' on the reverse, are now only worth six skillings; and four-skilling pieces, with the same reverse are only worth three skillings. This is often perplexing at the commencement of a Norwegian tour.

NORWEGIAN MONEY.

1 skilling . . . equals nearly a halfpenny.
24 skillings equal a mark or ort, or $10\frac{3}{4}d.$
5 marks or orts ,, a specie dollar or $4s.\ 5\frac{1}{4}d.$

There are dollar notes. One (een), variegated coloured paper; five (fem), blue; ten (ti), yellow; fifty (femti), green; one hundred dollars (hundrede dollars), pink.

Immediately Presten Sundt caught sight of our gipsies at the station, he commenced speaking in the Romany language. He tried their knowledge of Romany numerals. Noah, we believed, failed at five or six. Their reckoning powers are not of high order, especially as they are unable to read and write.

Baudrimont, in his work containing a vocabulary of the gipsy language, spoken by gipsies wandering in the French territory of the Basque Provinces, says, the gipsy women he questioned say "jec" for one, "doui" for two, and they did not know any higher numeral, using beyond two, "b8ter" (bouter) signifying "much." *

* Colonel Harriot, whose collection of Romany words is, we believe, principally obtained from the gipsies of the New Forest of Hampshire, gives one, "yek;" two, "due;" three, "trin;" four, "star;" five, "panj;" six, "shov;" and says, "Beyond these numbers I never could proceed with any success."

Dr. Bath C. Smart, in his collection of gipsy words to complete his gipsy

It is curious to notice, even in one word, the different methods of spelling, adopted by each author. The Romanes, not being a written language, and the opportunities of obtaining it from these wanderers over the world, being few, each author has struggled into print, with a vocabulary formed on some phonetic system of his own. Again, what a different sound, may be given to a word, by some slight modification of accent, depending upon the education, and temperament, of the individual speaking. For instance, if a stranger, unacquainted with English, but taking an interest in the language, came to England, for the first time, and wrote down in his note-book, English words spoken by the less educated natives, of Hampshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Gloucestershire, Derbyshire, or Dorsetshire, what a variation he would find, in the spelling, and pronunciation, of many words, so collected. It is not, therefore, singular that gipsy philologists, should differ in their spelling. It is only extraordinary, that the accuracy of sound, distinguishing each word, has been so well conveyed. For example, take the word "much." Baudrimont gives b8ter (bouter); Bryant's collection, published 1785, gives "bootsee;" Borrow gives Spanish gipsy "buter" and "butre," signifying "more." Most of the other philologists give "but." Presten Eilert

numerals to ten, takes seven, "afta;" eight, "oitoo;" and nine, "enneah," from Bryant's collection, saying he never met with any English gipsy acquainted with them.

Hoyland obtained from the English gipsies one, "yake;" two, "duee;" three, "trin;" four, "stor;" five, "pan;" ten, "dyche;" but the remainder of his numbers he appears to have taken from Grellman. Hoyland says it is not a little singular that the gipsy terms for the numerals seven, eight, and nine are purely Greek.

Sundt gives "but" in his extensive vocabulary of the Norwegian Romany. One author (Dr. Bath C. Smart) gives "booty" and "boot," and also "kissy." Our own gipsies give "koosee" as the Romany for "much."

At page 25 of his work,* M. Baudrimont says: "The gipsies have without doubt forgotten the numerals, for the women I questioned, only knew two." Mr. F. Michel gives five;† Mr. Balby gives ten. Baudrimont has collected 245 Romany words, which, with those taken from the vocabulary of Mr. F. Michel, increase the number to 352. We notice some repetition of words in his vocabulary, which reduces the actual number.‡

Our gipsies seemed to interest Presten Sundt. Noah and Zacharia were not so dark, as he expected to see them; Esmeralda seemed quite equal to the standard of gipsy type. Their ages, and a variety of questions, were asked in a very short time. Presten Sundt is a man of much energy, and rapidity of manner, and he was conversant with the English language.

We were sorry Presten Sundt had not an opportunity of seeing our tents; they were the same kind as those used by the gipsies who travel England. Esmeralda and Zacharia took their places in the second-class compartment, of the same carriage in which we travelled. Noah went in the same van with the donkeys.

Presten Sundt and his son, Mr. Bennett, Mr. T., the

* Vocabulaire de la Langue des Bohémiens habitant les Pays Basques Français.

† Author of "Le Pays Basque, sa Population, sa Langue, ses Mœurs, sa Littérature, et sa Musique."

‡ Presten Sundt gives the following numerals in Norwegian gipsy:—"Jikk," one; "dy," two: "trin," three; "schtar," four; "pansch," five; "sink," six; "schuh," oftener "sytt," seven; "okto," eight; "engja," oftener "nin," nine; "tin," ten.

invalid barrister, and our active cicerone sent by the Chevalier, were assembled on the platform, and wished us *bon voyage*, as the train moved out of the station. Was not one wanting? He may have missed his road. He was not there—the Birmingham bagman had been left behind.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The moss your couch, the oak your canopy ;
The sun awakes you as with trumpet call ;
Lightly ye spring from slumber's gentle thrall ;
Eve draws her curtain o'er the burning west,
Like forest birds ye sink at once to rest."

THE GIPSIES :—*Dean Stanley's Prize Poem.*

A NORWEGIAN OFFICER — NORWEGIAN EMIGRATION — EIDSVOLD — THE SKYDSKIFTET—QUIET RETREAT—HAPPY HOURS—BAIERSK ÖL—ESMERALDA'S TOILETTE—THE TRANSFORMATION—CURIOUS ADDRESS—NEW ACQUAINTANCE—NOAH'S ENGAGEMENT—NOAH'S CONQUEST—AN UNGRATEFUL VISITOR—A RELUCTANT PARTING.

Two or three other passengers were seated in our first-class compartment. The accommodation was very comfortable. In the carriage, above our seat, there was a small tap, and drinking-glass, for the supply of deliciously clear, pure iced water, for the convenience of the thirsty passenger.

It was after five o'clock when we left Christiania. We had about fifty-two miles to travel that evening. Our attention was divided, between conversation, with one of our fellow-passengers—a military Norwegian officer—the contemplation of the country through which we passed, and the thoughts of what sort of place, we should have to camp in that night. The Norwegian officer was an interesting companion, the *paysage*, we passed through, was picturesque, but the idea of our future camp, occu-

pied most of our thoughts. We must say, they were very misty and uncertain. Our fellow-traveller continued with us longer than any of the other passengers. He had been in England some time, and was, we believe, an inspector of the Artillery, possessing a perfect knowledge of the English language. He told us that the trees in the forests were often cut down to such an extent, as to be very detrimental to the climate and shelter required in a cold country.

Great numbers of the inhabitants were now emigrating to America. Many sold their farms very cheap, in order to leave the country. The train stopped once for refreshment, at a large wooden station, and we had an opportunity of seeing our gipsies. We passed through the largest plain in Norway. When we had nearly arrived at Eidsvold, our fellow-traveller left to visit the artillery practice-ground. We were then left to muse over our coming adventures. The train stopped at last on the side of a large platform.

We were now close to the Mjösen Lake, and had reached the terminus of the Christiania and Eidsvold railway. Descending to the platform, we found that not a person spoke a word of English. With some little difficulty we got our luggage out, and the donkeys also, to the astonishment of a small group of people, including an old man in a white hat. Showers of rain had prevailed during the route, and we could not see any convenient camping-ground near the station.

We walked up the platform, and down the platform, followed by our retinue of three gipsies. The old man in the white hat continued to watch over us: he followed us, hovered round us. We tried to converse, but made

nothing of it; we were unable to understand what he wanted. At length, seeing a telegraph-office, we sent a telegram to Mr. Bennett, relative to a coat, and books, we had left on board the *Albion*. Most of the small group of people departed after they had gazed a short time at the gipsies and donkeys. We could not see any outlet to our difficulty, or where we were to go for the night; our provisions were left behind, even if we could find a convenient camping-ground. At last the old man took a decided course, and, summoning courage, led off one of the donkeys, and the other two followed. With our usual reliance upon results, we let him have his own way, determined to follow whither he would. Some men, when they saw us moving off, fastened our baggage on a small rough hand-cart. In a few minutes, we were toiling up a steep, winding road, and lost sight of the railway-station. Then we shortly after arrived at a large, sloping, open space, shut in by trees and comfortable wooden buildings, which gave it an air of charming seclusion. The place was apparently a "skydskift," and here seemed to be our destination. The old man went direct across the open space, in front of the wooden house, to what appeared a stable, and then halted. The donkeys were minutely inspected by the people. They brought some hay and water for our animals, who, placed in the stable, must have been astonished at their sudden transition, through such various scenes. We were then conducted through what appeared to be the doorway of the "Guest Huus," into a passage, up some stairs, into another passage, and through an open doorway into a very comfortable room. This was a sitting-room, and also a bed-room, on the first floor. There

were two windows in it, which we put open; a mirror between them, which our gipsies looked into, as the shades of night were fast coming upon us. The furniture consisted of a sofa, and table, some chairs, a bed, and washing-stand. Up some more stairs, we had another narrow, but comfortable inner room, with two more beds.

Saying something about "speise," coffee and eggs and most excellent bread and butter were set before us. Our baggage was deposited in the passage. The gipsies, Noah and Zacharia, at our request, commenced playing the violin and tambourine, whilst the evening meal was being placed on the table. The old man, who came up with the luggage, still lingered to hear the music. We seated him on a chair near the door, for we began to look upon him as our guardian angel. The comely-looking "pige," or girl-in-waiting, at length seated us at table, as we set our musical-box to play. They had probably never heard one. There was a charming stillness about the place, broken by those liquid modulations of harmony, which seemed to create a thousand impressions, and agreeable sensations. Then we found ourselves taking our quiet evening meal with our three gipsies, who, to do them justice, passed muster wonderfully well. Esmeralda had the small sofa. After all the hurry, worry, and bustle of the day, as we sipped our coffee, we could not help feeling thankfulness to the Giver of all things, peace with all men, and content with the world. Our repast ended, the musical box ceased to play, the old man, bowing, retired. The kind-hearted looking girls prepared the beds. Esmeralda had the best bed, in the sitting-room; Zacharia, one made up for the night

on the sofa; Noah and myself, the two beds in the narrow inner room. The beds were a serious business to Noah and Zacharia. Noah could not find his road into bed. At length, with our guidance, he was initiated into the mysteries; the result was almost immediate sleep. With the windows all open, and not a sound to disturb the stillness of night, we were not long, before we became unconscious of all toil and trouble.

Never shall we forget Zacharia in his bed, as we looked into the sitting-room the next morning. High above the sofa, one naked foot protruded, somewhere trailing near the floor we noticed some straggling locks of black hair, belonging to a head, whilst all the bed-clothes were tied, twisted, tumbled, and rolled into every conceivable shape.

We had an early "frokost" (breakfast)—excellent coffee, eggs, bread, and butter. People are moving early in Norway. It was a fine, beautiful morning: gipsies must be employed, and the violin and tambourine were again in requisition, whilst we sat on the sofa, at our small table, writing up our diary. The servants came up occasionally, and listened to the music, as they stood at the open doorway of our room. So the morning passed in delightful rest and tranquillity. Who could be otherwise than happy, with such *honnêtes gens?* Everything was so clean and tidy. Our "middags mad" (dinner, or midday meal) was served, at our request, at one o'clock. It is astonishing how a small stock of words, will enable you to supply your wants, in a foreign land. Yet we did not look upon Norway as foreign to us; all was so homely, that we felt at home with everything, and

everybody. Possibly some of our very remote ancestors may have been Norwegians. We were soon quietly seated at our "middags mad" with our gipsies. A dish of mutton côtelettes, with bacon, very good potatoes, and two small glasses of "baiersk öl"* (bottled ale), completed our fare. The ale is peculiar in taste, but sparkling and clear; like some of the Australian colonial ale, it is not to be taken in any quantity with impunity.

After our dinner, Esmeralda decided to put on her new dress. She had one faded, worn frock, which she wore under her Alpine cloak. Her wardrobe being so limited, we had bought her a blue dress, at no great cost, before leaving England, and her mother made it up. In order that she should not be different from the Norwegian style of ornamentation, we purchased some plain silver buttons. They were stitched on in front, and at the cuffs, on a Scotch plaid braid, which trimmed the dress, and was the selection of her mother. We were rather amused, as we looked up from our writing, to see her descend from the inner room, where she had completed her toilette. The silver buttons were resplendent on the dark plaid braid. The dress was made according to the gipsy fashion. We thought her mother might have allowed her a little more skirt, and the bodice was rather close-fitting—scarcely room enough for development. Esmeralda had naturally a wonderfully small waist, and the dress was so made that it seemed quite tight all the way down before, being more ample behind. There was no concealment of legs; she had put on some coloured stockings, and her Alpine slippers, which we had given her to rest her feet occasionally when she took off the

* Sometimes spelt Bairisk öl, the meaning being Bavarian beer.

heavy boots so much admired by Mr. T. She had no reason to be ashamed of her foot and ankle. Her dark, raven hair was natural; no wretched chignon, and masses of false hair, distorted nature—there was no deception, truth was represented, reality was without a rival. Esmeralda we shall always remember as she then appeared in the guest chamber of beautiful Eidsvold. One of our attentive servants came up soon afterwards, and was apparently astonished at the sudden change to the gorgeous apparel she beheld. The transformation was as complete as one of those changes we read of in the old tales of enchantment. The "pige" did not stay long, but silently departed, and soon after returned, with another of our attendants, who gazed with a curious air of interest at what she saw. The old man soon came up, and occasionally stood in the passage. Sometimes he spoke—we did not understand him; then he would take off his hat, bow, and retire, whilst we continued our writing. We now discovered, to our annoyance, that the guitar had been left behind. Zacharia was certain he had seen it on board the *Albion*. We began to think we should never be able to get our things together, and sent a telegram to Mr. Bennett, from the station, saying that our things had been put on board the steamer, and to ask him to kindly send us a copy of Murray's Guide Book. We were anxious to be well prepared with all information. Then we received a note addressed to us by name, but Mr. Bennett, not knowing where we were, and possibly supposing us camped on the shore of the Mjösen Lake, had, to insure its delivery, added, "Den Herre som reiste igaaraftes med 3 œsler," meaning the gentleman travelling last night with three donkeys.

It appeared that two packages had been found. Three others, Mr. Bennett said, were probably in the hold of the vessel; and Captain Soulsby had reported several odds and ends, left in our cabin to be forwarded. We were almost *au désespoir*.

My gipsies must do something; so the violin, tambourine, and castanettes, again sounded in a maze of polkas and waltzes. At times a succession of visitors came up, and stood in the passage to hear the music, but we could hold no converse with them. At last we had coffee, eggs, and bread and butter. What coffee! We often wonder how it is we so seldom have in England anything which represents the name. In France, Germany, Norway, and Denmark you have excellent coffee almost everywhere. Our gipsies had managed wonderfully well. Zacharia did once upset the contents of his cup of coffee over the white cloth. We made them use their napkins, and restrained as much as possible the use of the knives, at times, when the fork was the proper vehicle to the mouth. Much nervousness was in consequence avoided. As we were lounging over our coffee, our guardian angel, the old man, came up, and bowing, murmured something about Herre wanted to see us. Who could want to see us? Probably some matter connected with our baggage, which was strongly associated at that time with every idea. We went down soon afterwards, and entered the next house under the same roof. A stout, portly, nice-looking man in uniform took off his hat, and said a very good English "Good evening, sir." He was captain of the lake steamer, leaving the next morning for Lillehammer. The captain wished to know whether we were going next morning.

He was also anxious to see the donkeys. Taking him with us to the stable, he said he would have a box ready to sling them on board, and they must be down at the place of embarkation, near the station at nine o'clock. We said they should be there, and that we should have much pleasure in going by his steamer, and avail ourselves of his knowledge of English. Wishing good evening, he strolled off to take a bath, in the large wooden bath-house, on the side of the lake below.

Returning to our room, we continued our diary. Noah informed us at dinner, that he had put by an engagement of £1 a week, offered by some farmer, in order that he might accompany us. Much thankfulness was expressed at so much self-sacrifice, and it was the subject of many a quiet joke during our journey. How pleasantly the time passed. How smiling life seemed in the retirement of Eidsvold. Again Zacharia struck up his violin; again Noah executed a clever roulade on his tambourine. More visitors occasionally appeared, and disappeared. Then we sent Noah and Zacharia down to the station, to see if any of our baggage had come by the last train, and we were fortunate enough to receive four packages, including our guitar, and one package by Captain Soulsby. The case of provisions could not be found. Our telegrams increased. We hoped to get the case next morning before the steamer left Eidsvold. In the stillness of the closing evening, we sang with the guitar, our gipsy song. One of our attendants was most certainly in love with Noah. We had generally sent him to the other house, to ask for whatever we wanted. It was practice for him, and no doubt he had made a conquest. About ten o'clock the attendants made up

the bed on the sofa, and we gave them another last air before we retired. Well we remember the look our clean, tidy, and comely "pige" gave Noah, as he played his tambourine with an energy of feeling peculiar to the gipsy race. "Cushty ratty" (gip., good-night) to all, and we were soon asleep.

It is light at an early hour in Norway. We were up at four o'clock, a number of letters were written. At six o'clock it was found that Esmeralda had one eye nearly swollen up. A musketo had lounged in, through the open window in the night. It was natural that he should be attracted by her dark eyes, but he should have been satisfied, with distant contemplation. I was called in as the "cushty drabengro" (gip., good doctor), and by the aid of some glycerine rendered the bite less painful.

The rest were soon up. We had found Zacharia in some extraordinary complication of bed-clothes on the sofa. I think he was glad to regain tent life, for this was the last time he slept off the ground during his stay in Norway.

"Frokost" was served at seven o'clock—coffee, eggs, bread and butter. As usual, all excellent. The bread, we understood, was sent from Christiania to Eidsvold. The morning was lovely—our spirits almost irrepressible. Esmeralda poured out the coffee—"del the moro" (gip.) "give us the bread," Romany and English sparkled on the board.

After "frokost" we repacked some of our baggage, and Esmeralda brushed our coat. The bright anticipation of a delightful trip along the Mjösen Lake, and the probability of our case of provisions coming by the

morning train, in time for the steamer, had quite banished all melancholy. Noah and Zacharia gave one or two tunes after breakfast as a farewell, whilst the comely "pige" gazed at Noah in speechless wonder. She stood all spell bound. We fear the gipsy's eyes, for they had scarcely any other medium of conversation, had wrought much mischief. Some man appeared at the open doorway, with his knife at his side, and seeming transfixed, so completed the tableau. Time flew on with rapid wing. Noah and Zacharia departed with the donkeys. We had more time; and as we sat on the sofa, waiting for our account, we took our guitar, and sang our last song at Eidsvold, "Welcome, you dear old land."

CHAPTER IX.

"Choriñoac kaiolan
Tristeric du cantatcen,
Duelarican cer jan,
Cer edan,
Campoa du desiratcen;
Ceren, ceren
Libertatia hain eder den."

Le Pays Basque, par FRANCISQUE MICHEL.

"The little bird in the cage
Singeth sadly,
Withal to eat,
Withal to drink,
He would be-out;
Because, because
Nothing is sweet but liberty."

MODERATE BILL—PROVISIONS LOST—WE MEET AGAIN—GIPSIES IN ADVANCE—LEFT ALONE—A WELCOME TELEGRAM—NORWEGIAN BATH ROOM—SINGULAR PAINTINGS—ONCE MORE FAREWELL—THE TELEGRAPH CLERK—THE MJÖSEN LAKE—THE DRONNINGEN—RUINED CATHEDRAL—UTILITARIANISM—LILLEHAMMER—ONCE MORE IN CAMP.

OUR bill was moderate—four dollars, four marks, and eight skillings; twenty-four skillings for attendance seemed quite sufficient. Our things were all placed on a truck; Esmeralda carried Zacharia's violin, our guitar, and our two extra caps, whilst we took our courier-bags, and, under our arm, in two satchels made for them, the two Regent-street tambourines. Our appearance certainly much resembled travelling musicians.

Bidding adieu to the kind people of the house, we

were soon descending the winding road to the steamer. As we walked along, we could not help alluding to the astonishment our numerous friends would express if they could see us. Noah and Zacharia soon after met us; they had left the donkeys at the railway-station, and came to say the provisions had not arrived. When we reached the station, another telegram was sent, in which we mentioned Hudson Brothers, as consignors to Messrs. Wilson. The clerk of the telegraph office began to regard us as an habitué of the bureau, and we looked upon him as a pupil in the English language. We were astonished at his progress, and he was apparently equally so at our large expenditure of money in telegrams. Rather in mournful mood, we went to the wooden platform to which the steamer was moored. There was the box; there stood the donkeys; there the men to put them into the box, and the sling, to sling them on board. How are the donkeys to be put into the box? Vain were the efforts made—all to no purpose; the donkeys had made up their minds. At last, with the united efforts of four men, and Noah, one by one they were pulled, dragged, lifted, carried, forced, in wild resistance, over the passenger's bridge, and along the deck, in sight of the astonished lookers-on. The "Puru Rawnee" and his companions were at length safely placed before the windlass on the fore-deck, close to four brass guns, ready loaded for a salute. We decided to go to Christiania, in search of the provisions, and sent another telegram to Mr. Bennett. The passage-money of our gipsies, and the three donkeys to Lillehammer, amounted to five dollars, seventeen marks; we also paid six marks for our gipsies' dinner, including

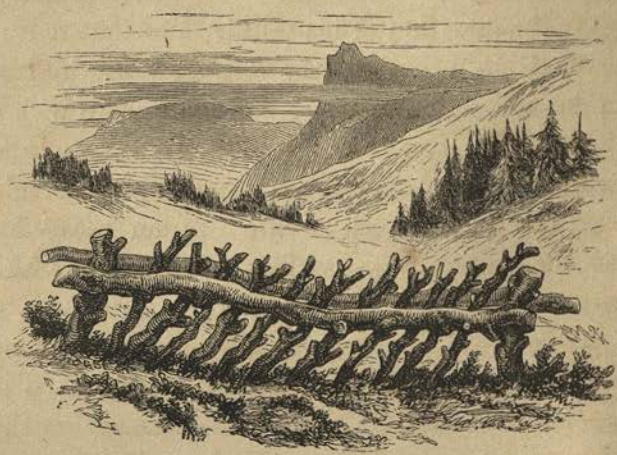
one bottle of "Baiersk Öl" between them, and a cup of coffee each. The captain kindly promised to look after them, and arrange for them to camp, when they got to Lillehammer. Just before leaving, we gave them some Norsk words for bread, cheese, coffee, &c. The old man in the white hat, our guardian angel, was, of course, at hand. With much anxiety he wrote down the words for Noah. Unfortunately, Noah could not read; but as the old man pronounced each word aloud, Noah followed, and the old man did not suspect, apparently, the neglected education of his pupil.

There was the sound of the coming train, just before eleven; down came the passengers, hurrying with their things to the steamer. There was the officer, and his wife, with the Tyrolese hat and feather—we had met again. Their two carrioles * are put on board—hasty salutations—we learn that the invalid barrister has left Christiania for Bergen—they are going to Gjövik. We told him our dilemma, and he said we had hurried too quickly through Christiania. They had been busy

* The carriole, called in Norwegian "Karjol," is a light Norwegian carriage, with long springy shafts, admirably adapted for travelling in a mountainous country. A carriole will only accommodate one traveller, whose legs can be stretched out at full length, in a horizontal position, and a long leather apron protects them from rain. A small flat board leaves just sufficient space for a portmanteau or trunk, which should not exceed thirty-four inches in length, fifteen inches in breadth, and eleven inches high, with standing-room for the "skydskarl" (boy), who accompanies the pony during the posting-stage. Carrioles may be hired or purchased from the Christiania Carriole Company, 17, Store Strandgade, and, being very light, are easily taken on steamers, across lakes and fiords, to the next posting-station, from whence the traveller continues his land route with another pony. Carrioles are now often used by ladies, and are more easy and convenient than the stolkjœrre, a light cart, which, being less expensive to hire, is occasionally used by travellers as a means of conveyance.

making purchases at Christiania. Our conversation now ceases, for the steamer must depart. The stout captain took up his position on the steamer's pont, and, taking out his watch, he gave the signal for starting. As the *Dronningen* glided along the still waters of the Mjösen, our "cushty chavos" (gip., good children) made farewell signals to their Romany Rye.

Another telegram to Mr. Bennett, to say we should be in Christiania at seven o'clock in the evening, no train



NORWEGIAN FENCE.

leaving Eidsvold before the afternoon. The telegraph clerk expressed his astonishment at the number of our telegrams, and increased his stock of English. We felt lonely away from our people. It was a very warm day, and we had some hours on hand. Crossing the bridge at the head of the lake, near the railway station, we passed the houses on the opposite side, and walked along the dusty narrow road beyond. We could see nothing but inclosures on either side the road. The common style

of Norwegian road fence consists of posts, with two long parallel rails, supporting a number of slanting rails, of shorter length, loosely placed between them.

There was no shade. The wooden log houses, here and there, had generally tiled roofs. No attempt was made at ornament or picturesque effect. Everything in the rough. We sat on the narrow road side, and noted up our diary; then we returned to the houses again near the bridge, and being hungry, boldly walked into one which bore some resemblance to a place of refreshment. They civilly said they had nothing, and that there was a house on the hill, beyond the station, where refreshment might be had. They meant the house at which we had lately stayed.* It was about half-past two o'clock when we again crossed the bridge, and called at the telegraph office. The polite clerk seemed rather pleased to see us, at the same time handing a telegram with much alacrity.

A life-boat on the ocean to the shipwrecked mariner, could not have given much greater pleasure. The provisions had been found. Our name was not on the case, but our mention of Messrs. Hudson Brothers, as consignors, had fortunately furnished the clue. They would reach Eidsvold that night. With some degree of satisfaction we soon ascended the hill, and came to our quiet retreat. The comely "pige" welcomed us—she seemed much pleased—and we were shown into a finer, and more stately chamber, than the one we had before occupied. We were hungry, and our dinner was quickly served. Côtelettes, potatoes, and some kind of sweet dish, with some "Baiersk Öl." Then we wrote letters at a table

* A large hotel has since been built at Eidsvold railway station.

near the window, in view of the Mjösen Lake. All was quietude; we felt as if we were lost. At six o'clock our thermometer was 82° Fahrenheit. We determined to take a Badekar (bath). The large wooden bath-house was at a short distance below the "gjœstgiver-gaard."

Crossing over a light wooden bridge from the lake shore, we were immediately on a balcony extending round

NORWEGIAN BATH-ROOM.

the building, above the waters of the lake. Doors opened from the balcony into the bath-rooms. Each visitor has a small dressing-room adjoining another small room, in which stands a zinc bath. As we looked in, a curious leather spout pendant from the ceiling supplied the water to the bath. It was a clumsy contrivance, and out of repair; part of the water poured in streams on the floor, whilst the other portion found its way into the bath.

The man in attendance, who came to prepare the bath, could not understand what heat we required, especially

as they use Reaumur, and we use the Fahrenheit thermometer. A Norwegian gentleman, just taking his bath, and very scantily clothed, at the request of the man, politely came to the bath-room door to act as interpreter. He spoke some English, and kindly relieved us from our difficulty. Thanking him for his aid, he bowed and retired. The price of our bath was fivepence. Giving the attendant a few skillings, we returned to our pleasant room at the quiet "gjœstgiver-gaard." How dreamy we

felt at eve, as we watched from our window the lights and shadows on the Lake Mjösen. A gilded surface in the evening sun—how full of beauty—one seemed to view the imagery of other worlds. There is in nature more than art can tell, or language render. Not a leaf but has its history, a flower its tale, nor a sound without its music to the mind. There were some quaint old paintings on the panels of the chamber, which caught our attention as we sat musing there, and we hastily sketched them. One represented a priest in old-fashioned

clerical costume walking unconsciously as he reads, into a river, or out to sea. The priest is saying, as he reads: "Jeg maa gaae til Bunden i dette Problem for jeg gaae vidre." (I must go to the bottom of this problem before I go farther.)

The other painting represented a stout clergyman who is being rowed along a lake or river. He is so stout

that the end of the boat in which he sits is nearly under water. He is supposed to be shouting to the boatman:

"Hal'ud manne. Der gaa er Dampen." (Pull away, lad! There goes the steamer.)

With our mind much at ease we retired early to rest. By some chance they put us to sleep in Esmeralda's bed. We rose at four o'clock the next morning, and wrote letters. Our "frokost" was served at seven o'clock. It was a beautiful morning: our comely "pige" was there, but she had no gipsy Noah to admire. We paid our account—three marks sixteen skillings. Slinging our

courier-bag over our shoulder, as we gave the comely "pige" a douceur, we again wished these kind and attentive people farewell. It must be owned that we lingered for a moment near this quiet retreat, so full of pleasant moments and long-to-be-remembered reminiscences.

At the railway-station the case of provisions, which had arrived, cost us one dollar. Sealing our letters in the telegraph office, we posted them. The case of provisions, which was very heavy, was brought down to the steamer, and placed on the jetty to be taken on board. We then noticed, fastened to it, a letter from Mr. Bennett, and Hudson Brothers' receipted bill, attached outside the case. It appeared that some of the packages in the case had burst open. Pea-flour, wheat-flour, salt, and other contents had got mixed and spread about in wild confusion. Mr. Bennett had kindly had the pea-flour and salt put into a bag. Great care is requisite in packing for long journeys. The provisions were all right at last. Paying another visit to the telegraph office, we remitted to Mr. Bennett a sum sufficient to cover all costs incidental to the baggage and expenses, and also wrote a letter to him. We must ever acknowledge his kind attention. Mr. Bennett's services are invaluable to new arrivals; ten minutes' conversation with him will often save the tourist days of trouble, vexation, and delay. You have, also, the feeling that he is a gentleman, and you can trust his advice. Our telegraph clerk was wonderfully polite, and we felt a certain amount of regret when for the last time we wished him good morning. As we left the office, he said, in very good English, "I think, sir, you are now all right."

We returned to the steamer, which left Eidsvold at half-past eleven in the forenoon.* The passengers were for the most part plainly dressed, and of the class of small farmers. The men wore large, ample trousers, and thick, heavy Wellington boots. The excursion along the lake was delightful. The Mjösen is sixty-three English miles in length. On the shores of the lake, the steamer passed numerous farms and pleasant homesteads, with pine and fir forests forming a distant background. Towards Lillehammer the scenery becomes more picturesque; the landing stations often reminded us of colonial settlements. Then we became acquainted with a young passenger and his friend who were going to Lillehammer. The friend spoke a few words of English. A tall, smart-looking young Norwegian officer, neatly dressed in plain clothes, who had travelled in England, France, and Prussia, spoke English fluently. Whilst we were conversing, an old man came up with a number of knives to sell; they were suspended to a wire. After some inspection, we selected two knives at six marks each, and one at one dollar. Then came the money payment; it was a serious business. We produced a handful of those varied coins, many not counting for the value they are marked. A young man who spoke a few words of English volunteered to count out the sum. The countenance of the old man gazing on my money, and the young man, who was anxious to be exact to a skilling, would have made a good subject for Frith, or some artist skilful in making a group on canvas convey its own wordless history. The

* In a mansion at Eidsvold, formerly the residence of the Anker family, the Constitution of Norway was drawn up and signed, and the independence and free institutions of the Norwegian people guaranteed upon the unity of their country with Sweden, in 1814.

hunting-knives were intended as presents to our gipsies. Although the only Englishmen on board, with such homely, kind people, we felt as with friends, and they seemed to give us welcome to their beautiful land. As we surveyed the Lake scene, the *Dronningen* steamed in sight. Our friend the captain took off his hat in salutation to our captain and passengers. When we were returning his greeting he seemed to recognise us, and again waved his hat in final adieu. The *Dronningen* is said to be the best steamer on the lake. What a strange exhilaration we felt as we inhaled the pure lake breeze, whilst the steamer glided along the waters of the Mjösen. We had no care. The moments seemed an existence of perfect enjoyment, with only a short span dividing us from our tents, and people, and first Norwegian camp, whence we should wander over many leagues of nature's fairest scenes. On the shores of the lake, to our right, stand the ruins of Stor Hammer cathedral, forming some picturesque arches, in broken decay, nearly all that remains of a once noble pile destroyed in 1567. At this part of the lake, George Bidder, once renowned as the calculating boy, whose wonderful memory and rapid calculations we had often read of in days gone by, had purchased an estate.*

* George Parkes Bidder was born about the year 1800. So wonderful were his mental powers for giving ready solution to the most difficult questions in arithmetic, without the aid of pen or pencil, that he was known in early life as the "Calculating Boy." Among the many instances of his ready ability, he once answered in a very short time the following question :—"Supposing the sun be 95,000,000 of miles from the earth, and that it were possible for an insect, whose pace should be seven and a-half inches per minute, to travel that space, how long would it take him to reach the sun?" Bidder became a civil engineer, and was at one time President of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

Although there are not many castles in Norway, on the island of Helgëo are the ruins of a fortress built by Hako IV. The old church of Ringsaker, on the eastern shore of the lake, is said to possess an altar curiously carved, and also the body of a priest, singularly preserved from the ruthless hand of time.* The old church is said to stand on the battle-field where St. Olaf gained one of his many victories, and adds one more interesting association to the shores of the Mjösen.

Dinner on board the steamer is announced as "fertig" (ready). It was not a table d'hôte consisting of many dishes, but a substantial meal of fish, meat, and a Norwegian dish, of which milk formed a large ingredient. As we afterwards lounged on deck, the Norwegian officer looked over our song, gave us some hints of pronunciation of Norsk words, and said the English verses were well translated into Norwegian. The song, with its engraved bordure of gipsy life and Norwegian scenery, seemed to interest him very much; and before he left at Hammer he was much pleased with the copy we presented for his acceptance.

One large island, in the lake, we were told, was the most fertile in Norway. The shores of the lake are not very far distant from each other. All was sunshine, with a strong breeze upon the lake. How changed the scene in winter. One of the passengers told us the winter continued eight months, sometimes even nine months. The days in summer are often very warm, and the nights cold. The homesteads had no pretensions to Swiss decoration; and the villages had a similar appearance to a new settlement in Australia. Without the forest trees

* A similar instance is mentioned in Laing's "Tour in Sweden."

Norway would soon be a sterile spot. Take the timber from the mountains, and all would be a barren, cheerless wilderness of rocks and stones. It is to be hoped that government will one day restrain the rapid destruction of the forests. Even in England the shady lanes are fast vanishing before the close-cropped hedge-rows; barely a fence which is considered necessary in this utilitarian age. The birds, which once found shelter and convenience for building their nests, are diminishing fast, and one must often listen in vain for their cheerful song.*

The steamer passed a very picturesque rocky island towards Lillehammer. Only one traveller now remained who spoke English, and his stock was limited, consisting of two words. Fortunately, we arranged with the steward for a stock of three bottles of brandy, and two or three bottles of St. Jullien claret, before the officer who spoke English left the vessel. We paid one dollar for our fare, and three dollars one mark and eight skillings for dinner, coffee, ale, bread and cheese, three bottles of brandy, and two of claret. We tried in vain to pass an English sovereign, to economise our small coin. The steward spoke a little English. He was a jolly-looking, buzzy, fuzzy, smick-smack, smooth, straight up-and-down, and no mistake, sort of fellow. He did his best to assist us. We soon steamed up to the wooden pier below Lillehammer. Noah was standing between our two tents, pitched on a rise of ground, above a wooden building by the pier. Noah saw us at once, and came down to the

* By an Act of Parliament, 35th and 36th Victoria, chapter 78, dated 10th August, 1872, protection is now given to a large number of wild birds in England between the 15th March and 1st August in each year.

pier as jauntily as possible, with a pipe, to our great surprise, stuck in his mouth.

Waiting until the passengers had gone on shore, we called Noah on board, and gave him the bottles to carry to our tents. The case was slung on to the pier. The steward referred to the captain, who spoke English, and decided that the amount we had already paid included carriage to Lillehammer. They wished us good-by, and we left the vessel. A porter from one of the hotels, who came to us, placed the case on a truck, and we told him to take it up to our tents. Esmeralda came forward as we approached the camp. The gipsies were much pleased to see us again. Esmeralda said she knew we were on the steamer. Whilst we were talking, we caught sight of the truck and case going up the road from the lake to the town of Lillehammer. Noah and ourselves went after it, and soon after Noah and the porter brought it to the tents. The case was a large wooden box of considerable weight. With much satisfaction we contemplated its arrival in camp. The tents were now actually pitched on the shore of the beautiful Mjösen Lake. Its calm waters, lovely in the eventide, and the quietude of nature, gave us one more glimpse of perfect happiness.

CHAPTER X.

"Let us rest a bit in our tent this fine evening to collect our memoranda from the note-book hurriedly pencilled. Yet it is not easy to withdraw the eye from the beautiful picture before us, framed by the curtains of our canvas boudoir."—*The Rob Roy on the Jordan.*

OUR FIRST CAMP—CAMP VISITORS—GIPSY MUSIC—FOREIGN TABLEAU—CURIOUS OBSERVATIONS—PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE—EARLY START—LAING'S SUGGESTIONS—THE GUDBRANSDALEN—THE HUNNEFOS—THE AUSTRALIAN MEAT—CAMP RULES—THE PAIR OF GLOVES—SUDDEN SHADOWS—OUR TALISMAN—NEW FRIENDS.

THE Mjösen is a fine lake. The scenery is not bold, or imposing in wild and rugged outline, but it is beautiful and pleasing. There is a richness often wanted in the wilder scenes of nature. Our contemplation must be short; we have work to do. Noah with my Tennant's geological hammer soon began to loosen the nails of the provision-case. A crowd of boys, who gathered round, and the tall man in the background, rendered the group of spectators a complete study; there was an expression of deep interest as Noah loosened every nail. Our gipsies had been well cared-for by the gallant captain of the *Dronningen*. He had kindly arranged for our people to pitch their tents on some waste ground near the lake; the woman of the house above seemed to exercise a sort of right over it, and had agreed to supply our people with food at the house. She was an ener-

getic old woman, with not a very good-tempered expression of countenance, but she had been very attentive.

The captain had on the previous evening taken our gipsies in a boat across the lake. They had spent the evening very pleasantly with himself and wife. Some sympathy was expressed for the separation of Esmeralda from her husband, referring to myself. The gipsies, we afterwards understood, had a gay time on board the *Dronningen*; they played at the captain's request, who collected quite a fortune for them. Noah and Zachariah* were also treated to cigars, and various liquids by the passengers. Their voyage on the Mjösen Lake seemed to have been unusually gay. Once more we were in camp, and the boys from the town above kept accumulating round our tents. Then we went up the road towards Lillehammer with our maps, and examined the route, and the direction ready for our journey next morning. When we returned, it was eight o'clock. There were so many people about, that Esmeralda and myself went up to the woman's house to have coffee. Noah and Zachariah afterwards took their turn whilst we stayed at the tents. Noah had our instructions to pay the woman, but he was quite unable to regulate the account. We found the old woman, who was exceedingly polite, charged us three dollars for our coffee that evening, and a day and a half board for our gipsies, and the use of the waste ground. The charge was nearly as much as we had paid at the comfortable inn at Eidsvold, with lodgings for a longer period. The gipsies had

* After the foregoing pages had passed through the press, we succeeded in obtaining from a parish in Gloucestershire the certificate of baptism of "Zacharia;" we shall therefore in future give the name exactly as it is spelt in the certificate of baptism.

promised her some music; and as we were anxious to pass the time until the people should disperse, Esmeralda and Zachariah came up to play one or two tunes. We had an upstairs room, very bare of furniture, containing only a small table and sofa and two or three chairs. Esmeralda sat on the sofa, and myself and Zacharia at each end of the table. Away went the violin and the tambourine, waltzes and polkas, in rapid succession. The old woman walked about in an ecstacy. Very shortly afterwards a large crowd of both sexes appeared at the doors of the room, and we motioned for them to dance or sit down. In came the steward of the steamer, smoking a cigar, and the cashier with him. Bang, bang, went the tambourine. Esmeralda, with her dark eyes flashing, was no mean tambourinist. With regard to dancing they seem very diffident. Chairs were brought, and the steward and cashier were accommodated. The former smoked, and seemed on the best of terms with himself and everybody else. He was a good-humoured, good-tempered fellow, and pressed us to have something to drink. Notwithstanding we declined, in came the woman of the house with two bottles of beer and glasses for us. The bottles were uncorked and the steward came to pour out the beer; but although he pressed us to take some, and also to allow our gipsies to do so, we were firm in our determination. With an air of almost disappointment that we did not accept their hospitality, he returned to his seat. Jingle, jingle, went the brasses of the tambourine. The room, and passages to it became quite thronged. The steward smoked; the cashier seemed, we thought, to look with apparent admiration at our tambourinist. We had evidently an ap-

preciative audience. The assemblage reminded us, as we sat there in quiet contemplation, of one of those foreign scenes at times represented in dramas in London. Gipsies, foreign costumes, log-house, landlady, peasants with knives at their sides, steward of steamer and cashier, wild strip of broken ground below the house, tents, donkeys, steamer, and the lake beautiful with the shadow of declining day—all the elements of romance were there, and it was a reality.

We looked at our watch: it was nearly ten. We rose, and passing through the visitors wished them good evening, and were soon seated in our tents. Group after group of people came thronging down, taking a cursory glance, as they passed, as if unwilling to intrude. We were busy arranging and packing our things for the next morning: some would now and then peep in; one went so far as to take hold of our tent carpet and examine it. Another laid hold of our iron kettle-prop outside, and it was amusing to see the earnest discussion that was going on as to its use. An intelligent man with a benign smile made a motion with it, as if making holes in the ground, and whilst pointing to the tent-rods looked at us for confirmation. He was evidently much gratified by our nod of assent. The centre of attraction were the donkeys; party after party from Lillehammer swept by our tents along the broken ground, to the spot where our donkeys stood. They were examined with an earnestness which showed our friends to be warmly attached to the subject of natural history. The steward came up to our tents, soon after we left the house, and pressed us to come with him on board the steamer, but we declined; whereupon he took off his hat and left.

The goods porter of the steamer wandered about our tents for some time, and at last came up and said he wanted half a dollar more for the carriage of the case. When we took out our money to pay him, he said it was a dollar. Perhaps we misunderstood him at first. The captain had said we had nothing more to pay; but, not having any time to investigate the matter, we trusted to the proverbial honesty of the Norwegians, and so paid the dollar required. Taking advantage of a lull in the number of the visitors, as it was becoming late, the case was unpacked. Then more visitors came; but we went on and repacked our provisions in our bags, for carriage the next morning on our donkeys. Some of the lookers-on near our tents criticised our biscuits, and especially our pea-flour which was scattered over everything. They did so good humouredly, and seemed astonished at our stores. Zachariah launched the empty case on the lake below. Our visitors at last became few in number, and less frequent.

Esmeralda carefully packed up her dress with the silver buttons. She had hung it on a bush near the tents after they had arrived at Lillehammer. The blue dress and the silver buttons gleaming in the sun must have been a pleasing sight. At last we went to bed; that is, we retired to sleep on our waterproof rug and carpet within our tent partition. The indistinct sound of voices outside our tents and the noise of persons who appeared to be wandering about the donkeys still continued, but we were all soon asleep. The thermometer had been at 86° Fahrenheit in the day.

The hum of a small mosquito awoke us at about two

o'clock in the morning; at half-past two o'clock we roused our gipsies. The things were soon packed on the donkeys by Noah, who was an excellent packer. We finally struck our camp at three o'clock A.M. The house where our coffee had been supplied the previous evening was shut up, and wrapt in silence; the woman of the house was possibly slumbering with the three dollars under her pillow. The steamer lay moored at the wooden pier, where the steward and cashier, if they slept on board, may have been dreaming of the dark-eyed gitana.

How silent all seemed in the early morning on the banks of the Mjösen Vand. Not a soul stirring, save one solitary fisherman in his boat in the far distance upon the lake. With our Alpine stocks, tents, and baggage, donkeys and gipsies, we slowly ascended the road to Lillehammer. How delightful in the freshness of the early morning to commence our nomadic wandering of many days. Laing says, in his excellent work on Norway,* "A young and clever English sportsman, especially if he had a taste, also, for any branch of natural history, ought to pass a summer very agreeably with his rifle, fishing-rod, and his tent, among the fjelde and lakes, encamping where fancy and sport might lead him, and carry all his accommodation on a couple of ponies."

As we passed through the town of Lillehammer we noticed that most of the windows were shut; the inhabitants were enjoying their morning sleep. We felt thankful that we carried our home with us. Lillehammer is not without its associations; its former cathedral and

* "Journal of a Residence in Norway during the years 1834, 1835, 1836." By Samuel Laing, Esq. Published by Longman, Orme, Browne, & Co., in 1837.

monastery were originally founded by an Englishman, Nicholas Breakspear, in 1160. He was afterwards Pope Hadrian IV. As we passed down the long street, one man was on the look-out; with hot haste he rushed to the back of the house, as if to apprise some one else of our coming; he returned as we were going by, and said "Ya, ya!" when we asked if we were in the right road for Holmen; then standing in the street, he gazed after us until we were out of sight.

With feelings of bright anticipation we had entered the long and fertile valley of the Gudbrandsdalen.* Commencing at Lillehammer, the valley of Gudbransdalen extends 168 miles to the foot of Dovre Fjeld. Our route is on the right bank of the Logen. Many cultivated farms occupy the lower portions of the often narrow valley on each side of the main road, while hills and pine woods rise above them on either side.

We all felt particularly hungry as we pushed on for some distance along a good road on the right of the river Logen. Coming to a small stream of water on the road-side, we partly unloaded our donkeys; on a small space of rough ground the gipsies lighted a fire, and prepared our breakfast of tea, sardines, and college biscuits. One large carriage and pair passed us *en route* for Lillehammer; a pony with carriole was tied behind it, and all were jogging along at a comfortable pace, with the occupants fast asleep. Noah commenced repacking our donkeys, when a timber cart passed with two men upon it; one wore a red cap. They stopped and scanned our donkeys with curious eyes; then they wished to know why we did not use the donkeys to draw

* Sometimes spelt Guldbransdalen, meaning the "Golden Valley."

a carriage. The man in the red cap offered Esmeralda a seat on his timber, which, though kindly meant, was not accepted. They went on before us, and evidently made known our coming, for from time to time men and women rushed up to the fences on the road-side to look at our cavalcade;—it was a very picturesque one, including Zachariah almost fast asleep on one of the loaded donkeys. As we proceeded we were overtaken by a carriage, in which we recognised the inn porter who had assisted us with our case from the steamer. The two travellers in the carriage had been our fellow-passengers by the steamer on the Mjösen; they took off their hats. Another carriage afterwards followed, and another steamboat passenger took off his hat and recognised us again. We were now some miles from Lillehammer, and Noah was sent to try a roadside house for bread; the woman, who spoke a little English, recommended a house beyond. Coming soon after to an old road leading below the new main route—along the edge a deep declivity covered with trees and bushes, which formed the lofty bank of the rapid foaming river Logen—we halted. We were in sight of the falls called the Hunnefos. The river is broad and rapid; and the falls, although not of great height, are nevertheless picturesque. Above the old road an embankment of loose stones sloped up to the main route, which was not very far above us, although overlooked from the road; the spot now overgrown with short turf was sufficiently level and out of the way for our camp. We were all rather sleepy, and wanted rest; the day had become very hot. Esmeralda had not felt very well; a very small quantity of quinine helped her on the journey. Having decided to remain here, the donkeys

were driven down the old road for a short distance. From this spot we had a beautiful view of the falls; our camp was probably not far from the station of Aronsveen. It was delightful to lounge among our baggage after we had unpacked. The road being a sort of cul-de-sac, we left the donkeys to ramble below. Noah went in search of bread and butter to a farm-house, and procured a small loaf and half a pound of butter, for one mark and a half; the loaf was black bread and small. Several very heavy showers came on, but our light siphonia waterproof from Edmiston's kept all our things perfectly dry. Dinner was prepared at about one o'clock; a case of the Australian cooked mutton was opened: with some hesitation we had added Australian meat to our commissariat; we had ventured to take it, like the skater who tries the ice for the first time. Our sardine-opener in the form of a fish, which cost 6*d.*, soon gave us access to the tin of meat. All pronounced the Australian preserved mutton excellent. Esmeralda, who had been very sleepy and not very well, though revived by the quinine, did not entirely recover until after dinner. A bottle of claret was shared amongst us. It was our first day in camp, and our rule of no stimulants or smoking allowed was not rigidly enforced. Two songs with the guitar enlivened the party; then a duet, violin and guitar; afterwards a duet, violin and tambourine; finale, all the instruments together. Noah was chaffed as usual. The sun became so hot after dinner, that we could scarcely bear our terrace, placed as we were at the foot of an embankment of loose bare rocks. The donkeys escaped and went towards Lillehammer. Noah had fallen asleep, but starting up in a sort of stupor, at length succeeded in bringing them back.

Some of the people passing along the main route stopped to gaze at Noah. Some few came down, and a small glass of brandy was handed to them to drink Gamle Norge. It was after all very convenient not to be able to answer all the questions asked; much trouble was saved. We had provisions, and it was not of much consequence to us, in the way we had chosen to travel, if we did not understand many words, and could not satisfy all curiosity. The trout from the Mjösen, it is said, cannot ascend the falls of the Honnefos; they are exceedingly good, and some are stated to have weighed 36 lbs. Gipsies being a restless people, Noah and Zachariah were sent to fish with two rods and some small trout flies; we had no hope of their catching anything, but it employed their time, and was an occupation for them. The water was a light snowy blue, with a strong and rapid stream. Esmeralda felt sleepy, and was threatened with the loss of a pair of gloves; yet we felt that we could not play with her, or approach her on any other terms than were honourable to both. We worked at our notes and maps while the gipsy maiden slept, and her brothers slashed the water in the rapids below; about seven o'clock Noah and Zachariah returned, as I expected, without any matchee (fish).* A number of people came down the embankment occasionally to look with curious interest on the donkeys. The animals were carefully examined, and another page was added to the natural history of Aronsveen. One interesting young person came and looked from the road above at Noah with much interest; she afterwards came a second time, and lingered ere she

* Norwegian gipsy mattjo, sometimes in English gipsy pronounced matcho.

left. We decided that, as we had started so early, we should rest where we were for the night, and start early the next morning, about four o'clock.

Noah, after a coaching in Norwegian words, went to seek bread-and-butter (smör og bröd) at the farm-house. He was to display some money in his open hand as an additional inducement. No result being reported on his return, we sent him a second time to the charge for fladbröd, but they had not got any to part with. We lighted our fire; tea was made, and a pleasant meal of fried bacon, college biscuits and butter, was soon concluded. Bread was bought, when we had the chance, in order to save our biscuits.

It was now decided to have our tents pitched for the night. Noah had just made the holes with the kettle-prop, and was putting in the tent rods, when a number of people suddenly appeared at the edge of the embankment above. Down came a tall gentleman, apparently between fifty and sixty, followed by probably his son and a short stout gentleman. He said something in a tone of authority to Noah, who, not understanding what was said, went on calmly with his tent-pitching. We were at a short distance from Noah with Esmeralda, arranging some of our baggage. It appeared to us that something about illegal was said: breakers ahead crossed our mind; we must port helm. We advanced to Noah's assistance, and said in Norsk—"Good evening;" then we quietly reached out our silver-mounted flask, and pouring out a small glass of brandy, handed it to the senior of the party. He handed it back politely for us to drink first. We just tasted it, and said, Gamle Norge.* He

* Old Norway.

took a small sip and then emptied the glass. We poured out another and handed it to the younger visitor, whom we took to be the son, a well-dressed, nice-looking, gentlemanly young fellow, who drank some of it. His father seemed one whose views of the world were stern and not on the lively side of the picture. His son had a pleasant twinkle in the eye, and seemed rather amused at the scene. The father then began apparently asking questions. We did not understand much of what he said, and Noah and Zachariah continued putting in the tent-rods, without troubling themselves about the matter. It was necessary to say something, and we informed them we were going at four o'clock next morning, pointing to our watch; and thinking it best to clench the affair, we quietly opened our courier-bag, and handed the document kindly given us by the Presten Eilert Sundt. We felt much in the position of the Harlequin and Columbine, who are suddenly brought to a dead lock in a Christmas representation, and have to invoke for their safety some good genius of extraordinary power. We quickly observed the countenance of the senior gentleman who commenced reading. "Herr Hubert Smith from England, with Tater (Rommanes gipsies), three donkeys, and two tents, &c., travelling from Christiania to Romsdal, Voringfos, &c., to Christiansand, to see the country and study the Norwegian gipsies, etc.; with a final request that we should have help and assistance from his countrymen," &c.* When our visitors came to the signature, "Eilert Sundt!!!" said the senior gentleman in a deep whisper to his son; the son, who was also looking over the paper, seemed equally astonished. They ex-

* The original document is written in the Norwegian language.

amined the seal for a few moments, and handed the document back. Without saying more, they watched the tents which were put up soon after. They seemed rather surprised at our tent with all its paraphernalia and fittings, and then politely lifting their hats and bowing, without another word they suddenly left the scene. The people who were collected on the top of the embankment as spectators evidently did not seem to understand how it was. Perhaps some terrific example was expected to be made of our tall gipsy, Noah, as a warning to all the gipsies in Norway. It is impossible to say, and probably it will remain one of the links in the history of our wanderings which can never be supplied, nor is it of much consequence.

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CHAPTER XI.

Ewn law law, cymm'rwn lili,
A'u blodau'n rhanau i ni,
A bysedd rhwymwn bosi,
Ffel yw hyn nid ffol wyt ti,
Rhoet yn glòs, fel ar rosyn,
Gwlwm da ar galon dyn.

Let's hand in hand pursue our way,
And pluck the lily as we stray,
Its flowers pretty we will take,—
Our fingers can a posy make.
This, and with a fragrant rose,
Place on man's heart, whence goodness flows.

Welsh Pennillion, by LEATHART.

NIGHT ALARM—THE PURU RAWNEE—DONKEYS ADMIRED—NORWEGIAN PONIES—OUR GIPSY LIFE—NORWEGIAN FLOWERS—WILD FOREST—THE PIPE OF TOBACCO—PICTURES OF IMAGINATION—THE CRIPPLED MAN—CAMP NEAR HOLMEN—NOAH'S SELF-DENIAL—WET NIGHT—PEASANT GIRLS' SERENADE—ZACHARIAH'S GAIETY—LOVELY NATURE—NORWEGIAN NEWSPAPER—THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED—FROKOST SPOILT.

Our tents were pitched with a balk towards the embankment, made with our blue rug embellished with foxes' heads. The rug was stretched along our Alpine stocks driven in the ground. At the top of the embankment, some of the people still remained watching. Our large *siphonia* waterproof was stretched, and fastened over the intervening space between the tents. Only an opening was left close to the edge of the steep and almost perpendicular declivity.

The sound of the river was music to us, as it foamed in the stillness of the night. We retired within the parascenium or partition of our tent, and were soon asleep. Soundly we slept, lulled by the roar of the falls of the Honnefos; we did not even hear the noise of a small stone afterwards thrown against the tent from above, or the rush of Noah and Zachariah outside with nothing on but their shirts, nor their shouts to the people above, who only laughed, and had no doubt done it merely to take a last fond look of our tall gipsy, Noah. They must have been profoundly impressed by their very picturesque attire.

We awoke at 12.20; it was rather too early for our start, so we turned, missed the time, and awoke at half-past five instead of four o'clock. The word was given. All were soon stirring. It had rained heavily in the night. Tents were struck, donkeys packed; at a quarter past seven o'clock we were *en route*. Esmeralda was as lively as possible. We were all in excellent spirits, our donkeys stepping out bravely with their loads. Our beautiful Puru Rawnee leads the way, the hawk bells jingling on its light collar of scarlet bocking. At every place we passed, we had a rush of the country peasants to see us. It was amusing to observe their eagerness to be in time, as they left their occupations in hot haste to gaze upon our donkeys. At some places we had been expected. Some mysterious intimation had been given, and the peasants were ready drawn up waiting with great expectations our approach. As we journeyed onwards, it was desirable to buy bread to save our stock of biscuits. Noah tried at one or two houses. The first was a large house where they were evidently waiting

our arrival. The windows were embellished by many heads: the female sex predominated; most of the males appeared in a courtyard opening to the road. "Try here," we said to Noah, giving him some money to take in his hand, "and say, 'smör og bröd.'" He was not successful, for he was shown into a large room, with coffee, bread, &c., on the table. Probably he could not make any one understand, or they had no bread to sell, for he returned empty-handed. One man we noticed soon afterwards running in the distance across the fields. It was amusing to see the wild struggles he made to be in time. With much sympathy for his unwonted efforts to accomplish so much speed, we had regulated the pace of our donkeys to give him a chance.

At last we came to a quiet part of the road between two fir woods, with a narrow space of green sward on each side; a rippling stream crossed the road in its course to the River Logan. The sun gleamed pleasantly forth. Our fire was soon lighted, and our meal consisted of biscuit, Australian preserved meat, and tea. The Australian meat was much appreciated as an edible: we were all agreeably surprised to find it so good. In a country like Norway, it is indispensable to those who seek the freedom of camp-life. As we concluded our meal down came the rain, but we were prepared, and all our things were immediately under our large waterproof. Then we sheltered ourselves with the waterproof rugs, and quietly waited for the heavy shower to cease. Several carrioles were driven by, and some carts passed. Noah had to lead one pony who shied at our donkeys; another pony had to be taken out and coaxed by them. The Norwegian ponies, who are the most docile animals in

the world, were often suspicious of our harmless donkeys, who, quietly browsing, looked as unlike dangerous ferocity as could possibly be imagined. The rain ceased. It was eleven. Esmeralda and ourselves pushed on along the road with two donkeys already loaded, whilst Noah and Zachariah were putting the remaining baggage on the third. When they came in sight shortly afterwards, Esmeralda said we must pretend to be strange gipsies, and ask them where they were *gelling* to.

"Shawshon baugh?" (how do you do), said Esmeralda, drawing herself up with an assumed look of contempt, as her brothers came up with their donkey and baggage.

"Shawshon baugh?" said they; "where be you a *gelling* (going) to? I suppose you Romany's have been married some time."

"Howah," (yes) said Esmeralda, "we've been married about a year."

We must confess to a queer sensation that by some gipsy incantation we were no longer free.

"Which is your merle?" (gip., donkey), demanded Noah, stalking up to the front.

"That's mandys" (mine), said Esmeralda, pointing to the Puru Rawnee, which she claimed for her own. Gipsy wives have evidently separate rights of property, thought we, which we were not before aware of. "The other is my husband's," said Esmeralda, looking at us with her dark eyes, which made us feel as if we were merged into another individuality.

"Will you gipsies chaffer with us?" said Noah and Zachariah.

But we remarked, "Your merle's got no tail." This was said in disparagement of the one supposed to be

theirs, for our donkeys were by no means wanting in this respect. The tail of one was perhaps rather smaller than the other's.

"Why," said Esmeralda, "that's your donkey. You don't know one merle from another."

They had got mixed, and we had mistaken the one just come up. The serious earnestness of the gipsy girl gave us a hearty laugh. So they went on rockering (talking) in their Romany mous (gipsy language). As we journeyed onwards, how fragrant the wild flowers. Those wild flowers of Norway can never be forgotten. Gipsies like flowers, it is part of their nature. Esmeralda would pluck them, and, forming a charming bouquet interspersed with beautiful wild roses, her first thought was to pin them in the button-hole of the Romany Rye (gipsy gentleman). We were not the only party with tents and baggage; for we had noticed, as we passed along the road from Lillehammer, a number of white military tents pitched in the valley below us, on a pleasant flat of turf land on the opposite side the River Logan. We were informed afterwards, it was an encampment of the Norwegian militia for military training.

Shortly afterwards we passed a large house near the roadside, which appeared to be a gjœstgiver gaard. The people came out to look at us. Noticing some articles for sale in the window, we sent Noah back with some money, and he soon after returned with ten loaves of bread, and a pound and a half of butter, for which he paid four marks and a half. Noah said he bought all the bread they had. We were so well pleased with the acquisition, that, finding it was a general shop, Zachariah was sent back to replace his dilapidated hat with a

new wide-a-wake, which cost us one dollar. When we examined the hat on his return, we read within it the well-known English name of Christy. Noah and Zachariah had each invested in a handkerchief; Noah's consisted of four pictures of the loudest pattern. Noah's commercial transactions had also extended to a pipe and tobacco, and he appeared smoking it to the disgust of the rest of the party. Indications of coming rain caused us to arrange the waterproofs over our baggage. Several people came up to look at our donkeys.

The bread being packed safely away, we again pushed on, and entered a wild, thick forest at the foot of some steep rocky hills. The River Logan was not far to our left. Taking the first opportunity, we now told Noah that it was contrary to the rules of our camp to smoke, and that he must at once give up his pipe and tobacco.

"No, no, sir," said Noah, in a melancholy tone, "I must have some tobacco."

"Well, Noah," we replied, "we must have our wish, we have always done what we could for you, and we expect some sacrifice in return."

Esmeralda and Zachariah joined in the request.

A slight cloud passed over Noah's look as he dropped behind. We must, however, do him the justice to say that his temper was excellent. Noah was ever cheerful under the greatest difficulties.

As we quietly journeyed through the forest, how delightful its scenes. Free from all care, we enjoy the anticipation of a long and pleasant ramble in Norway's happy land. We felt contented with all things, and thankful that we should be so permitted to roam, with our tents and wild children of nature in keeping with

the solitudes we sought. So we travelled onwards towards Holmen. The rain had soon ceased. Tinkle, tinkle went the hawk-bells on the collar of our Puru Rawnee, as she led the way along the romantic Norwegian road.

> "Give the snakes and toads a twist,
> And banish them for ever,"

sang Zachariah, ever and anon giving similar wild snatches. Then Esmeralda would rocker about being the wife of the Romany Rye, and as she proudly paced along in her heavy boots, she pictured, in painful imagery, the pleasant life we should lead as her Romany mouche. She was full of fun: yet there was nothing in her fanciful delineations which could offend us. They were but the foam of the crested wave, soon dissipated in air. They were the evanescent creations of a lively, open-hearted girl. Wild notes trilled by the bird of the forest. We came again into the open valley. Down a meadow gushed a small streamlet, which splashed from a wooden spout on to the road-side below. From a log cottage in the meadow above, a man quickly crawled down the steep bank, like a spider along in his web. He took his station on the bank near the streamlet's falling water. The man was pale and wan, and begged for alms. He seemed to have no use in his legs. Could we refuse? We who roamed free as the birds of the air. We gave him some skillings. The man seemed very thankful, and we soon after saw him crawling slowly up to his small wooden cottage, from whence he commanded a view of the road. Now we came near the river-side, and pushed along to find a camping ground. We had again forest on either side. The river was near, and on the hills of the narrow valley

we could see many farms. At last we decided to camp on a rise of ground above the road: an open woodland, on the edge of the thick forest, which covered the hill above. The road wall was broken down in one place, giving passage for the donkeys, after we had unloaded them. Our things were hoisted up, and soon carried to a pleasant slope, partly secluded with scattered brushwood and trees, having a view of the road, river, and lofty hills on the opposite side of the valley. The rain commenced as we were pitching our tents. The first losses we discovered were our two caps and guard, with a carved fish at the end of it, and the green veil in which they were wrapped. It was provoking. They must have been left on the roadside when we halted near the house where we bought the ten loaves of bread; probably near Gillebo or Skardsmoen. They were of black felt, and we were now left with only the straw hat we then wore.

Our tents had not been long pitched, and our fire made, when a tall, pale man came to us from the road. He carried a wallet; had a walking-stick in his hand, and we understood him to say he was going to Romsdalen. He seemed much interested with our tents, and accepted some brandy and tobacco. The spot where our tents were pitched was near a sort of small natural terrace, at the summit of a steep slope above the road, backed by a mossy bank, shaded by brushwood, and skirting the dense foliage of the dark forest of pine and fir rising above our camp. We had tea and bread, and our Australian meat, which was excellent. The clouds gathered darkly over the mountains, and there were some heavy showers. More visitors came in succession; some had brandy. Their attention seemed divided between the tents and

donkeys. At length the rain probably prevented more from coming.

In the course of the afternoon, when we got into camp, Noah came and said, "I think, sir, instead of buying tobacco, I had much better have put the money by to get me a pair of stockings." We asked how much he gave, and he said half a mark. "Then, Noah, give up the pipe and tobacco, and you shall have the half-mark." Our gipsy came soon after. He had evidently made up his mind.

"Mr. Smith, you don't like my smoking, sir; here's the tobacco and pipe. I don't wish you to say I didn't do what you required."

As Noah handed over the pipe and tobacco, one would have thought he had given up some dearly-prized treasure. Although we gave him the half-mark with pleasure, we could not help feeling some compunction; still, as "shorengro" (gipsy chief) of the party, we were bound to see the camp rules obeyed, and Noah knew them before he started. Pusillanimity and want of firmness would have destroyed the success of the expedition.

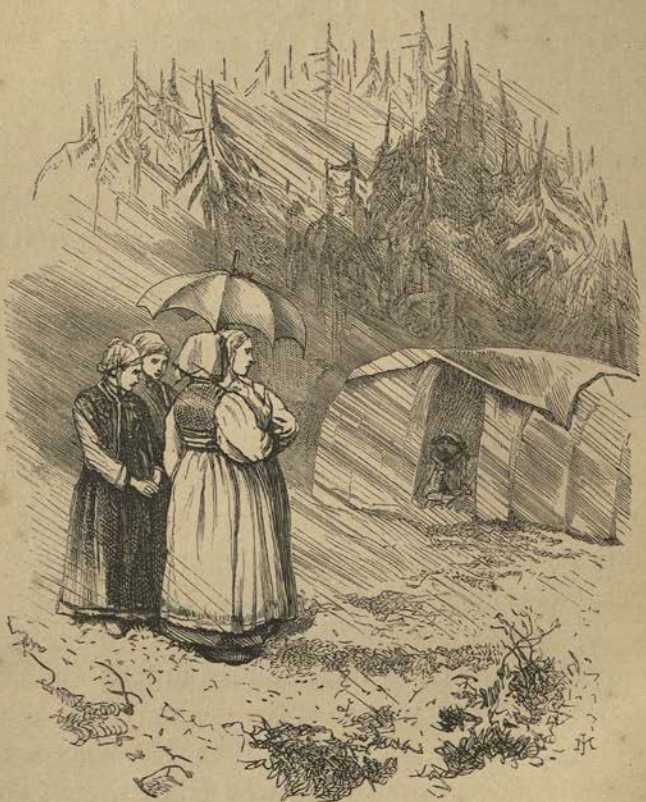
After tea we sat up to write our notes. The occurrences and events of each day must be written whilst they are fresh in the memory. Nor must they be left to remembrance, or the clear lettering of correctness and truth will be lost. What are now given are mere transcripts of notes written on the spot, and at the time. Whatever be their worth, rough as they are, it is hoped their truth will give them some value. We were glad to retire to rest. It rained heavily in the night. Once or twice the light Siphonia waterproof was blown off. Noah had to get up in the night to put it on, and to dig

a trench round the tents. We could feel the moisture coming in from the bank above. It was with difficulty we kept our provisions dry.

Our first Sunday morning in camp. It was one of our camp rules never to travel on a Sunday. It was made a day of rest for ourselves and the animals. We looked forward throughout our travels to our Sunday for quietude and repose. The morning was dull and wet. We breakfasted about seven o'clock. The frokost (Nor., breakfast) consisted of fried bacon, bread, and tea. The materials for a soup for dinner were put ready. Whilst it was cooking, a German gentleman, accompanied by his skydskarl, came up from the road. He inquired if we were German. Then he informed us that there was an account of us in the newspapers. Having looked at our tents, we sent Zachariah with him to see the donkeys. The German gentleman seemed much gratified, and, shaking hands with Zachariah, left our camp. Many carriages passed along the road during the day. After our dinner of soup, made of ham, peas, flour, and Liebig's essence of meat, we remained in our tents. Some young peasant men and women came and sat in the rain outside looking at us. We gave two of the peasants some brandy and tobacco. Then all our visitors left, except four interesting young peasant girls, who still lingered. One had an umbrella, and all four standing in the rain at a short distance from our camp, sang for us a Norwegian song to a pretty Norwegian air. They had pleasant voices. We listened to them with much pleasure. There was so much sweetness and feeling in the melody. It was a serenade of four Norwegian peasant girls. We appreciated their kind attention to wanderers from a far

land. Though we could not converse, we thanked them with our looks when they afterwards left the camp.

We had many visitors. At one time a group of five young peasant girls came and stood before our tents.



PEASANT GIRLS' SERENADE.

Noah was too shy to go out and rocker Norwegian. Zachariah made up for his brother's timidity. Full of fun, what dreadful faces the young gipsy would pull. They were absolutely frightful. Then he would twist and turn his body into all sorts of serpentine contortions. If spoken

to, he would suddenly, with a hop, skip, and a jump, light in his tent, as if he had tumbled from the sky, and sitting bolt upright, making a hideous face, till his mouth nearly stretched from ear to ear, while his dark eyes sparkled with wild excitement, he would sing :—

"Dawdy ! Dawdy ! dit a kei,
Rockerony fake your bosh."

At one time a woman brought an exceedingly fat child for us to look at, and she wanted Esmeralda to suckle it, which was of course hastily declined. We began to ask ourselves, if this was forest seclusion. Still, our visitors were kind, good-humoured people, and some drank our brandy, and some smoked our English tobacco. Had they not partaken of our salt ? We, as Arabs of tent-life, gave them our friendly welcome. After our tea, at five o'clock we had a pleasant stroll. Once more we were with Nature. There we lingered, till the scenes round us, in their varied beauty, seemed graven deep in our thoughts. How graphic are the lines of Moore :—

"The turf shall be my fragrant shrine,
My temple, Lord ! that arch of thine
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

"My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murm'ring homeward to their caves,
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more of music breathes of thee."

How appropriate, were the words of the great poet to our feelings. Returning between eight and nine o'clock, we found Esmeralda standing by the tents. We went in and sat down. Another party of visitors approached. Now and then they halted, as they looked towards our

tents, and would then refer to a paper. They stood occasionally for a few moments in earnest discussion. We were much puzzled to make out what they were doing, as we sat in our tent looking at them. One of the party, a tall, fine-looking man in plaid trousers, large beard, and cap, advanced. As we bowed, he handed us a Norwegian newspaper, and pointed to a paragraph, which we soon found related to ourselves. They all took some brandy; and when we offered to buy the newspaper, they most kindly presented it to us. Then Zacharia took them to see the donkeys. When they returned, we made them understand, that they were at the camp of the Englishman, referred to in the paragraph. They inspected the tents and pinthorns. They felt the blanket coverings, and also the waterproof Siphonian cover. Examined our camp kettle; and we explained to them the mysteries of our Russian lamp. There was much discussion among them about our tents. They stood by them for a quarter of an hour. Perhaps the description in the paragraph was not quite understood. The paragraph ran thus, and underneath we give an English translation:—

EXTRACT FROM THE DAGBLADET, No. 142, 23rd JUNE, 1870. CHRISTIANIA.

"EN ORIGINAL ENGELSKMAND.

"Blandt den Mængde af fremmede Turister skrwer Mgbl., der i disse Dage opholder seg hei i Byen for herfra at tiltræde Reisen om i Landet, er ogsaa en Engelskmand Mr. Smith, der er saa lykkeligat have opdaget en ny Specialitet inden Turistlwets Enemœrker. Han reiser nemlig ikke hrerkeu i Kariol, eller Kano, meu tilfods og

forer alligevel med sig Mad, Drikke, Klæder, Sko, Hus, Hjem og alle andre Livets Velsignelser lige indtil gode Naboer. Han ledsages kort at fortælle af 3 Æsler, paa hvis Ryg der læsses allehaande Livsforn oden heder iberegnet Telte, som slaaes op, hvor og naar han onsker at raste, for atter at tuges ned igjen, naar han drager videre, og som under hans Reise helt oz holdent maa ers tatte ham almmdeligt Husly. Det er saaledes et fuldstændig gjennemfort Romadelir, der udgjor Mr. Smith's Specialitet; men for at gjore dette rigtig Komfort abelt har han taget med som sin Betjening paa Reisen et Selskab af veritable Romader, nemlig tre Tatere (gypsies) to Brodre og en Soster. Det skal vere Mr. Smith's tanke at anvende 3—4 Maaneder paa et gjennemstreife vore Hoifjeldsegne, og rimeligvis vil mangen af vore Turister da faa Leileghed til at se den lille Karavane, der udgjor hans Reisetræn."

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

"AN ORIGINAL ENGLISHMAN.

"Among the numerous foreign tourists, says the Morgen bladett (Morning Paper), there is at present staying at Byen, with an intention of proceeding inland, an English gentleman, Mr. Smith, who has made a new invention for the use of tourists. He neither travels by carriage or boat, but on foot, and nevertheless carries with him food, drink, clothes, shoes, and every other necessary of life in a small compass. It consists of a folding contrivance on three donkeys, in which the articles are packed, and is carried on the back, forming when spread out a tent, whenever he wishes to halt, and the

tent can be struck at pleasure. The invention is of a completely nomadic character, and to render the expedition still more consistent, he is accompanied during the journey, by a party of real nomads, viz. :—three Tartars (gipsies), two brothers, and a sister as servants. Mr. Smith designs to spend three or four months in our upper plateaux, in which he is far more reasonable than many of our tourists, few of whom do more than join some small party in the ordinary way."

Our friend in the plaid trousers, who seemed a shrewd, intelligent man, did his best to solve all difficulties. We could not feel otherwise than pleased at the interest they took in our expedition. The voice of the tall man in plaid trousers generally dominated the conversation. At length, after a comparison between the respective merits of donkeys and mules, with many salutations, they left our camp. They had scarcely gone, when two or three good-looking peasant girls came, accompanied by some young men, and one rather good-looking woman, who asked a variety of questions in rapid succession. It is to be feared our answers were exceedingly indefinite, but she seemed to explain everything to everybody, and we began to look upon her as part and parcel of our camp. One lively, good-tempered, nice-looking girl knelt down near us, as we were seated writing our notes, and kept looking at everything in the tents, not hidden from view. Sometimes she laughed so merrily, that the impulse was catching, and we found ourselves joining, in her cheerful mood. Esmeralda had retired to sleep; the visitors were very anxious to see her, when informed by signs she was asleep, they contented themselves with looking at her Alpine slippers, which came in for a long criticism by the

rather good-looking visitor, who explained everything, to everybody, until the hour becoming late they all left.

It rained heavily during the night, and it required some management to keep our things dry.

At 12·38 A.M. we called to Noah to report upon the morning,—"All misty and wet," said Noah, as he looked out; and our getting up was postponed till six o'clock, when all rose for frokost (breakfast). Zachariah made the "yog" (gip., fire) in the wet damp morning; then when the fire burnt up, Zachariah, in putting our kettle of soup on the kettle-prop to be ready for breakfast, contrived to upset nearly the whole. The scene was melancholy and effective; the reverse of complimentary, were the observations of the rest of the party. Accidents will happen, so making the best of our loss, tea was substituted. Zachariah seemed more than any of the rest, disappointed and grieved, at what had occurred.

CHAPTER XII.

"Ma y times he would go into the forest of the peeke, and set up ther his tent, with great provision of viteles, and would remaine ther vii weeks or more hunting and making other worthy pastimes unto his company."—HUNTER'S *South Yorkshire*.

UNSUCCESSFUL FISHING—A MILITARY OFFICER—THE DERNIER RESSORT—OUR GIPSY RECEPTION—INTERRUPTED TOILETTE—FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE—DANCING ON THE GREENSWARD—TINCTURE OF CEDAR—THE DISAPPOINTMENT—THE LOSNA VAND—THE KETTLE PROP LOST—PEASANT CHILDREN—INTERESTING DISCUSSIONS—WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—THE KINDLY HEART.

WHEN frokost (Nor., breakfast) was over, we sent Noah and Zachariah to the Logan, with a fishing-rod each, and some trout-flies. Esmeralda stayed at the tents, and added to the remains of the former stock of soup, some rice, Liebeg's essence of meat, pea flour, and some mushrooms, gathered *en route*. She prepared some excellent soup for middags-mad (Nor., dinner). Esmeralda was standing outside the tents, when a traveller from Throndhjem came up with his Skydskarl from the road; he spoke to her in English, but she did not appear to understand him. When we came out of the tents, the stranger bowed, and said it was a pleasant way of travelling. He asked if we were Italians, at the same time looking at Esmeralda. We informed him the others were Romanys. He wished to know if we had our wife with us, and we informed him

we were not married. Then our visitor asked how we managed in the rain, and when he had looked round our camp, politely took off his hat, and left. Noah and Zachariah returned without having had a rise. Leaving them in charge of the camp, Esmeralda and myself went to see a waterfall, but, missing our way in the forest, we returned laden with ferns, foxgloves, and lichens. We found at our camp a very respectably dressed young woman, accompanied by a girl with scanty white petticoat, barelegs and feet. Getting out our dictionary, we told them they should have some music, if they came at seven that evening. They mentioned otta klokken (Nor., eight o'clock), and it was so arranged. Noah and Zachariah having played them two or three tunes, our visitors left. The soup at dinner was excellent, and with some bread and butter, made a good meal. The weather now became very fine; we seated ourselves on a mossy bank, some short distance at the edge of the tangled thickets of the forest, which skirted our camp. Gleams of sunshine enlivened the scene. Esmeralda was busily cleaning our boots, when we noticed close to us, a tall, gentlemanly, Norwegian officer. He wore a military cap, and had come along a narrow pathway through the trees. We had not heard his footsteps, and as he paused for a moment, a faint smile seemed to play on his countenance. We bowed, and asked him if he spoke English, but finding he was not able to do so, we sent Noah to show him the donkeys. Noah was busily levelling, with our camp spade, certain inequalities of the small terrace near our camp, so that our visitors might have level turf for their dancing in the evening. When the officer returned, he appeared to wish to say something in English; a

dictionary was handed to him, but that failing, Mr. Bennett's "Dialogue Book" was given as a *dernier ressort.* Whilst he was in search of words, Esmeralda was busy brushing our clothes; sometimes he was turning over the pages, and sometimes he seemed rather astonished and amused at Esmeralda's style of brushing, especially when she pulled our coat, and gave us a bang with the brush for not turning round. In vain he searched the "Dialogue Book," and then he shook his head. Esmeralda completed her task, and declared we looked five pounds better. We then showed the officer the tents.

It was with much regret, we felt our inability to converse, yet it is astonishing what can be done, by a few words and signs. His carriage was in the road below. The day had become pleasant and warm; Zachariah and Esmeralda seated themselves on the mossy bank by the terrace, not far from our tents. Soon their wild music might be heard in the forest. The driver and a boy belonging to the officer's carriage came up. A militia soldier marching along the road in a light suit of jean, with his knapsack on his back, was called up by his officer, whom he saluted. Our audience was complete. The officer was going to the militia encampment we had noticed as we came from Lillehammer. The music seemed to please him; he laughed at Zachariah's wild comicality. When they had finished, with an exchange of salutations, he wished us good-by, and left. Our visitors were now gone. Noah and Zachariah washed themselves; and we had our tea, with potted tongue, and bread and cheese. As we were seated by our camp-fire, a tall old man, looking round our tents, came and stood

contemplating us at our tea. He looked as if he thought we were enjoying a life of happiness. Nor was he wrong. He viewed us with a pleased, and kindly expression, as he seemed half lost in contemplation. We sent for the flask of brandy, and he drank to Gamle Norge (Nor., Old Norway), and then left to see the donkeys. In a few minutes Esmeralda cleaned and repacked our tea things.

Returning to our tent we put on our Napoleon boots, and made some additions to our toilette; whilst we were so engaged, some women came to the tents. The curiosity of the sex was exemplified, for they were dying to look behind the tent-partition which screened us from observation. We don't know what they expected to see; one bolder than the rest, could not resist the desire, to look behind the scenes, and hastily drew back and dropped the curtain, when we said rather sharply, "Nei! nei!"

Esmeralda shortly afterwards appeared in her blue dress and silver buttons. Then we all seated ourselves on a mossy bank, on the side of the terrace, with a charming view across the valley of the Logan. At eight o'clock the music commenced. The sun shone beautifully, and the mosquitoes and midges bit right and left, with hungry determination. We sat in line on the soft mossy turf of the grassy slope, sheltered by foliage, Esmeralda and Noah with their tambourines, myself with the castanets, and Zachariah with his violin. We had not played very long, when a man passing along the road below heard the music, and ran up. Much astonished he seemed, as he stood at a short distance from us, on the side of the terrace, and gazed at each by turn. When a

tune ended he smiled approvingly. Some peasant women and girls came up after we had played a short time. It was a curious scene. Our tents were pleasantly pitched on an open patch of green sward, surrounded by bordering thickets, near the sunny bank, and the small flat terrace, which Noah had levelled in the morning. The main road was immediately below; and down the valley rolled the wide river Logan, with a picturesque island, dividing its rapid stream. The rising hills and rugged ravines on the other side the valley, all gave a singular, and romantic beauty to the lovely view. Although our gipsies played with much spirit until nine o'clock, none of the peasants would dance. At nine o'clock our music ceased, and we all retired to our tents, with the intention of going to bed. When we were going into our tents, a peasant, and several others with him, who had just arrived, asked us to play again. We declined, for we had already played an hour, and merely did so for our own will and pleasure. The peasants appeared very anxious, and offered us a three or four skilling piece, which we politely refused. At length, observing several peasant girls were very much disappointed, we decided to play once more. It was past nine o'clock when we again took up our position on the mossy bank. Noah was accepted by one of the Norwegian girls as a partner, and we made another couple with a good-looking young peasant "pige" (Nor., girl). When she was tired, we danced with Esmeralda. Both partners managed the schottische famously on the level turf. So we danced, and the peasant girls, until nearly ten o'clock. The terrace was rather limited in extent. Once we nearly whirled ourself and Esmeralda

over the slope, and into the road below. The gipsies suffered grievously from musketos early in the evening.

"Ah!" said we to the gipsies, "that is soon prevented."

Producing a bottle of tincture of cedar, which a Canadian friend had heard was an infallible remedy, all our gipsies' faces, including our own, were carefully painted over with the brown liquid. For the information of our readers, we can only say it was a decided failure, and after several trials, in which the tincture only seemed to irritate the skin, without deterring in the slightest degree, the rapacity of hundreds of devouring insects, tincture of cedar was voted a miserable delusion, and a provoking sham.

Soon after we had wished our visitors "god aften," (Nor., good evening) and had retired to our tents, a carriage pulled up in the road below. The occupants came up and walked round our camp. We did not see them, but were told afterwards by our gipsies, that one of our visitors, was the young man who had assisted us with our provision case at Lillehammer.

At half-past two o'clock the next morning, Tuesday, the twenty-eighth of June, all were moving. The idea that we were first up was speedily proved incorrect. Directly we left our tents, a Norwegian tramp, of torn and tattered appearance, came and gazed at our camp in mute astonishment, and then silently departed.

Esmeralda was soon up. Our kettle of soup was put ready to boil for breakfast, and the fire was lighted. Noah took charge of the kettle and pepper. The soup was boiled, and served out in our bowls, as we sat in the rather dull, cloudy, cold morning round the fire. Never

shall we forget Zachariah's look of epicurean disappointment, and misery, as he tasted the soup, and threw down his spoon.

"Now then, Noah, I can't eat it!" We could not help laughing. Then it was tasted by ourselves. Esmeralda tasted it. Noah had literally deluged it with pepper. The soup was condemned. Noah took our anything but complimentary remarks upon his cuisine, with his usual good-temper, and, as if to show that the soup was really not so bad, he finished our shares as well as his own. Slices of bread and butter were cut for ourself, Esmeralda, and Zachariah, and we decided that Noah should never again attempt any culinary operations.

Hastily striking camp, all our things were packed and loaded. Our party left the camp ground at half-past five o'clock.

On the right of the road, going to Holmen, a short distance below our camp, we passed the mile-stone which marked two and a half Norsk miles, or seventeen and a half English miles from Lillehammer.

At Holmen bread could not be purchased, but we were told that we could get some at a house beyond, where Esmeralda afterwards bought eight loaves for two marks and a half. Several men followed us along the road to see our donkeys.

Passing a small sheet of water, some crows on the the bank were so tame that they allowed us to come close to them. The Norwegian crow has some white about it, but in size it is much the same as the English crow.

As we reached the shores of the Losna Vand, a long narrow lake, the rain clouds seemed to be gathering over

some very picturesque mountains near its shores.* Coming to a small recess of ground, by a stream of water on the road side near the lake, a halt was called—in truth we were rather hungry. The remembrance of the hot soup had not become effaced from Zachariah's memory. When our things were unpacked, it was at once discovered, that our kettle prop had been left at our last camp. We were much annoyed, not only on account of the difficulty of boiling our things, but with regard to making holes in the ground for our tent raniers. As a substitute for our lost kettle prop, two Alpine stocks were brought into use, and some twisted wire was fastened between them, to suspend our kettle over the fire. Whilst we were engaged in preparing our meal, the rain storm gathered on the hills at the head of the lake. All our baggage was safely stowed away under our invaluable siphonia tent cover. Esmeralda was also sheltered in a comfortable place amongst the baggage. As her brothers and ourselves were pouring out the tea, it began to rain heavily. Soon afterwards, we found the donkeys had strayed out of sight, and Noah had to follow them at least half a mile, before he could bring them back to the camp.

A woman soon made her appearance and begged. We think she lived in a house on the road side, not very far from where we were. Four skillings seemed to please her very much. Then came a little boy dressed in only

* To the left of our route, near Svatsum, a young English naval gentleman, travelling in Norway in 1853, was so pleased with the scenery of the country, that he purchased a small farm, and resided there for five years, fishing in the Rœv Vand (Fox Lake) and other lakes, and exploring the fjeldes with his tent and gun. To this incident the neighbourhood of Svatsum has become associated with the author of a small but interesting book, published in 1863, entitled, "Recollections of a Five Years' Residence in Norway."

a few rags, who seated himself near our camp as we were taking our breakfast. The rain had almost ceased for a short time. The boy looked so piteous, as we were demolishing, with considerable appetite, tea, bread and butter, and sardines, that we could not help giving him some bread and butter. The little fellow said nothing, but putting out his hand, he clasped ours with a look of intense gratitude. Then came three small girls, and they also had bread and butter. The rain recommenced, but, breakfast being finished, Esmeralda was carefully covered up. Noah and Zachariah immediately disappeared underneath some part of the waterproof and fell asleep. We retired also, with our head just out, so that we could observe the travellers passing along the road. Several peasants came up, and stared at the donkeys, as they stood in the rain, near our dark mass of siphonian waterproof, with nothing else to be seen, but our head. They asked a number of questions with very little result, after which the donkies were again examined. Their mouths were opened, teeth reckoned, and their conformation carefully noted. Their tails were handled. Sometimes one of the donkeys, on such occasions, would move his hind leg, and great was the rush to get out of his way. We were asked their ages. The visit generally wound up with an earnest discussion amongst themselves, in which we could distinguish the words asen (donkeys), and heste (horses), often repeated.

Another group of women and men soon came to the spot, and, as we rested on our elbows with our head, out of our waterproof, we were again the subject of farther interrogatory. It is probable they did not elicit much, though our vocabulary improved with the journey.

A peasant drove up with a crippled militia man. The driver at once got down in haste. He was particularly curious about the donkeys; in fact the three donkeys were evidently expected to be seen somewhere on the route, and they had become the subject of eager anxiety.

At one time, we almost expected to see the lone figure of the Birmingham bagman, in the driving rain, on the lake side, hovering near our donkeys, but he never came. Rain, rain, ever rain. We tried to write our notes, but our pencil formed all kinds of arabesque lines in zigzag pattern, which still remain in our note-book, and we fell asleep. The falling book awoke us to consciousness, and the necessity for action. We gave Esmeralda some quinine and water, and took some ourselves. Taking advantage of a lull in the rain-storm, the order was given to pack up, and we were soon *en route*.

The Losna Vand is a picturesque lake, but its beauty would have been more appreciated on a fine day. Our party travelled on, till we crossed a bridge over a stream, at the foot of a wild gorge. At the house near, we obtained two loaves of rye brod, and half a pound of butter for 9*d*. The rain poured down heavily. We took shelter from the driving rain and wind, for a short time, to the leeward of a small log hut, on the shore of the lake by the road-side, whilst the donkeys stood under the wall on the other side the road. The gipsies were as lively as usual, though they were wet through, and had no change. We had our light siphonia waterproof on, and Esmeralda her long Alpine cloak. The gipsies sang, whilst Zachariah tumbled, and danced, and laughed, and pulled all kinds of dreadful faces. Then Noah found a curious round stone of quartz, but it was too heavy to carry. Some women

came and looked at us with curious interest. We did not stay long. Notwithstanding the wind and rain, we must continue our journey, till we come to some spot where we can camp. When we had passed a short distance along the road, an interesting child, who had come down from a log cottage above, offered us a skilling. The little girl and her parents had evidently commiserated our forlorn condition as nomad wanderers, and were anxious to give their unsolicited assistance. It will not be forgotten in their account with the next world. We were obliged to refuse, and, shaking the little girl by the hand, bade her farewell. May she have long happiness in life, as her kind heart deserves.

CHAPTER XIII.

Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope and fear and peace and strife,
In the thread of human life.
Song of Meg Merrilies. SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WET TRAVELLING—VODVANG—OUR RUSSIAN LAMP—SWEDISH VISITORS—ALL WELL—MY HOBBINENGREE—THE CHILD OF NATURE—GUITAR SONGS—THE VILLAGE BEAU—MERLES GONE—THE MUSKETOS' VICTORY—MORE RAIN—SCOTCH TRAVELLER—TIMBER FLOATERS—GIPSIES—ENRAGED ENGLISHMAN—THE FRIGHTENED SKYDSKARL—GIPSIES' ENDURANCE—THE LISTARI COMMOTION—LISTAD SCENERY.

OUR donkeys were pressed onwards, and passed some carts laden with merchandise. Anxiously our gipsies looked out for a camping ground. The waters of the lake, dashed in waves on the stony shore. The wind and rain met us in the teeth. Misty clouds gathered on the summit of the mountains opposite, as we travelled along at a quick pace. The packs on our donkeys, were carefully covered with our waterproofs. In vain we looked at every point for a camping ground. At one log cottage on the hill above the road, a woman with a yellow handkerchief over her head, rushed out, and ran down towards the road. Then a boy suddenly appeared on the other side of the house, and throwing up his arms when he saw us, they revolved like the sails of a windmill, as he

struggled with quickened pace after the woman. Both ran towards an eminence of ground at some distance below the house near the road. "I hope they will get safe down," remarked we to our gipsies. Sometimes the boy gained upon the woman. The race was exciting. Speculations were hazarded as to which would get in first. The woman might fall, but she did not, and won the race. Both stood in breathless contemplation as we passed. At last we reached Vodvang, splashed, wet, and weary.

There were not many houses at Vodvang. People were looking out of their windows, and several men had collected on the balcony of a large house, probably the gjœstgiver-gaard, to see us as we passed. The church was a quaint wooden structure painted red. The monumental records in the graveyard round it, were few in number—small wooden crosses, generally of similar pattern. Two men followed us along the road. Noah was sent up a wild-looking pathway to the top of a wooded hill, but found no camping ground. Then we inquired from the two men, who pointed several times to a thick fir wood a short distance beyond. We gave them twelve skillings, which they seemed very reluctant to take, and wished to return, but we said it was drike penge, and left them. Proceeding as fast as our donkeys could travel, for it was now past eight o'clock, we at length came to a private road, leading, through a gate, to the wood. There was no time to hesitate. We must go somewhere. Zachariah swung open the gate, and our wayworn looking party, were soon in a large, and picturesque forest glade. The track apparently led to some house. Almost immediately, we unloaded our baggage,

and commenced pitching our tents, in a small gulley below the forest track.

The tent rods were scarcely in the ground, when up came three men, and two boys. The brandy flask was brought out in the heavy rain, and brandy poured out for the three men. They seemed pleased that we were going to camp there, and showed us a better place in the wood, for the donkeys to graze, than where Zachariah had tethered them. It was raining fast. Noah and Zachariah were wet through. Esmeralda not very dry; and our own boots and legs very wet. Our gipsies were not easily dispirited. We could not have selected better people for our campaign; accustomed to all weathers from their infancy, they met with ourselves cheerfully, all difficulties. Our tents were soon pitched, the siphonia waterproof cover fastened, and our things stowed away. Then the fire must be lighted in the rain. Whilst we prepared the Russian lamp, Noah gathered sticks. Only damp ones could be got. A crowd of peasants had come to our camp, and watched with curious interest our Russian lamp. They looked on with much astonishment, especially when the Russian lamp, underneath the sticks, gave forth its brilliant stream of flame. At the first trial the lamp ignited the sticks, but the fire was soon extinguished by the falling rain.

A boy kindly brought us some dry wood, and notwithstanding the rain, our lamp succeeded upon the second trial, and our kettle was soon boiling for tea.

Just as we had made the tea, Noah called out in Romany, that a boro rye (gip., great gentleman) was a vellin (gip., coming). The new visitor was a young gentleman wearing spectacles. He said he was not a native

of Norway, but from Sweden. He was staying at a large house on the side of the wood above the road, and had seen our party come up in the rain from the main route. Two ladies who were travelling with him were in the forest track near our tents. Though he did not speak French, he informed us that one of the ladies was well acquainted with the language. The ladies then came to our camp. The rain had partly ceased. One of the ladies, yet young and good-looking, possessed an ease and dignity of manner we have seldom met with. She asked permission, in French, to see our tents. How useful we always find the French language as a medium of communication in our wanderings over the world. The tents were examined. Our gipsies were described as gitanos, who always dwelt in tents and were faithful to us. The young lady, her companion, who seemed amused during the visit, was also much interested in our wild, wandering life. At length, after a pleasant conversation, they all three left our camp. Then we had our tea. The peasants did not come during the meal, lest they might disturb us. When a number of them came afterwards, Zachariah played his violin, and Noah and Esmeralda their tambourines. Great curiosity was manifested, whilst Zachariah, all life and spirit, sitting in his damp clothes, on the wet grass by the fire, was ever pulling queer faces, now and then saying, "Dit a kei, look at that Bongy mouee, ha, ha"; and again they played some lively and spirited tune. We lounged in a corner of our tent. The Swedish gentleman came again. For some time he sat with Noah by the camp fire, asking occasional questions in broken English. He was lively and pleasant, and much fun seemed going on. Noah

gave him some very original answers. The peasants seemed anxious to see us all in bed, but at last dispersed, and we fell asleep.

After a sound and refreshing night's rest we were up at 7 o'clock; the morning was fine, and we could now appreciate the beauties of the woodland scene. The forest extended over the rocky hills, which bounded the valley. Esmeralda bustled about to prepare our breakfast; no one was the worse for the toil and fatigue of yesterday. Sóme peasants came, and were told we should give them some music at Otta Klokken (Nor., 8 o'clock). Noah and Zachariah were furnished with fishing tackle, and sent off fishing.* The Swedish gentleman and the

* The lake fishing in the fjelds beyond Svatsum is said to be very good. Öret (Nor., trout) sometimes weigh 10 lbs. The Rœv Vand is associated with a fishing adventure, an account of which we have never met with but in "Recollections of a Five Years' Residence in Norway," by Henry T. Newton Chesshyre, who gives the narrative *in extenso*. The circumstances are, briefly, as follows:—On the 16th of August, 1715, two brothers, who were students, on a fishing excursion, landed from their boat upon an island of barren rock, fifteen yards wide by twenty yards long, in the Rœv Vand. Whilst there, a strong gust of wind, suddenly drifted the boat, to the shore of the lake. Neither of the brothers could swim. Lightly clad, they remained nine days, in sight of their fishing boat, and faithful dog, who had continued watching their things, and occasionally appeared on the gunwale of the boat, and whined piteously. They had put up a rude hovel of loose stones, which afforded them little shelter in an exposed situation on a lake 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. After the ninth day, they could not see their dog, and supposed he had died of grief and starvation. The dog, it appeared afterwards, had left, and, finding his way home, by constant howling and importunity, gave the idea that some misfortune had happened. On the night of the twelfth day, the two brother embraced each other for the last time, as they believed, and awaited death. Their only sustenance had been about an ounce of wild sorrel each day. Suddenly, they heard the tramp of horses and the sound of voices on the edge of the lake. One brother had just strength enough to make himself heard, and they were rescued. The two students, after some weeks' illness, recovered; but their faithful dog, Sikkert, died from the effects of his long fasting, and found a resting-place in the students' garden.

two ladies, we observed early in the morning, passing along a track through the wood near our camp. We both saluted. They were making an excursion, partly on foot, through Norway. As they crossed the river, they met Zachariah, and asked him if he always slept out in tents, and how many they were in family. The morning was devoted by Esmeralda and ourself to our camp arrangements; she was becoming an excellent housekeeper. What an impulsive dark-eyed girl! notwithstanding her odd sayings, and at times roughly turned phrases, one could not but admire the rude energy, and exercise of will she possessed. Noah and Zachariah returned. Mid-day meal consisted of broiled ham, tea, and bread and cheese. Two men came, and also the woman with bare legs, who had visited our last camp; they took much interest in our Australian method of making tea.* Some children who came had bread and butter; one man had tobacco, and as they sat near, our musical box seemed to give them much pleasure. The two men suggested a better spot in the wood for the donkeys to feed, and they were taken there. Esmeralda and ourself left at 3 o'clock, and ascending a steep hill through the forest, reached some broken rocks, where we had a delightful view. After we had seated ourselves, we wrote our notes, and Esmeralda, who sat at our side, conversed occasionally. Who could feel other than regret, at so much want of culture, and so much wild sterility of mind, yet if she had undergone the modern methods of training,

* The Australian bushman, when the water boils, takes the can off the fire, and, lifting the lid, puts in the tea on the boiling water. The lid is then replaced, the can is left to stand for a few minutes by the fire, and the tea is ready for use. The tea made in this way is very good, and a teapot is dispensed with.

she would no longer have been the wild flower of nomadic life; she would not have been my companion in the wild forest, the valley, and lonely glen. There was much that was impulsive, and original, much that was impassioned, and sensitive in her powers of appreciation. It was astonishing, with all her disadvantages, she was what she was. As the brilliant sunshine of a Norwegian evening, gilded the pine forests, and distant fjelds, the indescribable feeling of happy freedom, cast its bright rays upon our hearts. Lingering for a moment, as we shut our note book we quitted a scene we may never view again, and returned through broken forest glades, to our camp, ready for tea at 6 o'clock. When we reached our camp, no one was there. Noah came in soon after, having been in quest of eggs. When our tea, and bread and butter was consumed, Zachariah returned from a boating expedition; presently the peasants came, and asked when the music would begin. Taking out our watch we told them it was five minutes to 8, and we should begin at 8 o'clock. We sat in our tents, and opened our concert, first with our gipsy song and guitar accompaniments, and then with the "Mocking Bird." The tents were decorated with a picture of Alpine scenes. One or two tunes were played by all our gipsy party, but the peasants crowded round our tents until they nearly brought them down. Finding they wished to dance, we took some rugs, and went to the side of the flat roadway through the forest.

The forest scene pleased us; the evening was very fine. Zachariah never tired as he played his violin; sometimes we joined with castanets, sometimes with guitar, and occasionally with tambourine, relieving each other by turns.

Noah and Esmeralda waltzed together, and the couples who danced increased. The young men who danced were not many; the beau of the village, (and we always had one at all our peasant re-unions) was very active. We shall never forget, his good-tempered chubby face, and country bumpkin appearance, as he spun round in large low shoes, and worsted stockings, voluminous trowsers, and short jacket, which did not reach below his waist. The proportions of his Dutch build, were shown to advantage. It must have been warm work, as he puffed in his thick cloth snuff-coloured suit. If we looked through a powerful microscope at the fat boy in "Pickwick" we should see our friend exactly represented. He was Wackford Squeers's sample schoolboy on a large scale. We can see him now in the open track of the forest at closing eve, with that stout young peasant girl of the Rubens style of beauty, twirling in an agony of exertion as Noah executed a roulade on the tambourine; we liked to see him, and his dancing was no doubt the envy of those peasants, who would have done likewise, if they could.

At half-past 9 our music ceased; several peasants pressed us to continue; the beau of the village even went so far as to offer us four skillings—he was, no doubt, a rich landed proprietor—of course we politely refused with mange tak (Nor., many thanks). Our heart at once relented—we have danced ourselves. The beau of the village, was again in his element, as a whale is at sea. They had got into step; we had found out the tunes they liked. At 10 o'clock our music again ceased. Wishing them good-night, we retired. Several peasants came to see the tents, one asked for more music, but

finding we did not respond, the last group took off their hats, and left.

The peasants had not long departed, when down came Noah in haste to our camp: "The merles (donkeys) are gone, sir," said the gipsy. Noah could see how it was. The ropes were left, and the men who had told us that it was a better place for grass, had only done so to steal them. We could not bring ourselves to suspect our friends, the Norwegian peasants, whom we had just been entertaining as our visitors, and who were always so kind, and friendly with us.

We immediately went with Esmeralda in search of our missing donkeys. Taking a track through the forest, we met some peasant children, to whom, with some difficulty, we explained that the donkeys were gone. They seemed to divine our thoughts, "Nei, nei," said one little girl, pointing to a particular part of the wood, and as she was coming with us, a shout from Noah, and Zachariah, informed us they were safe. The peasants had kindly moved them to a better spot for grass. When the gipsies had tethered one of the donkeys, which they usually did, they returned to the tents. Noah said some of the peasants were still gazing at our merles.

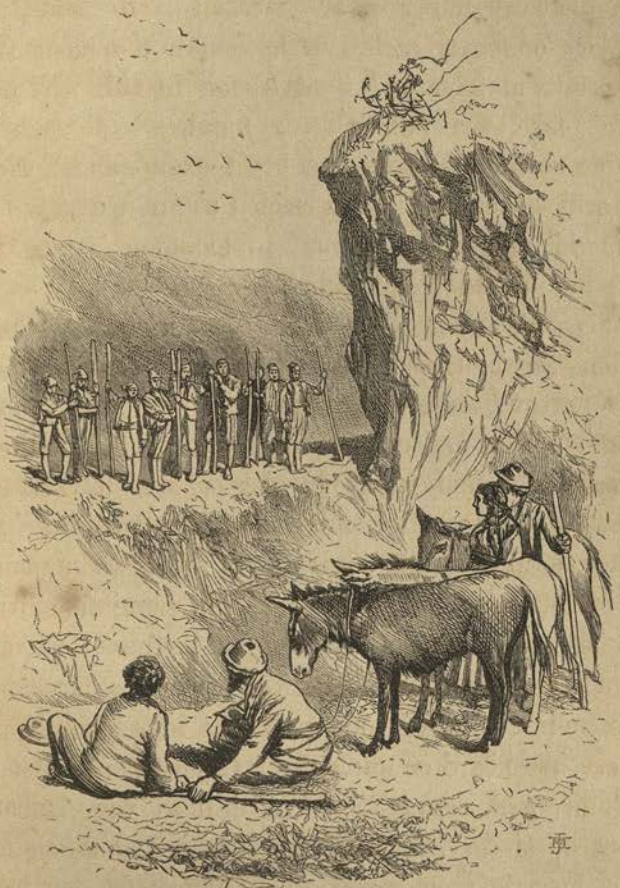
The thermometer had been 74° during the day.

Sleep, who could sleep? Myriads of musketos had invaded our tents. We were all dreadfully bitten. Sleeping in a rug bag, our face only suffered. Our forehead was one mass of small swellings. We were all up at 2 o'clock in the morning. In the tent or out of the tent it was all the same.

Grievous were the complaints as we ate our breakfast. Wildly Zachariah flourished his Norwegian knife, as the

enemies of his comfort attacked him on every side. In vain he vowed vengeance against the "skeatos." We were determined not to endure the persecutions of our numerous tormentors any longer. The morning was cloudy, with drizzling rain. Striking our tents, we loaded our donkeys, and a little before 6 o'clock left the forest, and Losnœs *en route* for Listad. Near a beautiful lake, we passed two hamlets, at each of which our cavalcade occasioned great excitement. New and varied scenes met us at each turn, as we now left far behind us the town of Lillehammer, and the picturesque shores of the Mjösen Vand. It was astonishing the interest our donkeys occasioned. Here and there as we passed along, people rushed from their various pursuits, to get a glimpse of our party. One woman ran after us, and eagerly asked if the donkeys eat grass, at the same time plucking some from the road side, that we might better understand her question. At one place, we purchased four loaves of bread, and a pound of butter for 1*s.* 3*d.* Esmeralda at the same time tried to buy a stardy (gip. for hat) to replace those lost, but could not get one. At length we reached a large wet marshy valley, and met some men with long poles tipped with iron hooks. Soon afterwards a gentleman driving a carriole overtook us, and asked Noah if we were Italians. Finding he spoke English, we went up to him, and he told us he was from Scotland. Telling him we were travelling *à l'aise* with our tents and baggage, the novelty of the idea seemed to delight him, and bowing, he continued his journey. The end of the marshy valley, through which the Logan still held its course, was at length reached. On the side of a large projecting

mass of rock, on the road side, near a stream of water, we found a large open space of ground, strewn with loose rocks. Part of the baggage was taken off the donkeys, who foraged about in rocks for scanty herbage. Light-



TIMBER-FLOATERS.—MID-DAY HALT.

ing a fire, we had tea, bread, sardines, and Australian meat. The men with the poles again made their appearance with increased number. They drew up in line, and having grounded their poles, stood at ease. First they

stared at ourselves and gipsies, as we rested near our baggage, and then at our donkeys. There were nine of them, of all sizes, and miscellaneous costumes. They were timber floaters. Their long poles were used to push the logs of timber adrift, when they stuck fast on the sides of the river. Quantities of timber cut down in the forests, and marked, finds transit in this way to the sea. As we were writing our notes, we also made a rough sketch of the men. A boy soon afterwards came, and said something in Norwegian about a quarter of a mile, which we at last understood to mean a convenient camping ground at that distance beyond us. Several other people came, and stood in the road, gazing at the donkeys, as they wandered about the rocks.

The sun was now brilliant; the scene was particularly beautiful. Our gipsies after lunch fell into a sound sleep.

We had halted about 10 o'clock, and we left at 4 o'clock. Noah was quite unwell, and all suffered, more or less, from mosquito bites of the previous night. As we looked back, we could not help pausing some few minutes, to admire the picturesque outline of the mountains. We had not been long *en route* when three Englishmen in carrioles, came suddenly round a turn in the road. We heard one exclaim, "Gipsies!" as they overtook us, and drove by. We noticed the first was a bronzed, military, good-looking man. The driver of the second carriole, who was an excellent specimen of the English gentleman, said something, and bowed, and they were rapidly followed by a younger gentleman, and soon out of sight. Two or three travellers with carrioles met us afterwards, and looked at us with much curiosity as they passed. The evening was fine and enjoyable; the

country on either side, was well wooded and mountainous. The river Logan added much to the picturesque beauty of the scene. Suddenly a carriole appeared behind us. driven by one who was evidently bent on salmon fishing, He wore a mackintosh, and had a south-wester over his head. When any carriages appeared my gipsies immediately got our donkeys in line along the side of the road. Noah at the head of the first, Zachariah the second, and Esmeralda led the third, so that they were all kept well out of the way. The traveller's Norwegian pony seemed a little shy in passing us; but the traveller was driving quietly by, as the donkeys were halted, when down jumped the Skydskarl, and rushed to the pony's head, which was suddenly checked into the road fence.

"What the devil are you doing, boy!" shouted the driver, whose nationality was unmistakable.

Esmeralda went to the pony's head. We could hardly help laughing.

"Let go his head," shouted our enraged countryman at the boy. Poor fellow, he was too bewildered, and probably did not understand English. With redoubled energy as he stared at the donkeys, he kept pulling the pony's head against the fence, whilst Esmeralda was pulling the contrary way. In vain the traveller urged the pony. Wildly the Skydskarl held its head down.

"Get behind, boy," shouted the traveller, "you're pulling back. He's quiet enough—let go, boy!!"

At last the Skydskarl retreated in confusion to the back of the carriole, half crying. The traveller was soon out of his difficulty, and rapidly disappeared along the road, apparently intent on his fishing expedition. Occa-

sionally we came to a rural cottage, at one of which we noticed a lamb, and a goat. Zachariah played a pretty slow waltz, as we lounged along the road, all rather sleepy and tired. There was something of pure romance, and feeling, as we stood apart in spirit, and contemplated our calvacade, pushing their way to some unknown camping ground. There was our fine, strong, light-coloured donkey, with its Jerusalem cross, carrying its heavy packs with ease, stepping to the music of the bells on its scarlet collar. There was something soothing in those bells, timed by the animal's movement. Then followed the puro rye, and the tarno rye, contrasting in colour. There was Zachariah walking by their side, now and then performing, a slow waltz, to the tune he was playing on his violin. However long the day, however wet and disagreeable the weather, still his gleaming eyes and merry ha! ha! dit a kei, the *tarno rye*, by gum, Mr. Smith is going to *dell* (gip., give) *mandy* a *metramengery* (gip., tea) this evening. Then came the tall form of Noah with his Alpine stock, and deer-stalking hat, set jauntily on one side. Noah was an admirable fellow for loading and packing; he had much improved since our campaign last summer; never out of temper, with plenty of energy and determination. By our side walked Esmeralda, in her long tweed cloak, fastened round her waist, small hat and feather, and thick boots studded with nails. Our guitar, in a light cover, was slung over her shoulder, whilst we carried, in a light cover, made on purpose, her tambourine, with our courier bag. Tall and slim, with raven hair, and jet black eyes, about our own height, the young gipsy girl had an indomitable spirit. Sometimes she caught hold of our hand, so that

it might be more help to her, as we journeyed onwards, for she had had no sleep the previous night, and was much tired, all had been dreadfully bitten with mosquitos. The log houses we came to, had their groups of peasants waiting to see us. Some would run with tumultuous haste, to be in time, and a red cap generally appeared prominently as one of the number. They had often a good-humoured smile on their countenances. It was lovely scenery all the way, especially when we reached the turning to "Venebrygden" and crossed a rapid, broad stream, issuing from a rocky gorge, beneath a lofty mountain, whose base to nearly its summit, was covered with fir. An old man with a wallet came from a log house, near the road, and we gave him a piece of money. At length we came to a place we were told was Listari. It was a large house of superior construction, on the road side, with extensive buildings, and an appearance of much comfort. Some heads appeared at the windows as we approached. Then we heard the sudden clatter of feet, running downstairs, to obtain a nearer view of our party.

There was an excited rush. One gentleman stuck to a front window commanding the road, and looked at us with a curious, and amused expression of countenance. The old man with the wallet joined us again, and we gave him another piece of two skillings. He said something, which we thought meant camping ground beyond, and passed on. We were now anxious to camp. Coming near Listad we noticed some unenclosed ground, rising in a steep slope, to the base of some fine bold precipitous rocks, close above the valley. The sloping ground was steep, with little grass, covered with loose rocks and scat-

tered birch-trees. A rough turf-way led apparently to a first ridge, of lofty ground, immediately above the road. Zachariah went up first, and hearing his peculiar gipsy whistle, we all climbed the track, rough with uneven grassy hillocks, studded with birch-trees, and sheltered by rocks. In a small hollow, near a rough fence, at the summit of the ridge, our donkeys were unloaded. It was a beautiful camping ground for our night's repose.

CHAPTER XIV.

"He grows, like the young oak, healthy and broad,
With no home but the forest, no bed but the sward;
Half naked, he wades in the limpid stream,
Or dances about in the scorching beam.
The dazzling glare of the banquet sheen
Hath never fallen on him, I ween;
But fragments are spread, and the wood-fire piled;
And sweet is the meal of the gipsy child."

ELIZA COOK.

A GORGIO—COMFORTABLE BONDEGAARDS—MORE SPEILE—THE LOST KEY—DEN ASEN TOUJOURS—VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE—THE GOODLO DISCUSSION—WIVES' UTILITY—FRIENDLY PEASANTS—NORWEGIAN WALTZ—GIPSY CHAFF—THE DARK WOMAN—ANXIOUS QUERISTS—EARLY VISITORS—TIMID WOMAN—GIPSIES APPRECIATED—THE CHARMING POST-MISTRESS—THE MANSION NEAR HARPE BRÖ.

No sooner had we unpacked, and our things were under our waterproof, than a gorgio was announced. As if by magic, a middle height, thick set man appeared through some birch-trees. He hesitated, and did not speak. Our silver-mounted flask was quickly drawn from its plaid bag, and we handed him some aquavët. Silently drinking, he nodded his head. Seeing the end of a pipe sticking out of his waistcoat pocket, we offered him some English tobacco, which he also took, and saying in a whisper, "tak," vanished as silently as he came. A fire was lighted to boil the water, which Zachariah procured from a torrent in the rocks above the camp. Metra-

mengry consisted of tea, fried bacon, two small trout caught at Vodvang, and bread. The rain suddenly commenced, and it poured in torrents. Dark clouds gathered thickly, as we sat at tea wrapped in our waterproof rugs. Not long afterwards the silent man returned with three others, who also had brandy. We pitched our tents in the rain, and, thanks to our waterproof covering, our things were kept tolerably dry.

The view was magnificent. The broad waters of the Logan flowed in the valley below us. Islands in its stream heightened the picturesque effect. A considerable quantity of well wooded and grassy land formed the bed of the valley. Pleasant bondegaards, or farms, extended to the base of hills, crowned with forest. Beyond rose the peaks of the wild Fjelds.

Esmeralda had quite recovered from her fatigue; Noah was now quite well. Tea is a grand restorer of failing energy. Esmeralda was at once active in our tent arrangements. All things must have their place.

"Now, Mr. Smith, look sharp, or I must give you a severe doing," and Esmeralda's dark eyes flashed fire, and sparkled with merriment and witchery. Sometimes, when we were a careless lounger about the tents, she would say, "Dableau! you are going in and out, in and out, and never doing anything."

Then Noah might be heard, "What are you at, Zachariah; can't you see where you are going to? I think you are making yourself too much of a man!" An observation which Zachariah would answer with "Dawdy, dawdy, fake your bosh;" and, making a succession of droll faces, would skip about in the rain, singing, "Fem de dura." We will not answer for the correctness of

Zachariah's intended quotation from the Norwegian peasant girl's song we heard at our camp near Holmen.

More people came wandering about, some looking at our donkeys and others staring at our tents. They were all of the peasant class, kind, homely-looking people. It was about a quarter to 7 o'clock when we encamped. Taking our places in our tents at about 9 o'clock we commenced our gipsy Norwegian song, with guitar and violin accompaniment. Then followed our song, "Farewell;" afterwards dance music, violin and tambourine. A tolerable number of peasants were seated on the bank opposite the entrance to the tent. They sat in the rain on the wet grass until we had finished. After much talking, in which the female voices certainly predominated, they shouted "Farvel." The interest they seemed to take in our music was most amusing. They had such smiling countenances. One young peasant girl especially kept looking at each by turns, and then laughing, until we could hardly help relaxing our expression of *insouciance*. As they departed, a peasant kindly suggested a better spot for the donkeys to graze than where the gipsies had first put them. Music being over, we all retired to bed. Just as we were dozing away, Zachariah's voice was heard: "Mr. Smith, sir!"

"What do you want, Zachariah?"

"I have got your key and pencil, sir."

"Never mind, go to sleep!"

"But, sir, you can't unlock your box without it. You must have it, sir. Otta clocken, more music, ha! ha!"

Then we heard scratch, scratch wildly at work, and presently Zachariah's voice: "I can't stand it! I cannot stand it any longer; these skeato's will kill me!"

We must say our sleep was sound and undisturbed until half-past 6 o'clock. Much rain had fallen in the night. It was the first of July. Noah lighted the fire, and boiled the water. Two men came to our camp and had some brandy whilst we conversed with them in broken Norwegian. One was a traveller from Christiania. We told them that if they came again we should play our music at 8 o'clock in the evening. As we took our breakfast of tea, bread and butter, and potted meat, stray parties of peasants watched us with much interest. We gave several small children some biscuits. An intelligent peasant came and asked a variety of questions about the donkeys. Another brought his wife and children. A large party came before our dinner at 1 o'clock, and a short stout, well-dressed man, with a turban cap, discussed in an animated manner various matters connected with the donkey race. Their voices seemed constantly to mingle with our ideas as we wrote a letter to the gipsies' friends, in which Esmeralda inclosed some beautiful wild flowers.

We sent Noah and Zachariah to the river to fish for dinner. When they were gone, a peasant boy came up with a large sack of hay, which he gave the donkeys. We were touched by his attention; for some time he silently watched them. Before he left we gave him a copy of our gipsies' Norwegian song. He took us by the hand, and looked with such a kindly expression in our face, that we could not help feeling that the world, after all, was not so bad as we had thought it. As a substitute for vegetables, crystals of citric acid, dissolved in water, were occasionally taken by ourselves and the gipsies. Noah and Zachariah were full of fun when they

came back from fishing at 1 o'clock, having caught six small roach and perch.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Zachariah, "Mr. Smith, I know some good flies for my fishing this evening. All right, sir;" and he danced a war dance on the turf till he fell backwards over a birch tree stump, to the great amusement of himself and the peasants who were watching us with continuous interest.

We had tea, fish, and balivas (gip. for bacon) for dinner. Sugar was a source of difficulty. In putting the sugar first into each pannikin before the tea was poured out, Zachariah was not considered an example of economy. Not that we were inclined to limit very strictly his penchant for it, but we were not sure where we might be able to get more when our stock was finished.

Esmeralda was busy. We were writing. Noah therefore officiated, whilst Zachariah, with a look of injured innocence, stood by, and said—

"I shall not have anything more to do with the goodlo" (gip. for sugar); a resolution we entirely agreed to.

Still Zachariah often had more than any of us, which he would occasionally acknowledge with "Thank you, sir," "God bless you," "Quite enough, sir," as he stirred it up in his pannikin with an air of extreme satisfaction.

The bacon and fish at dinner were excellent; we hardly knew which was best. A peasant boy brought us a bundle of sticks for our fire. The sun became exceedingly hot. Esmeralda and myself went and sat in some shade near our tents. Zachariah found a shady corner under some rocks. Noah first looked out a few things in his tent for Esmeralda to wash. Then he afterwards stood

in the shade of a birch tree, blacking his boots, and observed to Esmeralda—

"I shall not help my wife as Mr. Smith does you."

"Well," said Esmeralda, "what is a wife for?"

"For?" retorted Noah sharply, giving his boot an extra brush, "why, to wait upon her husband."

"And what," said Esmeralda, "is a husband for?"

"What's a husband for?" exclaimed Noah, with a look of profound pity for his sister's ignorance, "why, to eat and drink, and look on."

It would seem to us that the more rude energy a man has in his composition, the more a woman will be made take her position as helpmate. It is always a mark of great civilization, and the effeminacy of a people, when women obtain the undue mastery of men.* When Noah had finished blacking his boots, he went with Zachariah to take the donkeys for water along the road towards Listad. As they returned, Noah and Zachariah astonished the peasants by racing along the road mounted on the

* Three excellent sermons referring to marriage, entitled "A Good Wife God's Gift," "A Wife Indeed," and "Marriage Duties," were published in the "Spiritual Watch" in 1622, by the eminent theologian, Thomas Gataker, B.D. He was the author of many learned works, and his annotations on "Marcus Antoninus" are well known to scholars. Thomas Gataker was born in 1574, of a very old and ancient family, still retaining their ancestral heritage of Gatacre, in Shropshire. The former Hall of Gatacre was built of stone, three sides of the exterior of the mansion being entirely covered with a glaze of greenish glass. It has puzzled many to account for the method by which the walls received their vitreous coating, effectually preserving the stone from the action of the weather. The foundation of a building on the estate, where the glass is supposed to have been made, still retains the name of the "Glass House." We have in our possession some of the stone, with its covering of glass, given to us by one of the family. The roof of the mansion is said to have been supported by an enormous oak tree, turned upside down. This interesting relic of former ages was pulled down during the last century, and replaced by the present large and spacious brick-built Hall of the Gatacres of Gatacre.

donkeys, with their faces to their tails. Noah and Zachariah afterwards went fishing.

We lounged on an eminence writing our notes, and Esmeralda washed for us a shirt and collar, and some of her own and Noah's things. We had a succession of visitors all the afternoon. Some wore red caps; all were deeply interested in the donkeys. In fact, if we could have kept them secluded in a tent, we might have made a large fortune by exhibiting them. We had, however, no wish to do so. Our peasant friends were welcome, and if our wild music gave them pleasure, they were welcome to that also. They certainly showed us much civility and kindness during our wanderings. We cannot forget them.

When we were at the tents at 6 o'clock, Zachariah had returned with two small fishes, and Noah with one of tolerable size. Having made a hurried tea, a large number of peasants collected, before 8 o'clock, about our camp. The music commenced at our tents soon afterwards, and then to give them an opportunity to dance, we went outside. There was a good space of ground close below our tents, but a tree was in the middle of the ground. This was at last uprooted by the peasants. Our beau of the village on this occasion was a thin, rather roughly-dressed, young man, but an inveterate dancer. The gipsies at once named him Arthur. If a house had interfered with the convenience of the dancers instead of a tree, it is possible that he would have pulled that down also. Of the females, two small girls were the best dancers; and they seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves.

The dancers patronised the skip waltz. It was a

curious scene. Three or four of the peasants were dressed in blue jackets with silver buttons and silver frontlets hanging from their necks.

My gipsies were particularly lively and in high spirits. The variety of costume, and any slight eccentricity of manner, was at once the subject of their criticism. We did our best to moderate their gaiety, and romany chaff, now and then as they played their wild music, we could hear.

"Dit a kei! (gip., look there) there's Arthur!"

"Ha, ha; no it isn't Arthur; that's Johnny!"

"Ah, the sapeau (gip., snake)! Why, he's got Crafty Jemmy's nose!"

"Dik the gorgio in Uncle Sam's stardy (gip., hat)!"

"Oh nei! oh nei! What are you a salin (gip., laughing) at?" It's our Elijah vellin (gip., coming) from Bosbury, a seaport town in the middle of England. Look at his chokas (gip., shoes)! Hasn't he got bongy mouee (gip., ugly mouth)!"

"Dik that fellow's swagler (gip., pipe)!"

"Arthur can dance! Now Arthur's a-going it! Well done, Arthur!!"

Bang-bang went the tambourine, as the beau of the village whirled his partner round, to the admiration of the surrounding throng. There was no harm meant by our gipsies' chaff. If anyone present had wanted their assistance, they would have been the first to give it them. It was quite impossible for them to remain quiet; naturally impulsive and gay, they must laugh in their lightsome moods. There were some young ladies, and apparently their brother, sitting near.

As we were standing with Esmeralda at our tents,

whilst Noah and Zachariah were playing, a dark thick-set, heavy-featured old woman pressed through the throng round us. She had all the appearance of a gipsy, when she suddenly shook Esmeralda by the hand. We thought she was a Norwegian Zigeuner. Then she took hold of Esmeralda's large necklace, and tried to take it off, before she could recover from her surprise. Immediately we saw what she was doing, we pulled her away, and she retired in silence through the crowd. We saw her afterwards, sitting on a bank, watching us.

It is ten o'clock, and our music ends, saying, "God nat (Nor., good night), god folk (Nor., good people)." We retired to our tent. Most of our visitors left. One young gentleman, who spoke English, said to Noah outside our tents, "A little more music."

"I can't, sir," said Noah. "The master never has any playing after ten. You should have come before, sir."

The young gentleman who had the young ladies with him then asked Noah what time we went in the morning.

"At 9 o'clock, sir," said Noah.

One of the young ladies then inquired in English if Noah could tell fortunes.

"No," said Noah; which no doubt was a matter of great disappointment.

Then the gentleman asked Noah his sister's name.

"Agnes," said Noah.

What next will he tell them, thought we, being anxious for him to go to bed.

Then one of the young ladies asked his sister's age; and Noah told her sixteen. Then he was asked who we were. Not knowing how long they would stay—for we

had to rise early next morning, and knowing that any curiosity would only get wide answers from Noah—we went out, explaining that we had to travel early, and we liked all in camp to go to bed in good time. They did not say much, but, wishing us good evening, they all left. The young gentleman spoke very good English. We were still troubled with a number of children, making a noise about our tents, until after eleven, instead of going when the music ended at ten o'clock. At last all was silence.

We were up the next morning at half-past 1 o'clock, enjoyed a good wash, lighted a fire, and had Noah and Zachariah up about 2 o'clock. We were anxious to give them all the rest possible; Esmeralda was called the last. For frokost, we had tea, fish, bread, and potted-meat; Esmeralda and myself had some citric-acid afterwards. Our donkeys were nearly loaded, and ready to start at 5 o'clock. We were just having a romp with Esmeralda and her two brothers, as we were packing up our things, and a merry laugh, when some men appeared at the fence near our camping-ground. They seemed much astonished, and rather disconcerted; probably, they expected to find us asleep. They lifted their hats, and soon afterwards left. Our donkeys loaded, we looked carefully round to see that we had collected all our effects. The main road was soon gained, when we descended from the steep ridge on which we had camped. We had now travelled more than five Norse miles from Lillehammer, or thirty-five English miles, as we proceed quietly along the road from Listad.

We could never tire of the beautiful valley of the Logan. Our mode of travel gave us ample opportunity

to study its varied scenery. At any points of interest we could halt, without the thought of being behind-time at the next post station, or of being reminded by the Skydskarl that we were lingering too long. It was about seven o'clock; the morning was very sunny and pleasant as we came to a place said to be Tresgone. The name is not marked in our map. Noah and Zachariah went to a small log-house, near a mill, at the foot of a gorge, to purchase bread and butter. Directly the woman saw them, she shut the door with considerable haste; their Alpine stocks had created a sudden alarm. After reconnoitring them through her window, confidence was restored; she opened the door and did a stroke of business, selling us four loaves for fifteen skillings. A man on horseback, with white hair, kept with us occasionally for some miles; he had, naturally, white hair, like an Albino, and not the result of age. For some distance, at different points on the road, the peasants hurried from their work, and, with anxious faces, struggled to be in time to see our party pass; sometimes, an aged man, with serious weather-beaten face, wearing a red cap on his head, was awkwardly scrambling towards the road-fence, followed by a woman and children. At other times, two or three men would race along the road-fence and take up their position at some distance before us, waiting the moment when we should pass. In fact, at times, we almost felt as if we were marching past the saluting-point, leading a company at a review, though the group of peasants differed much from a staff of officers at a saluting-point; we had, nevertheless, to stand the test of what appeared to be a close and scrutinizing examination of our company.

At one time, Noah played his violin as he sauntered along. Occasionally, Zachariah was a short distance in advance, with the donkeys, and the peasants collected at the road side, would politely take their hats off to him, an honour Zachariah appeared much to appreciate. We reached Branvold,* and at a station on the road side, we found we could post our letters. The house was remarkably clean and comfortable, and had, apparently, excellent accommodation. The civil pige found us a pen and ink, and went to call her young mistress, who had not yet left her room. We met a gentleman staying there who had been passenger on board the steamer on the Mjösen Lake; he went out to look at the donkeys. The young post mistress took our letters; one letter was to the gipsies' friends. She was a very agreeable, pleasant-looking girl, who spoke English with an admirable accent. We paid eight skillings, which she said the postage would amount to. Soon after we had left the station she came running to us, and said, "Mr. Smith, it is sixteen skillings;" and received the money. Shortly after, she came driving up in her carriole, and said, "Mr. Smith, I find it is sixteen skillings more." In truth, we were not sorry to see her again, she was such a kind, pleasant, merry girl, withal neatly dressed, and good-looking. We laughed, as we held out the palm of our hand containing a number of Norwegian

* On the left of our road, by Brandvold and Söthorp, are the Espedal Nikel Works, on the Espedal Vand, which belonged in 1853 to an English company, who were said to employ as many as 500 hands, under the management of Mr. Forbes, by whose energy the nikel mines were first developed. The mines had many years previously been worked for copper. The nikel ore falling in value, the Espedal Works were sold to a Norwegian company. The scenery of the Espedal is wild and beautiful, and the lake is well stocked with trout.

coins that she might count out what she wanted; nor did we omit to pay a just tribute to her knowledge of the English language. After the young post mistress had left us, we came along the road towards a large house, having more of those characteristics of the country gentleman's residence than any we had yet seen. The house stood in its own grounds, at a short distance before we reached the turning from the main route to "Harpe Brö." When we passed by it, the gentleman and his family were assembled near the entrance-gate to the grounds. He was a fine, tall, gentlemanly man, accompanied by a very good-looking young lady, who stood near him. She was the best-looking young lady we had yet seen in Norway. Two young gentlemen, we supposed to be sons, were also there.

The gentleman lifted his hat, and seemed to give us a kindly welcome; we returned his salutation. There was something pleasurable in such kindly feeling; we little think how much we can do in this world to lighten a lonely wayfarer's heart.

CHAPTER XV.

"We remounted, and I rode on, thinking of the vision of loveliness I was leaving in that wild dell. We travel a great way to see hills and rivers, thought I; but, after all, a human being is a more interesting object than a mountain. I shall remember the little gipsy of Hadjilar long after I have forgotten Hermus and Sipylus."

N. P. WILLIS.

THE VELOCIPEDE—ROADSIDE HALT—LOVELY SCENERY—DISAPPOINTED AUDIENCE—THE LITTLE GIPSY—THE LOST POCKET—THE SEARCH—GIPSY LAMENTATION—AMUSED PEASANT GIRLS—NORWEGIAN HONESTY—THE POCKET FOUND—A NOBLE HEART—PLEASANT VOYAGEURS—PATRINS—STORKLEVSTAD—TAMBOURINE LOST—NORWEGIAN HONESTY—ECCENTRIC VISITS—INTERROGATORY—THE CAPTAIN—THE INTERVIEW—THE VILLAGE MAGNATE—MEGET GODT—ESMERALDA IN CAMP—THE LAST VISIT—THE MOORLAND MAIDEN.

WE had not gone far along the road, when we saw a blacksmith's shop; a man suddenly appeared from it, and came towards us on a velocipede

"Why," said Esmeralda, "there's a *velocity*"!

"What broad wheels," said Zachariah.

"It's Arthur coming to town," answered Noah.

The man was working it along might and main, with his hair flying; he was a strong framed man, with an intelligent countenance. The velocipede was probably manufactured by himself; although very roughly made, he managed to go at a fair pace; when we came to the route turning from the main road to "Harpe Brö" our companion with the naturally white hair, who had occasionally ridden with us during the morning, and by

whose assistance we had increased our vocabulary of Norwegian words, wished us good day.

At a short distance beyond the blacksmith's shop, as our donkeys were in advance, they strayed off the road into an open fir wood. Two young ladies, and a man had followed us for a short distance; they seemed to think we were going to halt in the wood, and as they stood watching us, we thought they seemed disappointed, when the donkeys were driven back to the road, and continued their journey. It was rather too early in the day for rest. Sauntering quietly along, we at length came to an open space having a wooden seat; this accommodation we particularly noticed in Norway at some points on the wayside. Generally, in a pleasant romantic spot, the ground is gravelled from the road, and a long wooden seat is placed for the convenience, and rest of the weary wayfarer. In selecting this spot, care is taken that it is near water, and close by, we usually found a deliciously clear stream, to slake the travellers' thirst. On this occasion we at once commenced unloading our baggage near the wooden seat, and as we did not intend to remain very long, Noah left the pockets girthed on two of the donkeys, who soon after wandered off to graze.

When we looked round we were struck with the beauty of the scene. Not far above us, on the opposite side the road, a log cottage stood lonely on the side of a steep rising hill. A brawling stream passed underneath the road near us; we saw it again, as it issued from a narrow brick arch, and was soon lost in the bushes of the declivity, which formed the bank of the Logan just below.

The picturesque summit of a mountain closed the narrow valley from the world beyond.

Leaving our things by the seat, we went down to the stream at the arch below the road, and crossed to a small patch of green sward on the other side. It was quiet and sheltered, and our fire was soon lighted. Tea, sardines, bread and cheese, formed our repast. A woman from the log cottage came down and stood near looking at us. We gave some biscuits to a small child in her arms; Zachariah was sent off to fish. It was about 10 o'clock when we arrived; the view was charming; Noah lounged on the grass with the violin; as he was tuning it up, a young man came and leaned over the rails of the road above, in silent contemplation. He is expecting some music. You little think, my young friend, the treat you are going to have, thought we. When Noah began to scrape, the effect was marvellous; we turned, and the young man was gone. The sounds ceased, for Noah himself fell asleep. Esmeralda had a very fair voice. It was pleasant to hear her sing at times, as we walked along the winding valley of the Gudbransdalen. Now we amused ourselves talking by the camp fire, and as we reclined on our waterproofs, we wrote down at her dictation, one of her ballads: "The Little Gipsy," with the addition of a few words, by a gipsy aunt, where Esmeralda's memory had failed. We now give the song in its entirety. It has been long a favourite with the country people.

THE LITTLE GIPSY.

I.

My father's the King of the Gipsies, that's true;
My mother, she learned me some camping to do,
With a packel on my back, and they all wish me well,
I started up to London, some fortunes for to tell.

2.

As I was a-walking up fair London streets,
Two handsome young squires I chanced for to meet,
They view'd my brown cheeks, and they liked them so well,
They said, My little gipsy girl, can you my fortune tell ?

3.

Oh yes ! kind sir, give me hold of your hand ;
For you have got honours, both riches and land.
Of all the pretty maidens, you must lay aside ;
For it is the little gipsy girl that is to be your b

4.

He led me o'er hills, through valleys deep, I'm sure,
Where I'd servants for to wait on me, and open me the door ;
A rich bed of dowle, to lay my head upon.
In less than nine months after, I could his fortune tell.

5.

Once I was a gipsy girl, but now a squire's bride,
I've servants for to wait on me, and in my carriage ride.
The bells shall ring so merrily ; sweet music they shall play,
And we'll crown the glad tidings of that lucky, lucky day.

Two men with carts passed whilst we were resting, and they halted to look at our donkeys.

It was nearly 2 o'clock, when myself and Noah went up to the wooden seat to load the animals. As we were standing by our things, a carriage passed, a gentleman driving with apparently his son, asked if we were going to camp there, we told him we were going on ; He asked how many miles we travelled in a day, and we answered fourteen or fifteen. They wished us a pleasant excursion, we wished him *bon voyage*, and, lifting our hats, he drōve on. Two donkeys were packed, and Noah brought up the third. Where's the pocket? said Noah, looking rather wild. "Pocket?" said we, "is'nt it among the things?" No, sir, we never took it off; "it must have slipt off somewhere."

In fact, we had not taken the pockets off two of the donkeys, but one pocket had been pushed off by the Puru Rawnee, against the road rails, whilst we were at lunch, and Noah had placed it by the seat; what had become of the other we could not tell; we both went some distance along the road where they had been browsing, but could not find it. Esmeralda was much enraged. All her things with Noah and Zachariah's scanty stock, and their sheets, tent blankets, and sleeping blankets, were also in the lost pocket. We went up to the house, and managed to explain to two women the position we were in. Noah said: "Sir, it must have been taken off, for there is no mark on the road where it has come down." Esmeralda fixed her suspicions on the unfortunate cart drivers, who had been looking at the donkeys; we repudiated the idea, and said they were driving the wrong way to have done so. A vigorous search was made, with the help of the younger peasant woman, amongst the bushes of the steep bank, between the road and the river, where the two donkeys had been also wandering, but no pocket could be found.

We decided to go on. To the young peasant girl, who seemed as anxious as ourselves for its recovery, we gave a mark, and an address, so that the pocket, if found, might be sent to Nystuen, to the "Herren mit drei asen."* Esmeralda rode one donkey, and in no very enviable frame of mind, we hurried along at a rapid pace.

Noah exclaimed, "I could sit down and cry, sir. I don't want no tea—I can't eat."

"Well, I can," said Esmeralda, boiling with indigna-

* To the gentlemen with three donkeys.

tion. "I know it is taken; we shall never see it again. My small smoothing-iron, I would not have parted with it for anything, I have had it so long; and my dress—" and she half gave way to a flood of tears. "It will do them as has taken it no good."

Zachariah had just joined us from the river without a fish.

"Ah," said he, in a weeping tone, "my pretty dicklo (gip. handkerchief) is gone."

I believe this handkerchief constituted nearly the whole strength of his wardrobe.

"It is fortunate," said we, "both pockets were not lost. We must manage as well as we can; some shelter is left, and all our provisions. It might have been worse. You shall have more blankets, Noah. We are quite sure the pocket has not been taken; they are honest in Norway—far more honest than most other countries we have travelled."

So we pushed along till we saw a blacksmith, and two other men standing at the road side. We explained our loss to them as well as we could. They pointed to a fir wood above us as a convenient camping-ground, but we wanted to proceed on our journey, and went on. At the next place we came to, we purchased four loaves of bread for fifteen skillings. At one large house we passed, near the road side, a large number of persons were assembled, probably at some fête. There was a general rush to see us. When we came to a large wooden water trough on the road side, some girls who saw us, ran down the meadow above; they were great loosely-dressed peasant girls, who laughed at us immoderately.

"What are the sapeaus (gip. snakes) crying about?" said Esmeralda, in no very good temper.

At any other time she would have laughed with them.

"Ah! the Bongy mouees" (gip. ugly mouths), shouted Zachariah. "They were tolerably well slap-dashed in Romany, as I have no doubt we were good-humouredly in Norwegian.

We had not gone many yards from the water trough, when the young woman we had seen at our mid-day halt, came running round a corner of the road. She seemed half fainting and exhausted, and, staggering to the water-trough when she saw us, she dashed some water over her face, and hurriedly drank some. We at once stopped the donkeys, and the girls above the road ceased laughing. They seemed puzzled at the scene. We went to the poor girl, who said, when she was able to speak, she had found the pocket, which had slipped off the donkey close to the river's edge. It was lucky it had not rolled in. Being satisfied from the things she found inside the pocket, that it belonged to us, she had followed us with it, and at last left it at some place on the road, so that she might more quickly overtake us. It was decided that Noah would take one of the donkeys, and go back with the peasant girl for the pocket. We were profuse in our thanks to her; she was a good, honest girl. We don't think our gipsies will ever again believe, that such a thing as dishonesty, is possible in Norway. Pulling out a large handful of money from our pocket, we pressed it into the girl's hands. She wished to give part back; it was too much, she did not like to take it all. We would have no denial; as she was returning she took out her handkerchief in which she had placed the money, and

again offered us part; she did not like to take so much. We made her put it back. Under such circumstances what cared we what the sum was; we felt inclined to give her all we possessed, she had been so honest. How much inconvenience we might have experienced, but for the activity and kindness of this Norwegian peasant girl. Shaking her heartily by the hand, she returned with Noah. We may never meet again; we do not even know her name. Yet there is a world beyond this. May her fate be with the blessed of a future and eternal life. Continuing our route, we left behind us *Burre*, and the turn to *Kvikne*. It may easily be imagined we went along in much better spirits; all was sunshine. Noah would follow with the lost pocket, and find us in our camping-ground. Patrins,* intelligible to our gipsy party, were strewed as we went along

* Patron, Sundt's Norwegian gipsy, signifying a leaf, a signal; Patrin, Paspati's Turkish gipsy, a leaf; Patrin, in the "Italien Lingua Zingaresca" of Francesco Predari; Patrin, in Hoyland's "English Gipsy;" Patrin in Bischoff's "Deutsch-Zigeunerisches;" Patrin, in the "German Gipsy Vocabulary" of Dr. Liebich. Patrin is also given as German gipsy by Grellmann. The word is used by gipsies, signifying a signal or sign on the gipsy trail to indicate to other gipsies, who understand this silent language, the route they have taken. The word is pronounced occasionally with some slight variation, as patteran, patrin. Borrow, in his admirable work, "The Zincali; or An Account of the Gipsies in Spain," vol. i., p. 37, uses "Patteran." We have spelt the word as nearly as possible as pronounced by the gipsies of our party. Patrins of chor (gip. grass) are commonly put by gipsies. Some gipsies we have met with used to put patrins for their favourite blind dog, "Spot," when he had strayed or lingered far behind. A few blades of grass or leaves crushed in the gipsy female's hand, and cast on the road, were scented out by the blind animal, who ultimately reached the encampment. Spot would occasionally remain all day in charge of the tents, and would never steal a morsel of the hobben (food), though he were famishing; "but," said the gipsy female, "dogs brought up in the tents are like nobody else's dogs, and they know our language as well as we do ourselves." Poor Spot strayed one day, and, losing the trail, they never saw him again.

the road. Pieces of grass,* to all appearance scattered carelessly along the route, yet they had a meaning, and a language which a gipsy easily reads. The points of the grass indicated the way we took.

Although anxious to finish our day's journey, we could find no convenient camping-ground. We met the gentleman we had conversed with in the morning. His son descended from the carriage to lead the horse by the donkeys. Kindly salutations were exchanged. Noah said that when the gentleman afterwards met him, he said, "Your master seems a pleasant gentleman."

"'Well, sir, he's always the same,' I answered, and the son gave me a cigar, whilst the gentleman sent his kind regards to you, sir."

Our camp rules were relaxed, and Noah was of course allowed on this occasion to smoke. We continued our way up a narrow gorge between high mountains, but did not find any convenient camping-ground. In the distance we saw log houses near the river Logan. These were Storklevstad, Viig, and Qvam. As we descended the road we noticed a rough narrow way on our right, with a telegraph post in the centre. Zachariah went and reported that it led to a large common extending to mountains beyond. Esmeralda and myself were at first inclined to continue our route. As we were considering, a young man having the appearance of a carpenter came by, and we asked him if we could camp there. He said "Ya, ya," and the lane being too narrow,

* The gipsy word "chor," signifying grass, is sometimes pronounced by English gipsies like "chaw," without the "r" being sounded. The Norwegian gipsies use "Tjar"; the German gipsies, "Tschar." Borrow gives "chur" as the Spanish gipsy for grass. The Italian gipsies use "char" and "Tschar."

and awkward for the donkeys to go up loaded, the man helped us, very kindly, to unload our heavy packs, and assisted us to carry them to a rock on the common; we gave him two demi vers of brandy. The distance we had travelled had been long, the weather seemed inclined for rain, and we were glad to get in for night quarters. This corner of the common was bounded by hedges. Under a thick high hedge on the common side we made a fire, and our tea was soon ready, with ham fried in oil, and bread. Noah came in time for tea, and, selecting a camping-ground on the common, put up the tent-rods. The moorland, extending up a mountain, was covered with large masses of rock and low bushes. Visitors soon came. An old man with a wallet gave our donkeys some bread whilst we were at tea, and we gave him some brandy. Women and children came, and were very civil. Our tents were soon pitched, and arranged, and our things carefully stowed away. The waterproof was so placed over our tents, that our visitors were obliged to sit down, in order to see us through the opening.

Noah searched for his tambourine, but it could not be found, to his consternation; we came to the conclusion that it must have been left on the hedge bank near the water trough. Noah was loud in his lamentation, when a peasant suddenly brought it to the tent. We had left it where we supposed, and the peasant honestly restored the tambourine. We gave him a good recompense with many thanks, though he did not seem to wish any money reward. We had seldom met such kindly people. Gladly we commenced playing our music, and having recovered all our things, we were much pleased to find ourselves in a comfortable camping-ground for the night.

Scarcely had we commenced playing, than the crowd of people increased round our tents. It was as much as we could do to keep them from crushing the tents in. One little man in spectacles, and a curious turned-up hat, with a knowing comical expression of countenance, came crawling into our tent on all fours. First he looked up at Noah, then at Zachariah, then at Esmeralda, and then at myself. We did not stop our playing. He put up his finger as a signal for us to stop, but we could not interrupt the tune. Then he expectorated freely on the intervening space in our tents ; fortunately, that part was only turf, but the absence of saliva was at all times preferred. Then he stared curiously through his spectacles, being still on his hands and knees. Some village magnate, thought we. Then he suddenly summoned all his energy, and asked loudly all kinds of questions in Norwegian, whilst we continued our music. We thought he was slightly intoxicated, but it may have been an eccentricity of manner. He seemed to know some words of English. Noah said "Don't know" to most questions. We could distinguish the word Tater, and Noah said "shoemaker," and nodding at Zachariah, "cobbler." Then he addressed some question to ourself, to which we answered "Nei, nei." "Jeg gaae Romsdalen," still persevering, he pointed to Esmeralda, who was rattling her tambourine, and he seemed specially anxious to know what part she took in the economy of the tents. At last he was quiet for a short time, and some one who did not like his attempted interruption of the music, pulled him out by his legs. Alas! he soon returned, crawling in again to the tent, expectorating as usual. Noah seemed his grand point of attack. Addressing

Noah, he pointed to us with a look of triumphant discovery, and said, "Artistique," but Noah did not seem to comprehend.

We are afraid his pertinacity met with very little reward. A considerable number of persons continued round our tents, and we finished music towards 10 o'clock. Then our visitors wanted more music. It was very complimentary to our musical talent, but we did not play after 10 o'clock. One young man who spoke some English, came to us, and asked to have more music. We explained that we had been up at 2 o'clock that morning, and did not allow music after 10 o'clock, and wanted to go to bed. Our visitors did not go for some time, but kept talking, and making a noise, until nearly 11, when we gladly fell asleep.

Another Sunday. We welcomed the day as we ate our breakfast of tea, potted meat, and bread. Then the word was given that the gorgios* were a vellin. Many visitors soon collected, who were so curious, that one of our party had to stand at the entrance to the tents during the morning. A young man in long riding boots and horseman's cloak, with a whip in his hand, speaking English and German, informed us that an English captain would shortly pass if we liked to see him. We said if he were going to Lillehammer he might render us a service. An intelligent young Norwegian peasant said he would let us know, when the captain came along the road. We conversed some portion of the morning with our visitors, and added to our knowledge of Norsk language.

At last the young Norwegian came and said the captain was come. We took Noah and the young peasant

* Gorgio—any person not a gipsy.

with us, and started towards the village of "Qvam." After a sharp walk we reached a post station on the road side near the river, and leaving Noah and the peasant in the large kitchen with a bottle of "Baiersk Öl," we went into an inner room to see the captain.

The officer, whom we expected to find an Englishman, was Norwegian. The French language was at once our medium of communication. We quickly explained that we had lost two hats between the Honnefos and Moshuus, and if *en passant* he heard of them, we were anxious to have them forwarded to Nystuen, and a handsome reward would be given. He looked at our route on the map. Monsieur le Capitaine was just going to dinner; a fine pink trout was served up. The captain asked us if we were going to dine, but was informed that our dinner waited us at the camp. He said he should be happy to inquire, and should meet us next morning, when he was returning. The captain spoke French very well, and at first sight we should have taken him for a French officer. There was a gentlemanly frankness about him which pleased us. Although not tall, he was of compact build, strong, and energetic, much indication of prompt and rapid action—one prone to vigour of thought, and quickness of decision. He possessed the bearing of a military man. We regretted we could not see more of him. Giving him our card, and shaking hands, we parted.

Noah and the Norwegian were allowed another bottle of "Baiersk Öl" on our return to the kitchen, and taking a sip to drink "gamle norge," we immediately left.

The peasant returned with us. At a short distance from our camp, the village magnate came forth from a house, still wearing his curious turned-up hat. The little

man seemed rather pleased to see us. As he advanced with a comical expression of countenance, he appeared to have something of importance to communicate. We politely paused a moment. He wanted to—to—"sell us a cheese!"

The peasant took a share of our dinner which was ready in camp. We were obliged to take our dinner inside our tents, on account of the number of visitors. They were never absent. It was a matter of conjecture whether they ever ate anything themselves; they seemed to be at our camp from morning till night. Our sensations were probably similar to those formerly experienced by the lions in Wombwell's well-known menagerie, when viewed at feeding time.

Esmeralda had the soup ready, which consisted of white beans, pea flour, rice, and Liebig's essence of meat. Our peasant, as he sat on the grass near us, with his bowl of soup, seemed thoroughly to enjoy it. We gave him some English Cheddar cheese, from Hudson Bros., which seemed to astonish him; and we heard him say to our interested visitors "meget godt" (very good).

Whilst we had been absent, one young fellow, who spoke a little English, came to our tents, and presuming too far upon Esmeralda's good nature, received a severe blow on the shoulder with a stick, which shut him up. Probably to raise his spirits, he asked Zachariah to give him some of his master's brandy, which resulted in a sharp answer, and he left the camp.

During dinner time a large number of visitors carefully watched our smallest movements. We had no idea we could possibly meet with so much solicitude as

evinced, by the good people of Storklevestad, Viig, and Qvam.

After dinner, leaving our gipsies in charge of the tents, we retired to the mountain, to enjoy some quietude, and contemplation. How we watched the beautiful scene before us! The Blaa Fjeld, and the picturesque river Logan! The nature of this world, as God made it, is ever beautiful. Who can tire of its contemplation?

When we returned at 6 o'clock, throngs of visitors—as a German would say, "Immer! Immer!"—were grouped about the tents. Esmeralda was at the fire preparing for tea, with several young fellows buzzing about her. We seemed to come like a cloud upon their sunshine. Their fun was harmless, but obstructive to our chances for the next meal. Esmeralda was sent into the tents to get the tea things ready. Noah soon brought the tea, and we did not go out again. Our visitors wandered about round and round our tents, sometimes gazing at the donkeys, then returning, till about half-past 10, when they all left.

How calm and quiet the Norwegian night, when the hum of voices is hushed! How delightful, as we looked forth from our tents! Then we distinguished three figures gliding over the moorland towards us. They approached; it was about 11 o'clock. There was the bright-eyed, good-looking Pige, whom we had noticed at our tents during the day, without shoes or stockings. Now she had some stockings on, probably borrowed from some friend, to give her a more respectable appearance. She was followed by a little boy and girl; and as she hovered near our tents, she pointed to Noah, and then towards her cottage in the distance. She made love by

signs. In vain we wished her "good night." Poor girl! She still lingered, sometimes pointing to herself, and then towards the village.

We were just going out to persuade her to go home, when Esmeralda asked, why we should trouble ourselves about her.

"Why should we?" We at once gave up the diplomatic mission. Zachariah was sent outside the tents instead, and made signals for her to go. Smiling, she said, in a clear, pleasant voice, "Farvel, adieu!" and, kissing her hand, left.

Oh, no! she was quickly back again, followed by her Lilliputian retinue, who floundered after her among the rocks. There she lingered like the siren of the Rhine. Noah was fortunately spell-bound in his tent. Who knows, if he had gone, he may at this moment have been, a denizen of Storklevestad! She again seemed going from our tents.

Thank goodness! we are now quiet. Vain delusion! "Farvel, adieu!" She was again standing on a rock near our tents. How she lingered! Perhaps Noah might change his mind. "Farvel, adieu!" we said. "Farvel, adieu!" the gipsies shouted. She loved—she lingered. Noah came not. At last she went; but we could see her, as she went across the moorland, at times turn, and stand irresolute; till the very last, "Farvel, adieu!" of the Norwegian peasant girl died upon the wind, and we all went to sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

DIE DREI ZIGEUNER.

"Drei zigeuner fand ich einmal
Liegen an einer Weide,
Als mein Fuhrwerk mit müder Qual
Schlick durch sandige Haide.

Hielt der eine für sich allein
In der Handen die Fiedel,
Spielte umglüht vom Abendschein,
Sich ein feuriges Liedel."

LENAU.

THE THREE GIPSIES.

"Once three gipsies did I behold;
In a meadow they lay,
As my carriage heavily rolled
Over the sandy way.

"In his hands, as he sat alone,
Fiddle and bow held one,
Playing an air with fiery tone,
In the glow of the evening sun."

ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

COLONEL SINCLAIR—QVAM CHURCH—DEATH OF SINCLAIR—MONSIEUR LE CAPITAINE—THE HIGHFLYER—THE HEDALS—ROMANTIC LEGEND—ANTIQUE MANSION—THE KRINGELEN—KIND RECEPTION—WARM WELCOME—THE BROKEN TENT-POLE—THE REINDEER HUNTER—THE RUDANE FJELDE—GIPSY-LOOKING WOMAN—MORE FISH—CHIROMANCY—ESMERALDA'S FORTUNE—THE HANDSOME CAPTAIN—HIS SPORTING ADVENTURE—ESMERALDA'S GIFT—OUR SOIRÉE DANSANTE—GIPSIES' GLEE.

THE next morning was fine, but dull. We were up at half-past 1 o'clock, and decided to try the artificial

minnow. The trout we had seen the day previous served up for the captain's dinner no doubt occasioned the resolution.

The Logan was close at hand. Esmeralda's soup was warmed up for frokost. Our things were afterwards all carried down into the main road. Noah went for the donkeys to load them, and we fished along the Logan to Qvam. How still and quiet all appeared at Storklevestad, Viig, and Qvam! Not a soul stirring! As we fished towards Qvam, we saw inscribed on a large stone on the road side near the river—

Her blev Skotternes anfœrer
George Sinclair
Begraven efterat
Han var falden
ved Kringelen den
26 August,
1812.*

Our fishing resulted in the loss of our artificial minnow, no sport, and we put up our tackle. The Qvam churchyard on the right of the road was near us. Our party had not come up. Then we strolled round the church which, as usual, was built of wood, with very large porches. Flowers had been placed on one grave. It is here that Col. George Sinclair is buried. In 1812, Col. Sinclair landed on a farm near Veblungsnœs, in Romsdalen, in command of nine hundred Scotch troops. They marched towards Sweden to aid Gustavus Adolphus against Christian IV. King of Denmark.

At a hill called the Kringelen, beyond Qvam, near Solheim, the peasants rolled down large quantities of

* Here was buried George Sinclair, the leader of the Scotch, after having fallen at Kringelen, on the 26th August, 1812.

rocks on his troops, who were either crushed to death, drowned in the river below, or killed by the peasants who attacked them when in disorder. Only two are said to have survived.

We have never seen any minute particulars of the tragic end of this military expedition. It is said that a young lady, hearing that one of her own sex was with the Scotch, sent her lover for her protection. Unfortunately, as he approached, Mrs. Sinclair mistook his object, and shot him dead.

The other Scotch and Dutch troops, who landed at Thronjhem, reached Stockholm, and helped the Swedish King to conclude advantageous terms of peace. What became of Mrs. Sinclair, we do not know; or where the Scotch soldiers were buried. The colonel seems to have been a bold and daring man. The Norwegian peasants gave their enemy a quiet resting place in the pleasant churchyard of Qvam, and his melancholy history is another illustration of the uncertainty of human hope.

Soon after 6 o'clock Noah, Zachariah, and Esmeralda came up with the donkeys. Noah was limping along very lame. In taking one of the donkeys to be loaded, the animal slipped over a rock and fell across his leg. Noah walked with difficulty, and was very sleepy—in fact, when we had left Qvam, and the sun became warm, we could scarcely keep our eyes open as we pushed on along the road as fast as we could for several miles.

At a turn of the road, some distance from Qvam, we saw a number of men without uniform marching towards us. Zachariah was at first rather frightened. The men advancing took up nearly the whole of the road.

Our friend, Monsieur le Capitaine, was marching at

the head of his men, who were going to their periodical militia training. We were looking out to see which side the road to take, when Monsieur le Capitaine opened out his men right and left, and we passed through their centre, which afforded them ample opportunity of observing our cavalcade.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Smith," said the Captain; "pleasant journey."

We also wished him "bon jour," and with mutual salutations each passed on our different routes.

They were a very fine body of men—an army of such men, properly handled, need not fear any other soldiers on equal terms. Had the opportunity permitted, we should have enjoyed a visit to one of their militia camps.

It was very warm. Zachariah played his violin along the road in advance; Esmeralda and Noah were very sleepy and tired, and we were not disinclined for a halt. For some time we could not meet with a convenient resting-place; at last we came to a delightful valley. There was the open macadamised space on the roadside, with wooden bench considerately placed for the convenience of travellers. The same accommodation might with advantage be adopted in England. Then there was a small space of broken greensward, sloping from the road, where we could light our fire. A large bondegaard below, near the River Logan, gave us the impression of contentment and comfort. It was a charming valley.

As we came up to the wooden seat we observed a curious-looking man, who the gipsies said was some travelling "Highflyer." The man was reclining on the the open patch of greensward near the seat; his wallet was beside him, and he was smoking his pipe—who

knows? he was probably experiencing more enjoyment than the most wealthy millionaire.

The donkeys were soon unloaded. Noah went down to get some water at the farmhouse, and shortly returned with the "vand" (Nor., water). A woman and a boy brought up some grass for the donkeys, and she afterwards offered us the use of some rough ground above the road for the donkeys to graze in. The offer was accepted, for the herbage was very scanty on the roadside. Our water was soon boiled, and we had tea, bacon, and bread. Taking out the packet of tobacco given up by Noah, we gave some to the Highflyer. It is not surprising that Noah was reluctant to part with it. Printed on the outside of the packet we observed the following—

Petum optimum supter solem,
De beste Tobac onder de Son;
Der beste Toback under solen
Af C. Andersen,
Lillehammer.

The Highflyer seemed much pleased. The sun was exceedingly warm, and, placing some rugs in the scanty shade of some rocks on the opposite side of the road, Esmeralda fell asleep. The woman brought us some milk, and, finding it impossible to write, we gave way to inclination and indulged in a good sleep. Noah and Zachariah went to the river fishing, and Zachariah caught four not very large trout. Then we woke up and worked at our notes.

A young farmer, a fine young fellow, his wife, and son and daughter, came up. The young farmer had been at our camp near "Storklevstad"; they brought up fresh grass, and were very attentive. The "Hedals" rose

above us, with snow still remaining on the higher ridges.

Not so very far from this point, across the mountains, is the "Ridderspranget" (the Knight's Leap). Tradition says that a knight of Valders wooed a young lady of Lom. The friends did not favour the lovers' wish. The knight, at last, mounted on a swift horse, carried the lady off, and, being closely pursued by the friends, jumped a wide chasm, and escaped with the girl of Lom, for whom he had risked so much. The spot, which is between two lakes, still goes by the name of the "Ridderspranget."

Esmeralda, probably owing to the heat, did not feel well. Before we left, Noah and Zachariah played for the people of the bondegaard, who had been so attentive, several tunes with the violin and tambourine. The Highflyer went towards Qvem.

At 3 o'clock—having presented the good woman with a mark, and the children with three skillings each—as they gave us their kindly wishes, we again continued our way. Noah had added four more trout to our stock, so that we had now eight fish for the evening's meal. We were all very sleepy, but kept on with much perseverance. Zachariah, who rode on one of the donkeys, fell asleep and his hat fell off, and then he dropped his violin in the road, but both were picked up. After we had passed Dengarden—so we made out the name—Noah was so sleepy that he became a straggler; his legs almost refused to serve him, and we at last lost sight of him at a turn in the road.

A very interesting house on the roadside attracted our attention. We understood the name was Nusamberg; it had the appearance of an old mansion. Though con-

structed of wood, its massive timbers gave it structural solidity; extensive granaries and outbuildings surrounded the house, and one portion of building was surmounted by a kind of cupola with a large bell. If it had been in England we should have taken it for an old manor house.

Noah did not overtake us, and we went back, expecting that he had fallen asleep on the roadside; at last we saw him in the distance, walking slowly along, with difficulty getting one leg before the other.

As we came in sight of "Breden," which stands near a lake, our party were at once perceived. A boat pushed off in hot haste across the lake with a number of peasants to see us. When we entered the small village of houses grouped on either side the road, great was the excitement. People ran hastily up to see our donkeys; a pony in a "stolkjœrre," or light cart, turned restive, and occasioned much confusion. Our donkeys ran against one another, and our things becoming entangled, the packs were nearly pulled to the ground.

At last, when we were clear of the village, Noah and Zachariah were sent to a landhandelri* to buy butter and bread. The young man at the shop had been at our camp at Qvem. They could only get fladbröd and butter.

The steeps of the Kringelen, memorable for the destruction of Col. Sinclair and his soldiers, were passed. The spot had been well selected by the Norwegians. Then we came in sight of Sels. Having risen early, we were all tired and hungry. At this juncture, seeing a woman driving some cows from the road, we asked to camp on some rough broken ground above the house. A quiet

* A general shop.

spot was selected, where, undisturbed by visitors, our tents were pitched. Looking down upon the narrow valley, it was delightful to enjoy the repose of a quiet evening. Few were permitted to come near our tents. Our donkeys had, as usual, their admirers; but they were few and select. The woman brought us a bowl of milk whilst we were at tea.

We were up at seven o'clock next morning. After a quiet breakfast, Zachariah caught four trout in the river. Giving these kind, homely people some music and two marks, our party left Sels in the distance.

The scenery during the morning was very picturesque, and coming to a portion of newly-made road we halted in a recess of broken ground at the bottom of a wooded hill, near a log cottage. One of our gipsies went to the house for water, and the woman kindly offered to boil it, but this we did not require.

As we were taking our lunch we became the subject of much interest to the road men and some boys; to some of the men we gave tobacco. After the meal our gipsies played their music, whilst we lounged, looking at the beautiful scene before us. The road men appeared to enjoy themselves quite as much as we did—they sat on the roadside, smoking their pipes and listening.

It was not long before we were *en route*, and being still in sight of the river Noah and Zachariah were sent to fish. Esmeralda and myself made the best of the way with the donkeys towards Laurgaard. Great improvements were being made upon this part of the road; in some places the road was diverted and the distance shortened—sometimes we had to change from the old road to newly made portions, and then back to the old

road not yet altered. At every place the peasants flocked out to see us. One place we especially remember as being near a wild gorge leading to the mountains from the valley. An old man gave us such a kindly hearty welcome to his land that we presented him with some tobacco.

In passing a narrow part of the old road one of our donkeys ran against the Puru Rawnee, and the baggage becoming entangled my tent pole was broken through. It was very annoying. At last we came in sight of the Laurgaard. A peasant who had walked with us some little distance, and who seemed desirous to aid us as much as possible, was asked if we could find a camping-ground on the other side Laurgaard. He shook his head.

We had just passed some picturesque rocks; the river Logan was on our left, the rocky slopes of the mountain on our right. Our peasant pointed to what appeared to have been an old road, now disused, a short distance above us along the hill side. The old roadway formed an admirable terrace of flat ground for our tents. Our donkeys soon struggled through the bushes and broken rocks to the spot we selected, and were then unloaded. Several peasants appeared at the place, and also a Norwegian officer. Our first care, as the gipsies unloaded our things, was to splice our tent pole, which we did with a flat piece of wood we had found *en route*, and some waxed string carried with us. Our proceedings were observed with great interest as we pitched our tents. The visitors increased, and we promised to give them some music for dancing after we had finished our tea. Immediately after tea, as the peasants assembled at close of eve, our guitar, violin, tambourine, and castinets broke

the stillness of the Norwegian valley. On this occasion we had two beaux of the village instead of one. The old road being level was well adapted for dancing. There were several peasant girls, whose quiet and modest manners were very pleasing. One beau was a light haired young man who borrowed a friend's shoes to dance in. The other beau was a slim-slam, away-with-care sort of young fellow, who had the appearance of "un vrai chasseur," an intrepid reindeer hunter. He was a good-looking fellow, carried hard sinew and muscle, well-proportioned, moderately tall and strongly knit, wiry and active, wore very large capacious trousers, and strong Wellington boots. A hunting knife hung by his side, and a close-fitting shirt and small cap lightly stuck on his head completed his attire. He held himself very erect, and danced in a stiff, jerky, jaunty style. We had the usual complement of children, in many and various kinds of tattered garments. The peasants seemed to enjoy themselves. Esmeralda danced with her brother, and we also took her for partner; but the half-hour is ended, our visitors leave as the rain commences. We had very heavy rain in the night.

Ourself and the gipsies were up at 4 o'clock, and went fishing. The river Logan near our camp was interspersed with pools and shallows, and appeared very likely in appearance for fish. The bridge at Laurgaard is said to be 1000 English feet above the level of the sea. We must confess that Noah and ourself returned without fish to breakfast. Directly the meal was concluded Noah and Zachariah were dispatched to the river again. A fine-looking old man came to see our tent after breakfast. He wore a red cap, and said he was a

great fisherman. We found him full of information. His sæter was on the Rudane Fjeld, where he said there were many reindeer; in summer the weather was beautiful. The old man came often during the day, and we bought some trout from him, and also from several peasant boys, who immediately they caught a fish brought it up to our tents.

In the road below we noticed a curious dark little woman accompanied by a middle-aged man, a tall young woman without shoes or stockings, and two young boys. They carried their effects apparently for sleeping and cooking. Directly they saw the donkeys they came towards our camp. The boys tried to touch our donkeys, but the young woman held them back, and one was smartly cuffed. When the elder woman reached our tents we at first thought she was a gipsy. Her complexion was very dark, and she had black hair; she had pleasing manners, but in person she was very short, with small hands and feet, and a peculiar redness round the eyes, as if from smoke. Esmeralda tried her in Romany, but she could not speak it. She was very probably a Lap. The others of her party seemed to hold her in great respect. She carried a courier bag suspended to a girdle, exactly similar to the one we bought in the Valders, and of which an engraving is given in this book. We gave her some brandy and the man some tobacco, upon which she opened her bag, and in the politest manner possible, offered us two skillings, which we did not accept. Every now and then as she looked at our tents and then at the donkeys grazing near, she smiled and bowed in an ectasy of pleasure, raising her hands often, saying "*Nei, nei!!*" in a sweet plaintive voice. Esmeralda asked if she told for-

tunes, and she said yes. It is probable that she did not understand the question. She offered to sell Esmeralda a ring, but she did not require it. As they left they lingered again near the donkeys. The old lady seemed in raptures with them. One of the boys again made a sudden attempt to touch one, and was dragged away by the younger woman as if his life was in jeopardy.

They at length left and slowly disappeared through the rocks at a turn in the road beyond the camp. Noah and Zachariah caught several fish during the morning. The fish were fried for dinner with the usual accompaniment of tea. We scarcely knew whether we dined early or late, both meals were so much the same. From time to time travellers passing along the road suddenly pulled up when they saw our tents and donkeys, and getting down slowly made their way up to our camp. The donkeys seemed, as usual, to excite a wonderful amount of interest.

We had finished our mid-day's meal. Noah and Zachariah had gone to the river to fish. Esmeralda and myself were sitting in our tents; the gipsy girl was occasionally rockering Romany whilst we wrote our notes. Then the thought occurred to her that we should tell her fortune.

"Your fortune must be a good one," said we, laughing.

"Let me see your hand, young woman, and your lines of life."

We shall never forget Esmeralda. She looked so earnestly as we regarded attentively the lines of her open hand. Then we took her step by step through some scenes of her supposed future. We did not tell all. The rest was reserved for another day. There was a serious

look on her countenance as we ended, but reader, such secrets should not be revealed—say what we will the hand carries the same language as those thoughtful lines on your face, or the conformation of your head. It is not all who can interpret them. Though we do not believe in chiromancy and ghosts, how many in the world do. We do not say such things are impossible; there are warnings, forebodings, and presentiments at times too strong to be doubted. There are curious facts noted which cast singular light upon these links between two worlds. Instances of spirit travel are given. The open pages of nature reveal strange things. Pliny, Scott, Byron, Johnson, Wesley, and Baxter*, seem to have been imbued with some belief in the supernatural. We know not what it is; we call it superstition. When we express our unbelief, somehow there is often an inward consciousness to belie our words. Surrounded by much that is false, there may be some reality. We halt on the thres-

* A work was published by Baxter, entitled, "The Certainty of the Worlds of Spirits, fully evinced by Unquestionable Histories of Apparitions and Witchcraft, Operations, Voices, etc. Written for the conviction of Sadducees and Infidels, by Richard Baxter. London: Printed for T. Parkhurst, at the 'Bible and Three Crowns,' Cheapside; and by J. Sainsbury, at the 'Rising Sun,' over against the Royal Exchange. 1691." An ancient timbered house, the early residence of Richard Baxter, may still be seen at Eaton Constantine, in Shropshire. Richard Baxter was born at Rowton, in the parish of High Ercall, in the county of Shropshire, 12th November, 1615, and received part of his education at Donnington Grammar School, in the same county, where several distinguished scholars, including the staunch Royalist, Dr. Allestree, afterwards Provost of Eaton, were also educated. Baxter ministered successively at Bridgnorth, Kidderminster, and other places. His mental activity for literary production was extraordinary. Twenty thousand copies of his "Call to the Unconverted" were sold in one year. Baxter died 8th December, 1691, and was buried in Christ Church. "Baxter's House" (and about 100 acres of land) was purchased some years since by William Hancocks, Esq., of Blake's Hall, near Kidderminster, a magistrate for the county of Salop.

hold of indecision. One thing is certain, there is a dark mysterious veil across man's future in this world. Will it profit him to raise its folds? We think not.

Esmeralda commenced to tell our fortune; we were interested to know what she would say. We cast ourself on the waves of fate. The gipsy girl raised her dark eyes from our hand as she looked us earnestly in the face.

"You are a young gentleman of good connections; many lands you have seen; but, young man, something tells me you be of a wavering disposition."

We looked up, and a Norwegian peasant stood close by; we had not heard him approach. He was at the entrance of our tents in puzzled contemplation; we lost the remainder of our fortune.

Not very long afterwards, we were sitting in our tent, when Esmeralda, who was looking out, said, a "Boro Rye's a vellin." We went out; an English officer was coming to our tents; he was travelling from Throndjhem to Christiania. His name was one of a family renowned in Scottish history. Our visitor was very good-looking, and seemed much interested in our camp. Seeing our tents from the road, he came up to inspect them; a heavy shower of rain coming on, he accepted our shelter, and reclined in our tent with Esmeralda and ourselves. The carriole driver sat at the entrance. Our visitor informed us that a friend and himself had been out with a pony, tent and provisions, upon a fishing expedition, on the Tana. It did not appear that he remained long with his tent, for we understood him that his friend had been unwell and they soon returned. The country of the Tana seemed to please him very much. We gave our visitor some results of our practical experience in

camping, as he sat waiting for the rain to cease; in truth, he seemed in no hurry to continue his journey. One of our gipsy songs was presented to him as a souvenir of his visit; then we purchased some trout from the Skydskarl, for one mark, eighteen skillings, very fine ones they were, and had been caught in a lake. Esmeralda presented the captain with a "pinthorn," used to fasten the blankets of our tents. This present, which he told Esmeralda he should keep, was placed carefully in his pocket-case. In making the expedition to the Tana he had taken out a tent from Throndjhem with a pole in the middle and pieces stretching out from centre.

Our gipsy tents were carefully inspected, then our waterproofs, pockets, bags, and other things. The method of pitching our tents was explained. Before he went he gave us a bottle of brandy which he did not want, and promised to inquire if anything had been heard of our lost caps. His driver, we thought, was under the impression that the captain would take up his residence with us. Noah came up as our visitor was leaving. The rain cleared off, and, wishing us good-by, he was soon driving rapidly towards Christiania. Our visitors continued, successively, until tea time. For our tea, we had more fried trout. An old man brought us a quantity of fladbröd and butter, for which we paid tenpence. Wire was procured at Laurgaard to suspend our boiling-can and kettle over the fire. The loss of our kettle-prop put us to much inconvenience. At eight o'clock, the peasants, notwithstanding the rain, came to our camp for dancing; fortunately, the rain ceased, and they seemed to enjoy themselves very much. One tall, powerful,

middle-aged peasant, who came with our visitors, was very fond of dancing. He was, apparently, the respectable owner of a gaard in the neighbourhood. Though very anxious for Esmeralda to dance with him, she would only dance with ourself or Noah. Then he asked us to dance with one of the young peasant girls, probably, a daughter, or some relation, which we did. She was the best dancer; a very good type of the Norwegian peasant-girl, tall, quiet, modest, and good-looking; we found her an excellent partner. Our beaux of the village kept up the dancing and the gipsies their music. "Lend me your shoes" must have put his friend to some expense for repairs, and "Slim-slam," the reindeer-hunter, nobly did his duty. We were almost bewildered at times. It was hard work to control the exuberant spirits of our gipsies. The amount of Romany chaff was something extraordinary. Fortunately, our visitors did not understand it, nor do we think the gipsies understood much of it themselves. Their gaiety knew no bounds. Esmeralda once laughed loud enough to frighten the reindeer from the Rudane Fjeld. She had more than one severe doing, as she called it, during the evening.

CHAPTER XVII.

No lust of wealth, nor scent of distant war,
Nor wisdom's glory lures them on afar;
'Tis not for these the children of the night
Have burst at once on realms of life and light;
'Tis the dread curse—behind them and before—
That goads them on till time shall be no more;
They claim no thrones—they only ask to share
The common liberty of earth and air—
Ask but for room to wander on alone,
Amid earth's tribes, unnoticed and unknown.

DEAN STANLEY'S *Oxford Prize Poem, The Gipsies.*

GIPSIES' AFFECTION—LAURGAARD ADIEU—BEAUTIFUL GORGES—ONWARD EVER—ESMERALDA'S IRISH SONG—DOVRE—FRIENDLY TRAVELLERS—THE KRAMBOD—THE HERR TOFTE—KING'S VISIT—OUR NIGHT CAMP—NIGHT DISTURBANCE—KINDNESS TO ANIMALS—OUR BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET—SNEHÆTTEN FJELD—DOMBAAS—COMFORTABLE SITUATION—WILD SCENERY—OPPORTUNE VISIT—ILLUSORY HOPE.

MORE than once we were half-inclined to tie a loose piece of rock to our gipsies' necks and throw them into the Logan; still, we had promised to bring them back, dead or alive, to their parents. Gipsies, whatever their faults may be, have boundless affection for their offspring, perhaps too much so. A promise is a promise; we kept ours. Our music ceased in the valley of Laurgaard, and we wished our visitors all good-by. Many lingered by the donkeys as we retired to our tent, and watched the picturesque valley before us. The delightful stillness seemed to give to our musings a charm and novelty

only experienced in tent life. Then we heard the sound of merry voices in the road below; a children's game; the peasant boys united to keep the girls from coming up the bank to the road. Sometimes there were sharp and vigorous contests, and the girls, for a time, had almost taken the road by storm. Here and there we saw single-handed encounters; then several girls, who had maintained the struggle, would be pushed down, and rolled over the bank pell-mell on one another. Now and then boys would be dragged from the road and swung in a heap on the green sward. To whom the victory, we know not; exposure to the open air predisposes to sleep. What a deep and refreshing sleep was ours when all was still. In the early morning, within view of Laurgaard and its bridge, the tents of the wanderers, with three donkeys browsing near, might be seen on the hill side.

We were late the next day, for we did not rise before seven o'clock. At eight o'clock, we had a good breakfast of trout; they were excellent. The old fisherman with red cap came to see us again, and gave us some reindeer flesh; we made him a present of some fishing-flies.

Striking camp, with a hearty farewell to those peasants who came as we were leaving, we were again *en route*. Esmeralda, Noah, and Zachariah were full of spirits, as we entered the beautiful wild gorge beyond Laurgaard. A man from a sæter in the mountains followed us for some short distance, and we saw him afterwards sitting on an eminence, watching us as we toiled up the steep ascent of the romantic glen.

At Romungaard, near Laurgaard, Colonel Sinclair stayed the night previous to his death at the Kringelen.

The road also branches off from Laurgaard to Vaage. On either side the mountain slopes were thickly wooded with Scotch fir, interspersed with birch. We had a long ascent from Laurgaard, but the scenery amply repaid us for our toil.* The river foamed in the rocks below, and at one place Zachariah tried his fly, but without success. The Haalangen Fjeld, and the Rusten Fjeld bounded our route on either side. We met several carrioles, and some peasants followed us. At last, we came to a small wood of alder bushes, open to the road. On the opposite side the valley we noticed a very large house. The donkeys were no sooner unloaded, than a tall young man and several peasants came to us. It is not pleasant to have visitors pressing round when you are preparing for your bivouac meal. Explaining that if they would leave us for half-an-hour we would give them some music they at once left. Our mid-day's meal, consisting of fish, was scarcely finished when our visitors returned. The tall young man was a very intelligent fellow. The peasant who had introduced us to our partner the evening before was there. We sang our gipsy song with the guitar; Zachariah and Noah played for them; and one of our visitors also played some Norwegian airs. The order was at length given to load; Noah did so, with a considerable amount of chaff with his brother and sister. All being ready, we bade our visitors adieu, who seemed disappointed we were not going to camp there for the night.

* Bayard Taylor, in his work called "Northern Travel," published in 1858, says: "Beyond Laurgaard, Guldbrandsdal contracts to a narrow gorge, down which the Logan roars in perpetual foam. This pass is called Rusten; and the road here is excessively steep and difficult."

The valley now became more open, and we began to descend towards "Dovre." The usual number of peasants came at various points on the road to see us; sometimes Zachariah played his violin, sometimes Esmeralda sang. One song was an Irish song; it is a curious specimen of song lore. Esmeralda would sometimes dance as she sang the words of the song; we have never met with it before, and therefore give the words. The song and the dance, and air, by the gipsy girl, with all the accessories of pine forest, rising mountains, and a wilderness of interesting scenery, was very effective.

ESMERALDA'S SONG.

"Shula gang shaugh gig a magala,
I'll set me down on yonders hill,
And there I'll cry my fill;
And every tear shall turn a mill,
Shula a gang shaugh gig a magala
To my Uskadina slawn slawn.

Shula gang shaugh gig a magala;
I'll buy me a petticoat, and dye it red,
And round this world I'll beg my bread.
The lad I love is far away,
Shula gang shaugh gig a magala
To my Uskadina slawn slawn

Shul, shul gang along with me,
Gang along with me, I'll gang along with you;
I'll buy you a petticoat, and dye it in the blue;
Sweet William shall kiss you in the rue,
Shula gang shaugh gig a magala
To my Uskadina slawn slawn."

We passed "Brœndhaugen," having the Jetta Fjeld on our left and St. Kaven and Vesle Fjeld on our right. Two very civil peasants at length joined our party. The

clouds seemed very wild and dark over the mountains of the Dovre Fjeld. At length we crossed a bridge near Dovre. The loose blocks of water-washed stones on our road towards the bridge added to the wildness of the evening scene. After some failures, we made the men understand that we wanted to find a shop to buy bread. When we had passed the bridge a lame boy came to solicit alms, and we gave him two skillings. As we approached the village of Dovre a close carriage drove up, and the donkeys were halted for it to pass. The traveller also pulled up and began leisurely to inspect the donkeys through the carriage window. Our time was pressing. Noah was indignant that we should be expected to wait to satisfy the curiosity of every traveller. If they had been ladies the case might have been different, but now our party moved on without delay.

The road we had followed during the day was at one time as high as 1800 feet above the level of the sea. Now we had descended to about 1500 feet. A gentleman drove past in his four-wheeled carriage, having apparently some of his family with him. Stopping his carriage, he seemed much interested with our party. Some hay was given to the donkeys from the stock he had for his own use. There was something so friendly in his manner, that if he had wished to gaze on the donkeys all night they would probably have remained where they were. Comfortable houses were scattered here and there, and we noticed posts and rails set up in the fields, which seemed to us to have no sort of use as fences. At first we thought they must be somehow connected with the winter's snows, as drift barriers, but

we afterwards found that the grass when cut is placed on them to dry, and in many places we observed the same method of making hay.

The village landhandelri, or shop, stood near the church. Noah was sent with money to buy bread, whilst we went down a short steep descent of the road beyond the churchyard and halted. In a very short time a number of boys and children collected around us; a dog began to bark at the donkeys, and a man immediately hit the dog and took him away. We afterwards gave the man some tobacco. We could not help remarking the kind and orderly conduct of the peasant children.

The church, of wood, is roofed with large slates surmounted by a steeple painted green. Though not in accordance with our idea of architectural taste, it was immeasurably superior to the green pagoda we once saw on the top of the old church of Guérande, in Brittany. Noah was very successful, and bought nineteen loves of bread for three marks nine skillings. As we left Dovre, Zachariah was sent back for eggs, and he joined us soon after with twenty-one eggs in a handkerchief, for which he had given one mark nineteen skillings.

Our way continued along a very pleasant road to Toftemoen. A number of peasant boys followed us, who were, no doubt, anxious to see us camp. The station of Toftemoen stands from the road, with a large open space before it. A great number of Norwegian ponies were loose near the station. The house seems very comfortable, with ample accommodation. It is the residence of Herr Tofte, a descendant of Harold Haarfager (the Fair-haired). Harold Haarfager died in 933, and was succeeded by his son, Hako the Good, so that Herr Tofte

has a splendid and royal ancestry. It is stated they never marry out of their own family.

In Mr. Bennett's hand-book it is noted that the king dined here on his way to be crowned at Throndjhem, in 1860, and Herr Tofte had sufficient silver plate for the use of his Majesty and all his retinue.

A traveller accosted us near the station, who was probably one of the passengers of the close carriage we had seen near Dovre. He seemed anxious to know how far we were going. No time was to be lost, for it was eight o'clock. We passed along the sandy road by a piece of rough broken ground, and then all the peasant boys left us when they found we did not camp there. At last, descending a short declivity of the road, we came to some open greensward lying between the road and the river. A narrow patch of turf with a stream running through it. On the opposite side the road a thick wood, inclosed by a fence, made an admirable shelter; a quiet retired place between two hillocks. As we came to the flat we saw the trace of fires, and at once unloaded and pitched our tents as far from the roadside as possible, and very near to the low river bank. It was a romantic camp-ground.

The view was beautiful—a rocky island in the river formed the foreground, and beyond we gazed upon the mountains of the Dovre Fjeld. The day's toil was soon forgotten as the fire burnt brightly and night cast its dark shadows on our lonely camp. Our eggs were broken one by one into a bowl. If stale, they were consigned to the river; if fresh, to the frying-pan. About seventeen out of twenty-one remained for the omelette, which with bread formed our evening's meal.

A jolly, pleasant old man came up whilst we were camping, and taking a dram of brandy bowed and retired. Then the donkeys strayed and a tall peasant came and helped Zachariah to search for them. The donkeys were found up a lane, at some distance from our camp, and Zachariah asked the man to ride one of them back, but the peasant shrunk from it with alarm, and said something which probably meant, "Not if I know it." Zachariah mounted on one of the donkeys, drove the other two before him at racing speed, whilst the peasant followed almost dead with laughter. Zachariah informed us some carriers were halted for the night on the roadside, at a short distance from our camp. The name of the place, as far as we could make out, was Losere. We were left undisturbed, and in the quiet enjoyment of our camp fire, till we retired to rest.

On the top of the short road ascent, near our camp, a large gate led from the road towards a house above. Some traffic seemed to be going on towards this place. About four o'clock in the morning we heard a heavy tramp of horses' feet, apparently close to our tent. Then there was the sound of a man's voice—pūr-r-r-r! pūr-r-r-r. It was evident that the animal fought shy of our tent or the donkeys. We called to Noah, but beyond a heavy snort or two we had no response. We went out twice; the second time we saw a man with a pony going up the opposite ascent. His pony still fought very shy of one of the donkeys grazing near the road. About seven o'clock, when we were getting ready for breakfast, we saw a boy driving a load of wood towards the gate. The pony just as he came to the gate, seeing our tent below,

turned suddenly round. We struck our tent, and going up found the boy with the wood fastened on a low, light Norwegian wood-carriage, overturned in a ditch. With Noah's assistance the pony, timber, and carriage passed without difficulty through the gate, and we gave the boy four skillings, which seemed to astonish him.

In Norway we particularly noticed the temperate manner with which drivers manage their horses. All is patient kindness. The animals are in consequence docile to a degree. Beyond the quiet pūr-r-r-r, and a shake of the reins, nothing is heard; no coarse expletives, no brutality of treatment, such as we have occasionally witnessed in our own country, unworthy the Christian and the man. In England, necessity founded a society, and passed a stringent Act of Parliament, for the protection of dumb animals, &c., but in Norway it is unnecessary.*

A few peasants came up as we were loading our donkeys, and the gipsies gave them some music before we continued our journey. The soil now became very sandy, and the ground below the road jutted out into large promontories towards the river's bank.

We were joined by a travelling shoemaker and his companion, who evinced much curiosity about the boots worn by our party. The route now ascended far above the river Logan, and the view became very wild. In some Scotch firs Noah and Zachariah and the shoemaker saw a squirrel, which had a narrow chance for its life; but to our satisfaction escaped. The wild flowers were

* Captain Campbell, in his useful work, "How to See Norway," mentions that a society is now formed at Christiania for the prevention of cruelty to animals, called "Foreningen til Dyrenes Beskyttelse."

beautiful. Esmeralda plucked them as we went along, and, as usual, presented the Rye with a handsome bouquet. The shoemaker and his friend left us at some bondegaard, and we soon after reached *Dombaas.* This is apparently named as *Lie* station in an early edition of Murray. The Dombaas Post Station is a short distance from the junction of the Romsdal and Throndjhem routes. The road to Romsdalen branches off to the left, and that to *Throndjhem* to the right. Dombaas appears to be an excellent station. We, of course, cannot give our actual experience; but we have no doubt most excellent accommodation would be found there. We halted in some open ground of the extensive forest on the opposite side the road to the station. What a ravishing scene met our view, as we sat down on the mossy turf, whilst the gipsies made preparations for dinner. What a wilderness of pine forest! On our right, the road we had just turned from continued over the Dovre Fjeld to Throndjhem. Not far from us, on the left of the road to Thronjhem, is the Snehœtten Fjeld, 7714 English feet above the level of the sea. The ascent to this mountain is gradual, and its peaked summit is only 3500 feet. Some few people came to see our donkeys; but they did not disturb us whilst we were preparing and taking our mid-day's meal. Our meal consisted of fried bacon, one fish Zacharia had caught, and bread and tea. A very intelligent, pleasant young Norwegian came to us afterwards and spoke English. It is possible that he was the son of the owner of the station. He told us where there was good pasture for the donkeys; but we were going on, and did not intend to camp for the night. Yet we left with regret, for it was a beautiful ground for our tents. Large forests

extended on various sides, with excellent pasture. A young ragged boy, to whom we gave some tobacco and brandy, came and conversed, whilst one, who was probably the owner of the station, stood in the road above, smoking his pipe as he contemplated our party. Whilst we wrote our notes, Noah loaded the donkeys, and he chaffed his brother and sister in a jumble of English, Romany, and a few Norwegian words he had now learnt. Two or three respectably dressed, quiet, well-fed men, who had come to see us, were probably connected with the station. The gipsies played a few tunes, and then we passed through the forest across two wild, brawling, rapid streams; and, ascending the steep road on the side of a picturesque valley, we came to some houses. We were at once followed by several boys; one of whom was very intelligent and spoke some English. Zachariah was mounted on the packs of one of the loaded donkeys. The boys evidently expected us to camp; but at last, after walking some distance, gave up in despair. The road now crossed the side of a mountain, with no inclosures. Below us lay the valley and the river. Finding we should shortly come to more houses and inclosures, we at once decided to camp without delay at the foot of a rocky slope covered with low scrub and bushes. As we were just unloading our donkeys, a man came in sight with an axe in one hand and a piece of wood in the other. The sight of our party soon stopped his progress. He looked as if he thought we were fairies or some such visitants to earth. The axe reminded us that our tent pole was now so broken as to be almost useless. We beckoned him in vain. The peasant had evidently resolved not to venture nearer. Noah and ourself, taking the broken tent pole,

went to him and gave him a dram of brandy to screw up his courage. The peasant soon saw what we wanted, and taking the broken pole as a pattern, went off to make a new one.

As the gipsies lighted our fire, they noticed in the valley far below us, at the base of the mountains, a curling smoke, which they thought in the indistinctness of the evening to be a "gipsies' camp." Very anxious indeed were we to meet with a camp of Norwegian gipsies. Ever on the look-out—as yet we had been unable to meet with any Romany tents—the meeting of English gipsies with Norwegian zigeuner, and their greeting in Romany, would have been a most interesting study. The route we were travelling was evidently too much populated and frequented for these wanderers. Prœsten Sundt indeed says, "They choose the most devious and least-frequented roads or ways between Stavanger and Aggerhuus, and northwards away to Throndjhem and Finmarken." Still there was the chance, and we hoped as we travelled northwards we should be fortunate enough to meet some gipsy tribe of dusky wanderers with their tents, horses, trappings, pigs, and baggage. In this instance, after watching for some short time with earnest attention, it was decided by our gipsies that the smoke did not issue from the camp of any of their people.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From every place condemn'd to roam,
In every place we seek a home.
These branches form our summer roof,
By thick-grown leaves made weather-proof.
In shelt'ring nooks and hollow ways,
We cheerily pass our winter days.
Come, circle round the gipsies' fire,
Come, circle round the gipsies' fire;
Our songs, our stories never tire.
Our songs, our stories never tire."

The Gipsies' Glee. REEVE.

THE NEW TENT POLE—WHAT IS INDIGESTION?—PEASANTS AT CAMP—A NEW FRIEND—HOLIAKER STATION—NORWEGIAN HONESTY—LŒSJE VAND—THE TETTERAMENGRY—AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY—THE GIPSY COLLAPSE—GOOD ADVICE—INTEREST IN DONKEYS—A MOUNTAIN DISTRICT—NO CHURCH BELLS—THE BOY'S QUESTIONS—THE KJÖLEN FJELDENE.

THE old man presently brought a new tent pole, for which we paid sixteen skillings. We had left Dombaas about half-past 5 o'clock. Our present camp was called by the people, "Losere." A few peasants came to our tents, and we must say presented a starved and worn appearance. They were a kind people, and brought us firewood. We had bread, butter, cold bacon, and tea. The peasants were told they could have some music when our meal was ended. How we enjoyed the evening scene when the peasants approached our fire! and we invited them, as usual, in our well got-up phrase in

Norwegian, "Ver so artig tage en stole" (Be so good as to take a seat), pointing to the turf, which was the only seat we could offer them. The moon rose upon the summits and ranges of distant mountains beyond the valley. Its pale rays gleamed in the still night on the waters of the Logan. Nature was lovely in all her beauty. As our bivouac fire glimmered on the peasants' hard-worn countenances, furrowed with lines of hardship, we could observe the pleasure which our music gave them. Wild though it was, it seemed to suit time, place, and circumstance. The violin, tambourine, castanets, and guitar are admirably adapted for the minstrelsy of the wanderer's life. As our music ended they left, and we retired to our tents. The ground was high; the night was cold; we had little shelter; but we were now habituated to camp life, and did not feel any inconvenience. Our sleep was ever deep and refreshing. If any of our party had been asked, "What is indigestion?" we could not have given them any decisive answer.

The morning was fine and beautiful, as we rose at 7 o'clock. From the mountain where we had camped we could see Holiaker. Our breakfast consisted of tea, and bread and butter; at Dombaas we had given our gipsies citric acid and water; it is a substitute for vegetables, which we had not been able to procure since we left the *Mjösen* Lake. Zachariah had refused to take any citric acid until he reached Dombaas; whether it was from want of vegetables we could not tell, but what with musketos, insects of various kinds, and possibly the want of vegetables, his skin was irritable to an uncomfortable degree, especially at night. This irritation of the skin we have known before in camp life. A friend of ours tenting

with us the year before, had suffered very much from similar irritation of the skin not the result of musketo bites; sometimes we thought it was nettlerash, but in two or three days after our friend had quitted the tents the irritation had disappeared. In Zachariah's case the gipsies and ourself thought he had been bitten by creas (gip. ants) or that musketos might have occasioned it; then it was assigned to want of vegetables or impurity of the blood. Should any one of our readers be able to suggest the cause and remedy we should be much obliged for their communication. In this case, as the Cushty Drabengro of the party, we prescribed citric acid, which we carried in crystals, and dissolved in water. One peasant brought a large basket of hay for the donkeys, for which we paid a mark. The basket conveniently fitted on the back like a knapsack. Before we left our camp, we thought it might be well to buy a sheep, for we had not purchased any meat since we left Christiania, and it might be prudent to save our commissariat.

We explained to the peasants by aid of our dictionary, and they seemed to understand our wishes, but whether they were afterwards unable to procure the sheep, or did not distinctly comprehend, is doubtful, for our negotiations were without result. Zachariah and Esmeralda played a few airs for the peasants whilst Noah loaded the donkeys.

Soon after we left our camp the route lay between enclosures. No lack of excitement on all sides; at one house a stout good-tempered woman and a dark good-humoured seafaring-looking man, probably her husband, came out.

Finding we wished to purchase something to eat,

he went with us along the road to the Holiaker station.

Whether he was the master, or a friend of the house we could not decide. In the large clean kitchen he conversed with a tall, respectable, delicate-looking woman. At first she began to make coffee for us; then we explained through the seafaring man we did not want coffee, but bread, butter, and eggs; then she commenced to boil the water for the eggs. At last we made her understand that what we purchased the gipsies would take with them.

The donkeys were brought down to the station door, and we bought a quantity of fladbröd, twelve eggs, some potatoes, $5\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of what appeared to be the shoulder of very dry wasted-looking mutton, and some salt. It was proposed to have some treacle, but we could not find the Norwegian word in the dictionary.

As we put the different things we bought down in our note book, our seafaring-looking friend priced them; an old man came in whilst we were there, and our gipsies took the things to the donkeys. Whether we misunderstood the weight of the mutton, we cannot tell, but we gave him eight marks five skillings, though we thought the price rather high. Upon counting it, they honestly said we had made a mistake, and returned three marks; they also, we found, gave us the salt and six eggs into our bargain; many lands we have travelled, but never have we met with a more honest race of people than the Norwegians. Our things being packed away by the gipsies, we shook hands with these *honnêtes gens*.

The idea occurred to us that they took us for a wandering artist. Farewell, honest people! For some time

they watched us from the house, as we went along the road towards Holiaker church.

On our left we saw the Lake by Lœsje, and at last came to a shallow stream in a large forest of Scotch firs open to the road. The soil was light and sandy; large masses of moss-covered rocks were scattered through the forest, and here and there we saw open glades amongst the trees. To a spot pleasantly secluded from the road the donkeys were driven. The day being Saturday, we expected our Sunday would be spent as a day of quiet and repose, but it was an illusory hope. The ground was covered by a kind of heath with foliage like our boxtree. We had no sooner unpacked, than the gipsies looked round and two gorgios were announced. It did not matter how secluded the spot, in less than two minutes one or two Norwegian peasants seemed to rise out of the ground; indeed if they had been smaller, and had not chewed tobacco, we should have taken them for fairies; two peasants were now gazing at our party.

The plaid bag was called for, and they quaffed brandy to Gamle Norge and filled their pipes with tobacco. One said something about a better place, but we were content to rest where we were now that we had unloaded.

The stream flowing to the Lake on the other side the road was conveniently near. A slice of fried ham and an egg each was consumed, and Noah and Zachariah were sent to the Lake to fish. When they returned at eight o'clock, Esmeralda had the tea ready; they had caught five trout, which were soon in our *tetteramengry* (gip. frying-pan) with four eggs. The news had spread. The peasants came in numbers; whilst Esmeralda was frying

our fish our visitors earnestly chewed and spit in all directions about our fire; some went to the donkeys, some inspected our things, the rest closed in upon Esmeralda, who could scarcely complete her cooking.

We could see indications of a white squall on the usually smiling countenance of our gipsy *Hobbenengree;** sometimes she shoved them right and left, and said something about gorgios getting in her road.

"Now then!" said Esmeralda in a *fume*, "chiv the Metteramengery, just dik the gorgios all round. I can't think what they all want to see." It was very excusable, our peasant friends had never seen our donkeys, or tents, or gipsies before, still if they would have left us quietly whilst we were at tea we should have much preferred it. When we were seated near the fire, the peasant men, women, and children closed round us; it was difficult to decide, as we watched their countenances, whether they thought our meal well or indifferently cooked; it might not have been up to a dinner produced at Les Trois Frères, (we hope the Communists have spared it). Nor had we champagne frappé, but under the circumstances we found our tea from Phillips's, King William Street, a very good substitute. Esmeralda was an excellent *cuisinière*, especially when the gorgios gave her sufficient elbow room; nor had we any means of ascertaining their ideas as to the luxury of the diet. This with some other matters must remain one of the unsolved mysteries of this book. The intense and solemn earnestness with which our visitors watched every scrap we ate was interrupted by a peasant woman's child, who was taken with a cascade fit, and very near made an important

* Gip. housekeeper.

addition to Zachariah's pannikin of tea. This closed rather abruptly our soirée. Noah went to pitch the tents, Esmeralda put up the tea things, and though rather reluctant, as she said, to play for the gorgios, at our request accompanied Zachariah on the tambourine. Our visitors seemed much pleased; Zachariah was irrepressible with Romany chaff, although I had cautioned him to be careful when we had visitors. The music ended, eleven o'clock came, no signs of any one leaving; what with Esmeralda shouting from the inside our tents at those who touched the outside, and Noah and Zachariah tumbling with wild merriment, we were *au désespoir*, until taking hold of Zachariah, we threw him, after a brief tussle, into the tent, and caught him such a box that he was effectually silenced. There was a gipsy collapse. We informed the visitors we wanted to go to bed, and they quietly left, except some few who still clung to the donkeys at some distance away.

We began to think we should end our days as a showman, or the respectable manager of a strolling company of players. It was a beautiful moonlight night, as we strolled forth for a few minutes before retiring to rest. Just going to sleep, we heard Zachariah's voice, in melancholy and watery tone: "Mr. Smith's tired of me," whimpered he; "next time he'll try and do without me; some people change. Mr. Smith's changed; I hope he'll get another as will do as well." We seized the opportunity to explain his real position, and his proper line of conduct; the gipsies had received much kindness from us, we shared with them our provisions whatever we had. Somehow gipsies, donkeys, tents, and accessories seemed to have become part and parcel of our existence.

They gave us a dreamy happiness, as we floated along by mountain, river, lake, and forest. The gipsies' wild energy never flagged; we could pull through any difficulty; wet and fine, storm and sunshine, still our tents found a resting-place in the wild scenes of a beautiful and hospitable land. The gipsies saw the force of our observations, and with "cushty raty" to all, we were soon in a sound sleep.

We did not get up very early; it was nearly nine o'clock; Esmeralda had a slight cold. The morning was very fine, and the last three or four days had been very warm. Noah went out, and found the peasants had already collected, and were increasing in numbers. Noah made tea, fried two excellent trout with four eggs, which, with bread and fladbröd and butter, formed our frokost.

The visitors were so numerous that we had breakfast in our tent. Whilst at breakfast a peasant would occasionally try to look at us through the opening we were obliged to have for ventilation. We were at last obliged to speak rather sharp to those pressing against our tent, and they were more careful; we had very little fault to find. We do not believe they would ever give intentional annoyance; in fact, the kindness we received on all occasions throughout our wanderings will ever be remembered.

As the sun rose our tents became very warm; we strolled out, dressed in our light blue flannel jacket, white waistcoat, light trousers, long Napoleon riding boots, and straw hat, which was the only one we possessed. It was a deliciously warm morning; on the opposite side of the lake we could see the Kjölen Fjeldene rising above it. Our camp was in a large forest, extend-

ing towards the Stor Horungen. The Jora Elv, which we had crossed near Dombaas, flows between the Stor Horungen and Hundsjö Fjeldet; then on its left banks are the mountains called "Sjung Hö" and the "Tvœraatind," and on the right the "Mjugsjö Hö," "Skreda Hö," and beyond are the wilds of the "Snehœtten. The Jora Elv falls into the Logan near Dombaas. This extensive tract of mountain, forest, lake, and river is as yet, we believe, little known to anglers.

We bought twelve eggs from a peasant woman for twelve skillings; a boy brought six trout, which we also bought for twelve skillings. We confess to feelings of melancholy that, with three fly-rods and an immense stock of flies, in a country like Norway, we should so far lower our dignity as a sportsman as to buy trout. Still four hungry people to be fed much influenced the purchase. We hoped for better things, which might remove this passing shadow from the annals of our angler's life.

It occurred to us to go to church, but there was the uncertainty as to the time the services commenced, and whether there would be any service on that particular Sunday. In some districts service is only held on occasional Sundays, as we remember to have been the case in some parishes in Wales. The country churches are built of wood; we only met with one exception. No church bells in the valley sounded over the waters of the lake.

A large number of peasants congregated round us as we sat down on a rock; wherever we moved there they came. As we lounged about near our tents, and looked round at the peasants of all sizes and ages, females with children in their arms, young girls and ragged boys wandering after us through the rocky mazes of the broken

ground, like a comet's tail, but not quite so luminous, we resigned ourselves to our fate. The peasants seemed as interested as usual, and we conversed as well as we could with them. They are a friendly, kind people. One boy spoke English very fairly, though he had never been in England; there was an intelligence about him which pleased us. Several questions were propounded, one was whether we had grapes in England—if we had much fruit—whether we could fish free—what kind of winter we had in England—if we had been in France and Germany? The boy was much astonished when we told him we had not only been to France and Germany, but all round the world. The boy was told, if he would come to our camp in the evening, he should have an English book as a present.

Notwithstanding frequent solicitations that we would give them some music, we remained firm, and gave our reasons. They asked if we had any objection to a peasant playing. They were told to please themselves, so that it was not close to our tents. The peasant had a large, powerful, fine-toned accordion, and, if it had not been Sunday, we should have managed a pleasant concert.

Noah and Zachariah had leave of absence till three o'clock; they returned at half-past two o'clock. Having crossed the lake in a boat, they had been for a ramble on the "Kjölen Fjeldene." A peasant boy had offered them the use of the boat if we stayed a day longer. Our dinner consisted of six fish and five eggs, fried in oil, with black bread and tea. Though our visitors were then reduced to about twenty-five persons, at three o'clock there were again fresh arrivals; one peasant woman

brought the donkeys fresh grass. They hurried up in parties, perspiring in the warm sun, inquiring for "den asen." Then they hastened as fast as they could over the rocks to where they were. Endless discussions were held over them; our poor donkeys must have been much astonished at their sudden importance.

CHAPTER XIX.

SERENADE.

Thy gipsy-eye, bright as the star
That sends its light from heaven afar,
Will, with the strains of thy guitar,
This heart with rapture fill.
Then, maiden fair, beneath this star,
Come, touch with me the light guitar.

Thy brow, unmarked by lines of care,
Deck'd with locks of raven hair,
Seems ever beautiful and fair
At moonlight's stilly hour.
What bliss! beside the leafy maze,
Illumined by the moon's pale rays,
On thy sweet face to sit and gaze,
Thou wild, uncultured flower.
Then, maiden fair, beneath this star,
Come, touch with me the light guitar.

ESMERALDA AT THE LAKE—OUR CADEAU—THE VISITORS—DISAPPOINTMENT—AN ADONIS—THE SILENT VISIT—THE OLD MILL—A NORWEGIAN FOX—THE PURU RAWNEE'S FALL—THE FOREST SCENE—ZACHARIAH'S TORMENT—UNDER DISCIPLINE—MUSIC IN THE FOREST—DISTANT ADMIRERS—THE ENGLISH HUNTER'S GIFT—OUR GIPSIES FISHING—THE MILITIA CAMP—SILENT VISITOR—ORNAMENTAL FLADBRÖD—A FOREST CONCERT.

SOME of the peasants, especially women, were most anxious to explore the hidden recesses of our tents, but this could not be permitted. Our gipsies were very well conducted, and quiet in their demeanour, as befitted the day.

After dinner Esmeralda, who had washed and dressed herself in her robe with silver buttons, accompanied us for a quiet stroll to the shores of the lake; her brothers were left in charge of the tents. The distance was not very far. Seated on a wooded knoll above the shores of the lake, we watched its silvery waters and the picturesque outline of the Kjölen mountain; its patches of snow near the summit were not yet melted by the summer's sun. How enjoyable was life in the wild mountains near the smooth lake whose silvered waters seem ever smiling; all seemed in repose as we breathed the pure air of heaven. The lake, we understood, was called the Logan Vand. A peasant woman, at a house near the lake, asked us to come in, both going and returning, but we preferred the open air.

We returned to tea at about seven o'clock. A large number of peasants were scattered in all directions about our camp and round the donkeys. Four eggs were boiled for our tea, with bread and butter. After tea, we presented our friend, the boy who spoke English, with "Views of Jerusalem and its Environs." The boy read a passage, *vivâ voce*, from it in English with great correctness and good accent; the present pleased him very much, and we were glad we had thought of giving it to him. If we spoke to a peasant a crowd immediately collected round us. It appeared to disappoint them that music was not permitted, but we were quite firm.

At nine o'clock we wished them good night; still they remained, and a large number kept wandering round our tents. Some few lighted a fire of juniper; the smoke blew towards our tents, and Noah rushed out with an alpenstock and put it out.

The hum of voices at length became less distinct, and we were thinking of retiring to rest. Esmeralda was already partly asleep behind her tent partition, we were seated opposite our gipsies, when another party came up from the road. One was upwards of six feet high, and dressed differently from the peasants' usual costume—a tall young fellow with a very long pipe. The waterproof cover was arranged so that the entrance to our tent was only about two feet high; the tall visitor, who seemed to have been enjoying himself, and was rather unsteady, lay down on the turf, so that he could see us. At first he said to Noah, "Spille a little," meaning that we should play. Then he turned to us, "You speak English?" But when we spoke to him, he said, "I cannot understand you." Then he asked Noah if he spoke Norsk. Noah's knowledge of the Norsk language was still very limited. Our tall visitor, whiffing his pipe in a half-fuddled state, kept saying in English, "I have beautiful girls, mony, mony—you have beautiful girls." We said, "Nei, nei." And as he said something about "den asen," we pointed in their direction, and he went off with his friends to see them. We thought they were gone, when our tall Norwegian suddenly came back again, and lay down on the turf. After a pause he said, "Spille a little;" and then said, "I hear you have beautiful girl; I should like to see her. I have beautiful girls—mony, mony." He tried to pull the curtain aside, but we prevented him, with "Nei, nei." In vain we wished him good night; still he kept saying occasionally, "You have beautiful girl, I have heard; I will show you my beautiful girls—I have beautiful girls, mony, mony." His friends, however, seemed anxious to get him away, and at last, with some reluctance, he left

our tents, probably to join the beautiful girls, of which he said he had mony, mony.

At the last moment, before going to bed, we strolled out in the stillness of the night. We were just at the moment standing in the shadow of some firs, when we observed the figure of a man advancing noiselessly towards the tents. When he saw them, he retired, and soon after returned, followed by another man. We could only just discern the two figures as they advanced, step by step, cautiously towards the tents. They paused. Very probably they thought we were all fast asleep, and did not wish to disturb us. They stood for some short time gazing motionless at the tents, and then retired as quietly as they came.

At half-past five o'clock we were again bustling about. More peasants came even at that early hour. The man from the house near the lake brought six trout, which we bought for six skillings. An old woman brought some grass for the donkeys. One woman brought milk, but too late for breakfast; not being able to carry it with us, we did not buy it. An old peasant woman, with a peasant man in a red cap, wanted us to play some music for them. They looked disappointed, when we said we were going off at once.

It commenced to rain when we were packing, and we were anxious to proceed on our wanderings. We turned from our camp to the road, and bade adieu to our peasant friends, whom we left sitting in the rain, looking at our now-deserted camp.

Proceeding up the valley, the views were pleasing. The rain was not heavy. At Motterud a curious old mill attracted our attention. Passing through the hamlet of

Moseneden, as we understood it to be, we reached the open forest just beyond, and halted on the right of the road. Our middags-mad consisted of tea, fried fish, fladbröd, and butter. Some peasant girls watched us at a distance in the forest. A jolly, pleasant old man came to us, and a boy, with a large hump on his chest instead of his back. The order was given to load, but no donkeys could be found; fortunately a stream of water between two deep banks at some distance gave us a clue to the direction they had gone.

After some trouble, and a hint from the jolly peasant, the donkeys were found near the hamlet of Moseneden, on the borders of the forest, and brought back. When Noah was loading the puru rawnee we presented the jolly peasant with an oil bottle just emptied. The peasant seemed very pleased with his sudden acquisition of fortune, and showed it to the peasant girls, who brought down a Norwegian fox for us to see.

The girls had the fox fastened by a chain. It is called a "Rœv" in Norwegian, and is smaller than the English fox, being rather lighter in colour. Foxes are very numerous in some parts of Norway. The peasant did not smoke, but the usual discussion took place about the donkeys.

At this juncture a storm of rain came on, and my gipsies disappeared with the baggage under the large waterproof. The peasant contented himself with the scanty shelter of the trees; and we were protected by our light waterproof coat. Whilst we conversed with the old man, Noah now and then put his head out from underneath the waterproof, and would say "Blankesko." The

peasant, looking round, could see nothing, and appeared puzzled to understand what blacking shoes had to do with his observations about the donkeys. Sometimes it was "meget godt," or a "Romany" word, or scrap of a song, with smothered laughter from Esmeralda. We spoke to Noah afterwards, and he promised to be more careful. Some license we permitted among themselves, to exhaust their exuberant spirits.

The rain ceased. The donkeys were loaded. Wishing the peasants adieu, with mutual salutations, we continued our route through the forest. Scotch firs, and light sandy soil; no enclosures—nothing but open forest. Here and there, the trees were scattered thickly near the road. Occasionally we came to an open glade. Zachariah, who had gone on before, fell asleep on a rock on the road-side. As we came near, he suddenly jumped up, and our puru rawnee, taking fright, shied across the road, and fell all fours under her load.

Of course there was a torrent of Romany and English poured by Noah on his brother's devoted head. The puru rawnee was unloaded, and fortunately unhurt. The place where she fell was soft, with loose sand. Our journey continued, and at about half-past four o'clock we came to some open greensward in the forest. The road made a curve round it. At the farther corner, sloping from the road, about a hundred yards distance, at the foot of a wooded bank, near a small narrow purling stream of clear water, we pitched our tents.

A picturesque mountain, with pointed summit, rose to view above the dense mass of forest trees which intervened between our camp and the Logan. On the other side the stream, a narrow green mossy glade,

fringed with thickets, diverged to another bend of the main road through the forest.

Our tents, when pitched, could be seen from the road. Zachariah suffered every kind of misery it was possible to imagine from irritation of the skin, resulting from bites of insects or impurity of blood—perhaps both. His feet were the worst. We made him bathe his feet in warm water and oatmeal, which relieved him very much. At night, when he was warm, the itching was intolerable. Instances of this kind only experienced at night without eruption or rash on the skin's surface, we had met with before in camp life. Yet it does not seem to be a common occurrence in gipsy life. Potatoes enter largely into their diet in England. Noah's feet were slightly troubled with this irritation. When an opportunity occurred, we determined to dose them all with brimstone and treacle.

Noah went to look out for a bonde-gaard, and purchased some fladbröd for twelve skillings, and a pound of butter for one mark. Just before tea, a boy in a red cap came to our tents. The boy was a fair, interesting, slim boy, about seventeen. His features were good. There was a serious earnestness about him which we admired. He had a small quantity of brandy to drink, and he left. Then his father and mother came, as we supposed them to be, to the tents, and some other people. They came from the farm-house, where Noah had bought the fladbröd. The father was a bearded, thickset, middle-aged man. There was a look of much intelligence about him. Whilst we were taking our tea and fladbröd and butter, they all sat on the opposite side the stream looking at us. Noah commenced pitching our

tents directly after. When Noah had put up our tent, and our things were all arranged in it, they seemed much astonished. After we had shown them the arrangements of our tent they were going away, when we went after them, and said, if they came back, we would give them some music. Noah and Zachariah played several airs. Esmeralda began to remark upon our visitors' appearance; but we very sharply rebuked her, and, murmuring something about not being able to say a word, she retired submissively into the privacy of the tents. Upon an expedition of this kind it is necessary to maintain discipline.

One of our female visitors had a child slung on her shoulders. When they had left in the still hour of closing evening—so delicious in the forest—we sang two songs to the accompaniment of the guitar, violin, and tambourine.

Our health had wonderfully improved. Continued and incessant reading was now impossible. The mind transplanted, as it were, to new fields of observation, gathered fresh tone and vigour. The physical senses became quickened. The disturbing influences of the busy world were felt no longer. Seated on the turf near our tents we were busily engaged writing our notes. The gipsy girl came noiselessly behind us—so quietly we did not hear her, as she came from the tents in her stockings, treading lightly on the green sward. Silently she gave us a chuma (gip. kiss). It was a kiss for reconciliation. We looked up surprised. A peasant boy, till now unseen, stood looking through the bushes in amazement. He did not appear to comprehend the scene, nor could we give him any explanation. We turned, and were

again alone. What could we do? We dismissed it as the chimera of a forest dream. We had forgotten it; yet it is upon our notes, and so it is left.

Several peasants were looking at the donkeys quite late. We alone were up. They afterwards came to our tents, and conversed till we wished each other good night. The musketos continued their attacks during the evening.

The morning was very rainy. About eight o'clock some people came and walked round our tents. We were not up. They walked away without observation. When we got up at half-past eight o'clock, the rain had partly abated. We were not troubled with musketos in our tent during the night. Zachariah was much benefited by the oatmeal and water. A mark's worth of fladbröd was consumed for breakfast; this, with the addition of butter and tea, completed our meal. Whilst we were at breakfast the farmer's son came by carrying three calves' skins on his back, accompanied by some peasant boys. Nearly all the Norwegians carry hunting-knives by their sides. Another boy afterwards passed by our tents with a long pole, used as a "fisk-stang," or fishing-rod. After breakfast two women tramps, or "highflyers," as the gipsies called them, passed along the road. One had a child fastened on her back, and was leading another by the hand. They seemed astonished at our tents and donkeys, and sat down looking towards our camp for some time.

The weather being unsettled, we sent Noah and Zachariah with their fishing-rods towards the Logan. They were told to try a lake in that direction through the forest. Directly they were gone, a man and some boys came to see us, and the man had some tobacco. He

possessed a pipe which he seemed to prize very much; the pipe had been given him by an English gentleman named Ferrand, who had been in the mountains, reindeer hunting. Our visitor was a fine strong fellow, and said that the reindeer were numerous in that part of Norway. The hunter was exceedingly pleased with the tents, as also another man who afterwards came.

In the course of the morning a carriage and pair passed along the road; they were evidently English. We heard one young lady exclaim, as she caught sight of our camp, "What an awfully comfortable tent." A lady in a carriole followed them. They stopped a short time in contemplation and then continued their journey, which we hope they enjoyed as much as we did ours.

A young Norwegian traveller and his wife drove up in a *Stolkjœrre.* They both got down and came to our camp, and asked a number of questions about the donkeys.

We made a sketch of our camp whilst Esmeralda, or "daughter," as her brothers sometimes called her, went up to the "Bondegaard." Esmeralda returned with twenty-three fladbröd cakes, and eight extra ones given as a present by the farmer's wife—a kind, homely, respectable woman. She was very busy baking, and asked Esmeralda in, and said they should come down for some music in the evening.

The rain cleared off, and about half-past three Noah and Zachariah returned. Noah had caught twenty-one and Zachariah ten grayling and trout, some of fair size. The addition to our provisions was very satisfactory. All the

fish had been caught in the river Logan; some of the fish were immediately fried, and eaten for dinner with fladbröd. Noah was the subject of some amount of joking about his success, and we kept an account of the number of fish he and Zachariah had caught during the journey. At half-past four o'clock we started them off again to the river. After Esmeralda had cleared up her things, and put the dinner away, she went up to the "Bondegaard" for another pound of butter, and a mark's worth of flabröd and salt. Whilst she was away a militia soldier in dark green uniform tunic, and cap, came by in a "Stolkjœrre," a sort of light cart. When he saw our tents from the road, he pulled up. After waiting some time, looking towards our camp, he came down and saluted. It appeared he had come from the camp near Lillehammer. As one who had had some experience in camp matters he appeared much interested in our arrangements. We explained everything as well as our knowledge of the language permitted. After he had drunk to Gamle Norge, he returned to his conveyance. Then his wife came down, and looked at our tents; she also drank to Gamle Norge,* and then returned, and they continued their journey.

The soldier and his wife seemed very quiet and respectable people. Esmeralda had only just returned when down came three travellers from their carrioles. Our visitors were in light summer blouses and straw hats, and had round tin cases suspended from a strap over their shoulders; they were evidently men of education. One, I believe, was from Throndjhem, another from Drammen,

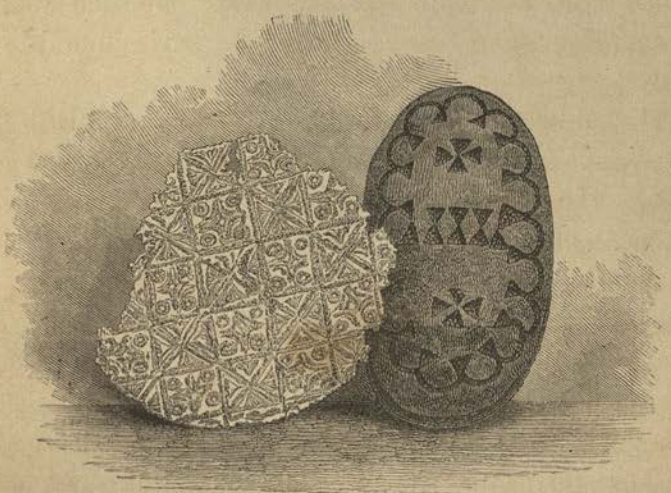
* The expression "Gamle Norge" (Old Norway) is used in the same sense as the saying "Old England."

and the third from Christiania. We answered their questions about our tents, and informed them they were English gipsy tents (zigeuner). Our visitors were apparently going to Romsdal themselves. As we shook hands we hoped their journey would be a pleasant one. When they were gone another traveller drove along the road in a carriole, and came down. He was dressed in a white round-crowned hat, black surtout coat, and possessed a German silver watch-chain. He wandered about our tents; we could not make much of him; whatever we said scarcely produced a word, and we at last left him to continue our writing. Then he came and looked over our notes as we wrote—a breach of good manners which occasioned us to shut our book. He then walked away to our camp spade, scanned it very minutely, and left.

The farmers' wife came down to our camp with her three children, and made us a present of some fladbröd and milk. The fladbröd we had from this farm was the best we met with in Norway. They made three kinds: one kind of fladbröd was very thin, and stamped with curious tracery that made us regret its demolition; so much did the ornamental fladbröd excite our admiration that we managed with much care to bring back one specimen to England. A representation of it is now given, together with an ornamental Norwegian box-lid which we afterwards found on the shores of the Lille Mjösen. We trust the fidelity of the engraving will be recognised by the farmer's wife if she ever sees this book. We told her our music would commence at nine o'clock.

After she had left, an old peasant with a round cap came, and we showed him our tents and donkeys. He seemed

in raptures with the donkeys, and kept exclaiming Peen giœre! Peen giœre!!—meaning very beautiful. This was a common expression of the peasants as they lifted their hands and expressed their admiration of our donkeys. As far as we could make out we were near "Lœsjeskogen," and the station of "Lesje Vœrk." On our right are the mountains of the "Stor Hö," and the "Sœter Fjeld." Across the Logan are the Tœver Fjeld, Hyrion Fjeld, and the Skarvehöerne. We should think this would be a good position for fishing, and reindeer hunting, though we scarcely think the reindeer hunting of these parts is so good as formerly, and a sportsman must seek the wilder recesses of the mountains.



Our gipsies, Noah and Zachariah, returned. Noah had caught four trout, and Zachariah one. Although cautioned specially, Noah had been wading, and his feet were very wet. Some of our trout were fried for tea. Three men and a woman came down to the stream, and watched with

interest our method of cooking. After tea we gave our visitors some music—guitar, violin, and tambourine. It was a very damp evening, and few visitors came. At last Zachariah broke a violin-string, and the rain commencing, ended our concert.

CHAPTER XX.

"There was a gipsy's tent, close beside me, and a party of about ten of this wandering tribe were seated around a wood fire, which habit seemed to make them approach closely to, whether it was cold or hot weather."

Séñor JUAN DE VEGA, the Spanish Minstrel of 1828-9.*

NOAH UNWELL—THE TINE—NEW SCENES—THE LEPER—HASTY DEPARTURE—LESJEVŒRKS VAND—WELL MET—AGREEABLE WANDERERS—SPECIALTY OF TRAVEL—DELICIOUS TROUT—LAKE SCENERY—NORWEGIAN POSTMAN — NIGHT VISITORS — MORE TOURISTS — MOLMEN CHURCH.

IMMEDIATELY after our music had ceased, Noah was taken ill with severe rheumatism resulting from getting wet. Our services as the "Cushty Drabengro." (Gip., "good doctor") of the party were in requisition. He was sent to lie down in the tents, and we rubbed his back and body well with brandy, giving him a stiff glass of brandy-and-water to drink. All had retired to rest, but ourself. Hearing voices near our donkeys, we went up and found

* Señor Juan de Vega is the name assumed by a young English gentleman of noble family, who wandered through England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland with his guitar, in the character of a Spanish minstrel, and who not only entirely supported himself during his wanderings, by his minstrelsy, but realised a surplus of £58, which he charitably presented to the committee of Spanish officers, for the relief of the refugees, then lately arrived from Portugal. His work, entitled the "Spanish Minstrel's Sketch Book," in two volumes, containing a record of his minstrel wanderings, was published for the author by Simkins and Marshall, 1832.

a number of peasants and peasant girls near them. We had an idea that they had been teasing them. Taking the peasants down to our tents they looked round our camp, and when we wished them good-night they left. It rained heavily as we went to sleep.

Much rain had fallen in the night. We looked out about seven o'clock on the morning of 13th of July; the rain had ceased, but misty clouds gathered thickly on the mountains. A fire was lighted, and Noah was better, and we made him rub some of our bruise mixture on his knee.

Noah promised never to go into the water again. As we were getting our breakfast, the farmer's son passed with a wooden bottle of milk and a wooden "Tine." This word is pronounced "Teena." It is a small wooden oblong box with a slide lid used for carrying provisions. A box of this kind is in common use all over Norway. Some of them are curiously ornamented, according to the fancy of the possessor. For Frokost we had fried trout, fladbröd and butter, and tea. Two women came to our camp; one wore men's Wellington boots, and they were both knitting.

Whilst Noah was packing up, he said he dreamed we lived in a beautiful wooden house, and were going to the East Indies. The gipsies dreamt very often of their Romany Rye—sometimes Noah, sometimes Esmeralda, and sometimes Zachariah. It was impossible to leave such a beautiful camping-ground without regret. Whilst we were getting our things together three young tourists, carrying their knapsacks, came to our camp; they were very intelligent, agreeable companions. One of them said his father lived at Veblungsnœs. They left before the

gipsies had loaded our donkeys. The weather now cleared up, and we were soon *en route.* As we afterwards passed "Lesje Jernvœrk" (ironworks), we saw the three tourists at the station. Mr. Bennett, in his handbook, says it is a tolerable inn kept by civil people. Our road lay through a pleasing diversity of lake, mountain, and pine forest. The tourists soon afterwards overtook us; one knew something of French, and we were able to converse more at ease. As we passed a house on the road-side, we observed our silent visitor in black surtout coat, and German silver watch chain, standing outside immobile with all his schoolboys. He was a schoolmaster. They seemed as a guard just turned out, and not a sound was heard as we passed. The peasants evinced the usual curiosity. One old woman who was knitting exhibited great signs of pleasure. One of our tourists said she was in an "extasy." We had the donkeys, much to Noah's chagrin, stopped for her inspection. The usual exclamation "Peen giœre!" was marked with much emphasis. Our tourists had gone on. The old lady followed along the road. As we went down a short descent to a bridge, we noticed a beautiful level camping-ground along the brook-side, sheltered by a few bushes, at a convenient distance from the road.

The camping-ground was all we could desire; saying, "We will camp here for to-night," the word was given to halt. The donkeys were driven down to the brook-side. The old lady, who had been joined by three boys, still walked after us. The gipsies were so busy unloading that they did not pay much attention to our visitors.

As we suddenly looked round we were astonished at the appearance of one boy about sixteen; his face was

completely eaten up with a kind of leprosy (spedalskhed) frightful to see. The boy wore a cross-belt, and carried a knife. He withdrew behind some bushes close by, perhaps to screen himself from observation, when he saw the countenances of ourself and gipsies—we had only had one glance—it was quite enough. Esmeralda said she should never forget it. It was quickly decided that it would be impossible to eat anything in comfort whilst the unfortunate boy was near our camp. One donkey was already nearly unpacked, but we did not see why we should be troubled with the vision of the afflicted leper whilst we could move to a more favoured spot. Ordering the donkeys to be reloaded, which my gipsies obeyed with wonderful alacrity, we were soon again *en route.*

The old lady was talking to a man driving a cart, apparently full of school children. He had pulled up at the bridge. They were evidently discussing a variety of matters relating to us. Without looking behind, we left the poor boy and his companions in complete possession of our intended camp.

At a stream of water we overtook our three tourists, lying down. Two had their shoes and stockings off, and were bathing their feet. Telling them we should push on till two o'clock, we left them.

Following the main road in sight of the "Lesje Vœrks Vand," a lake seven English miles long, and 2,050 feet above the sea-level, we reached a stream flowing into the lake. Descending to the bridge, we crossed the stream which flowed down a sheltered gully. There was a convenient camping-ground on the brook-side below the bridge and near to the lake. A few bushes between our camp and the lake made the spot more sheltered. We

had just unloaded when our three tourists came up. Before they left we presented each with one of our gipsy songs. Zachariah in a very short time added a beautiful pink trout from the lake to our broiled ham, fladbröd and tea, for dinner. Up to this time Noah had caught thirty-seven trout, and Zachariah thirty-four. Taking Noah with us after dinner, we went through a wild tract of moorland, thinly treed, along the lake for about three English miles. After crossing some wild streams, we came in sight of the wooden church and the station of "Molmen," which stands a short distance from the road. Noah went down to the station, while we lounged by the side of a stream near the road, and wrote up our notes.

"Molmen in the distance," we mentally observed. Out came pencil and book. There was a charm in one's existence as we seated ourself on the turf which formed the bank of the clear pure stream. What mingled hues of delicious colouring caught the eye as we gazed on the various grasses, wild flowers and heath which formed the nature painting of the scene about us. The mind had not long been engaged in quiet contemplation, when we observed a gentleman in a straw hat walking along the road drawing after him a light kind of truck. Underneath the framework, on a suspended netting, we noticed his knapsack, *sac de nuit*, and other articles *du voyage* for the use of his family. The gentleman and his light truck was followed by his family. Three good-looking grown-up daughters, and their friend or *governante*; two young boys in long Alpine boots, holland trousers and check shirts, and a fine large black dog followed after. It was a case of nomad meet nomad, wanderer meet wan-

derer, each following his own idea, and each, I believe, thoroughly enjoying his own will and fancy. How could we be mistaken, there was a joyous expression of countenance. One rapid glance was sufficient. They were happy in their way of travel. Far happier than very many we met in their carrioles or stolkjœrrer as we journeyed up the "Gudbransdalen." An interest quickly gathered round the travellers as they passed, which riveted our attention. They were gone, we were left, yet we seemed to regret that we had not somehow made their acquaintance. Pencil in hand we still lingered by the stream when we saw the tall form of our gipsy Noah coming along the road. One mark's worth of fladbröd and ten eggs for 18 skillings had been purchased. Noah said the gentleman who had just passed had seen him at the station, and finding who we were, had asked about our camp and wished to see it. Noah told him we were staying in sight of the road near to the lake. As we soon after returned towards our camp, the gentleman and his family were resting near a house on the road-side. Very shortly after we had reached our tents, we heard their voices in song, as they walked along the road. We listened with pleasure to some pretty Norwegian air which came to us on the wind. Very soon they reached the bridge. We both saluted as we went towards them from the brook-side. We were two wanderers happily met. Each following his own speciality of idea. Each apparently successful in result. Our baggage was heaped on the ground as they came a short distance from the road to our camp. Our visitors conversed in Norsk, French, and English. He asked if it was not very cold and damp on the ground. They saw our donkeys, and our various things, including

the guitar and tambourines. The gentleman was a Mr. B., of good position in Norway, who had landed from the steamer at Veblungsnœs, with his light truck and family, and had travelled through Romsdalen when we met. At parting we presented one of the young ladies with our gipsy song, and with mutual good wishes we watched them ascend from the bridge of our retired gully, and disappear over the top of the abrupt ascent.

The time was half-past five; the small amount of success we had had fishing during our travels was not calculated to raise our reputation with the gipsies as an expert angler. Up to this time we had not caught a fish. Noah had caught fish; Zachariah had caught fish. Esmeralda had cooked them, and we had only eaten them; something must be done. Metteramengry* (Gip., "tea") was postponed. Noah was told off to accompany us. The fishing-rods and tackle were ready, and we were soon on the light gravelly shore of the charming lake. It was all that could be desired for fishing, yet we did not for some short time get a rise.

Ah! what! a fine trout heavily fighting; no landing-net, but he is safely landed, just one foot long. The light evening breeze caused a ripple on the surface of the lake, another rise and another trout hooked. Our tackle was light, and just as we had him at the shore he broke the fly. It was but the glance of an instant as we saw him steady himself in the water. At once we were in the lake, and threw him on the shore with both hands. The trout was caught, and equalled the first in size.

How lovely the gleams of evening sun upon the lake. The romantic islets, and the rising mountains from the

* In French gipsy pronounced "Mutramangri."

opposite shore. Again we have another trout hooked; this time it is a very fine one. Steadily and calmly we handled a difficult adversary, and landed our trout without a landing-net on the lake shore. The trout measured one foot four inches. Noah, who had caught nothing, was astonished, and soon after we returned to our camp at seven o'clock. Esmeralda and Zachariah had our tea ready, and the largest trout was soon in the frying-pan. Pink as salmon the trout eat with a delicious flavour, and was soon consumed with our fladbröd.

After tea the postman pulled up at the bridge. We had seen him before, and some men came up who appeared to have been surveying. Zachariah then played his violin, and Esmeralda her tambourine, and Noah put up the tents whilst we lounged on the turf, and the men gazed at us from the road. When our tent was up we took Esmeralda's tambourine, and she went to arrange our things for the night. The peasants left when the music ceased. It is not so easy to play the tambourine. Much suppleness of the hand is required. The exercise is excellent for the arms and fingers. The roulades and the burr of the jingles with the tips of the fingers require practice. Noah gave us a lesson when our visitors were gone. Then we had more peasants. One woman we imagined wished to know if we wanted coffee, and did not seem to think we understood clearly the luxury she proposed. She went to each in turn, and at last gave us up in despair. The peasants who came to see us seemed hard driven for an existence, their clothes were patched and mended, and their faces expressed endurance and hard life. Noah, who was much better, had a glass of brandy-and-water before retiring to sleep. After our

party were at rest for the night we heard the voices of women, and went out of our tent. It rained hard; the women were at the top of the ascent by the bridge, looking at our tents. One had an umbrella. The sound of talking was very distinct for some time after we had gone to bed.

The night was wet, and the morning damp and drizzly. We were up between seven and eight o'clock, and went fishing in the lake before breakfast, where we caught another trout a foot long. The breeze from the lake had given us an excellent appetite when we returned, and we found Esmeralda had cooked the two large trout of yesterday for breakfast with four eggs. The reputation of the Romany Rye as a fisherman after catching four feet four inches of trout from the lake in so short a time was completely established in the minds of the gipsies. We had no means of weighing our fish. The trout out of this lake are beautifully pink, and delicious to eat.

Frokost was finished. Esmeralda was putting the things away. The morning was now finer, and we perceived passing over the bridge two young tourists, dressed in red shirts, with white trousers tucked into their high boots, which laced up in front. These kind of boots, similar in make to the style of the ladies' Alpine boot, seem to be much patronised in Norway by walking tourists. They appear to be excellent boots; but we doubt whether they will stand heavy mountain work with the same comfort to the wearer as our ordinary Alpine boot. During all our long and continued walking through Norway in all weathers, the strong Alpine boots made at Medwin's, Regent Street, never gave us a single blister. Each

tourist carried his knapsack, and seeing our tents they sat down on the road-side, on the top of the declivity by the bridge, to look at our camp. When we went up to them, and asked them to come down to our camp, we found them very nice fellows. One spoke English. The donkeys were shown them, and the tents; and then we presented each with a copy of our gipsy song. They seemed much pleased. Yet, in after years, if they chance to meet with it among their *souvenirs de voyage*, they will again remember the "Englishman and gipsies" camped by the little bridge and wild stream near Molmen. After the tourists had continued on their way towards the Gudbransdalen, some peasant men and women arrived. One peasant woman seemed, as far as we could make out, to wish us to stay longer to attend some *fête*. Probably they wished to engage our musical services. We could not make out very distinctly what she did want. As we struck our camp and packed up, they asked us to spille* a little; but the weather was again cloudy and inclined for rain, and we at once left for Molmen. There is a very pretty wooden church at Molmen. An old man and several peasants were at the road-side near the turn to the station, which is a short distance from the road. The old man advanced and said, "Velkommen." There was something touching in this honest and hearty and kindly word to the nomad strangers.

* Nor., play.

CHAPTER XXI.

> If the gipsies are not the dispersed Egyptians, where are that scattered people? If the dispersed and scattered gipsies are not the descendants of the offending Egyptians, what are they?"
>
> *The Gipsies.* By SAMUEL ROBERTS.

THE RAUMA—A LOFTY CLIMB—MORE RAIN—THE FOREST WALK—TENT LIFE—PEASANT FÊTE—NORWEGIAN DANCING—ZACHARIAH'S RIDE—THE WOOD CARVINGS—A PSALMODION—STUEFLAATEN—THE ROMSDAL—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—ENGLISH SPOKEN.

TAKING Noah down to the station, we purchased one mark of fladbröd, one mark of butter, and four skillings' worth of soap. Esmeralda had used all our stock of soap. The quality of soap in some parts of Norway is indifferent. The kitchen was extremely hot; but we went into a small comfortable sitting-room, where we inspected photographs of various eminent men of Norway, and some carved spoons, during the few minutes we stayed. As we returned to the road, the old man asked us how far we were going, and seemed disappointed when we said, "Langt." It is probable he wished to see our camp. Our party were soon following the banks of the river Rauma.

From the "Lesje Vœrks Vand" the Logan flows south, and the Rauma, whose banks we had now reached, flows north. The picturesque lake, from which these two rivers have their source, is about one Norsk

mile long. The Logan falls into the Mjösen Lake at Lillehammer; the Rauma falls into the Isfjord, a branch of the Romsdal Fjord near Veblungsnœs. Romsdalen begins at Holsœt,* near our camp at Lœsje, and is about fifty-six miles long. The country through which we travelled on the banks of the Rauma was very beautiful. Molmen is a good fishing station. We saw some large trout in the Rauma, near Molmen. The same interest continued with regard to our donkeys. One peasant got out on the roof of his house to get a better view. At one place a peasant came after us, and suggested we should camp on some wild waste land through which our route passed, and across which the wind was coldly blowing. There was little shelter. The place was not inviting, and we had yet time to be fastidious in the selection of a camping ground. Having passed "Enebo," we continued our route. Zachariah rode on the top of the baggage of one donkey, and occasionally played his violin. At length we came to a wild extent of open moorland, with mountains rising on either side. Over the plain, detached clumps of trees, gave the scene a more cheerful aspect. On the moorland's edge, to the right, hanging woods covered the base of the mountains to a considerable height.

The picturesque mountain, called the Raanaa, dark in its wild clouds, and a mountain we understood as the Konokon, also the Kongel, the Kolhö, and Böverhö Mountains were before us. We turned off the route to the right across the moorland, and halted near a small lake by a clump of trees, in sight of a picturesque waterfall. The donkeys were unloaded in a cold wind and

* Sometimes spelt Hoset and Holseth.

heavy rain. Two boys came up almost immediately, and, putting up our fishing-tackle, we followed them, with Zachariah, across the moorland to the left of our route, and, reaching the enclosure of a hanging wood on the steep bank of the Rauma, we were soon fishing in its stream. The water had a thick greenish hue. The wind was very cold, with occasional rain. Some of the throws were exceedingly good; but not a rise, and we returned in about an hour to our camp. Dinner consisted of three pounds of our dried meat, from Holaker, boiled with potatoes, rice, pea-flour, and reindeer moss, to flavour it. Very good it was: soup first, then meat, potatoes, and fladbröd, water being our beverage instead of tea when we had soup. A man and two boys came, and we gave the man brandy, and the two boys brandy-and-water. When the peasant took his brandy neat, he seemed thoroughly to appreciate it, and his visage bore marks of a fondness for aquavit. A tall, respectable-looking old man, in an ample black cloth dress coat, with a belt round it outside, to which his hunting-knife hung, and large gloves on, came up. They stood in the rain looking at us, as we sat in the wet enjoying our dinner, with the exception of the meat, which was too tough even for ourself and three hungry gipsies to masticate. The greatest part of the meat was put by, to be again made into soup.

Dinner being finished, and being extremely wet about the legs, we proposed to visit the waterfall we saw in the distance. It was about four o'clock, and Esmeralda accompanied us, whilst Noah and Zacharia remained in charge of the camp. Passing by the moorland lake, we were soon in the forest, sometimes nearly over our boots

in wet marshy ground, and at other times climbing precipitous rocks, covered with moss and foliage, overhung with pine and birch. Our route was devious and uneven, damp and moist. The vand fos was given up. A beautiful bouquet of wild flowers was secured, and at six o'clock we sighted our camp. Our feet were wet through as we came up, and found our tents had been pitched by Noah in our absence. Changing our wet things, we had tea and fried trout in our tents. It was delightful to find ourselves comfortably seated in the luxuriousness and independent freedom of our tents, in sight of the forests and picturesque fjelds. A gentleman came whilst we were at tea, probably from his carriole, which he had left on the main route. As he walked round the tents, he bowed, and seemed much pleased with a scene illustrating nomadic life in wet weather.

The clouds cleared towards half-past eight, and the peasants made up a large fire for us. Then they came round the tent, and we sang our gipsy song and the "Mocking Bird," with the guitar accompaniment.

The weather being now tolerably fine, we went to the fire and played some few airs. The peasants evidently wanted to dance. Two beaux of the village were as usual there: one a slim, short, pale young man, with black surtout coat; and the other a young man in ordinary peasant costume. They began dancing together to our music, and the pale young man took off his hat very politely to Esmeralda, who was seated in the tent. Finding the peasants wished to dance, and that the turf was too uneven, we went up to the road, and taking our waterproof to sit upon, the gipsies, Noah, Zachariah, and ourself played them a number of polkas. The two beaux

of the village soon found two stout peasant girls for partners, and danced to an admiring audience. Noah danced with one; but he said she smelt so much of ointments he could not go on. The peasants seemed much pleased with the music—in fact, I believe we were improving. Zachariah played a Norwegian tune he had picked up on board the steamer going to Lillehammer, which seemed to suit them exactly. The pale young man in the surtout coat, and an active peasant girl, danced to it in a peculiar Norwegian step. We liked to see them. As they danced, sometimes the pale young man relinquished the waist of his partner, and they both turned the reverse way apart, keeping up the step till they again met once more, and whirled round rapidly together. The stillness of evening, with its freshness after rain, as the dancers waltzed in the midst of the wild moorland, to the sounds of the violin, guitar, and tambourine,—a thousand different dreams crowded upon our fancy. That Norwegian air!—again and again we played it, till our dancers were almost tired. The spectators apparently enjoyed looking on quite as well. There was the peasant who appreciated spirits, and many more. They are a good-humoured people. One peasant girl would insist upon Esmeralda coming up. The pale young man wished to dance with Esmeralda; but she would only dance once with her brother before he went to take her place at the tents. All things have an end. Our music ended. Wishing our friends, including our two beaux of the village, good night, we went to our tents, and the peasants soon after left. Esmeralda was rather unwell, for she had neglected to change her wet boots. Brandy-and-water was administered to Esmeralda and

Noah. The night was damp and cold, and we could scarcely keep our feet warm.

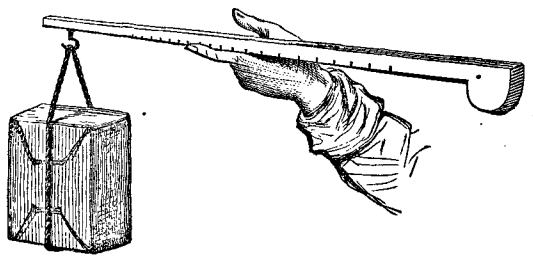
Rising at about seven o'clock we went again to the Rauma; but fished without success. The morning was cold. Returning to breakfast, Esmeralda had prepared four eggs, tea, and fladbröd and butter, for the party. As the gipsies were striking our tents and loading our baggage a man and two boys came, and a little girl with some milk, but too late for our breakfast. She had brought it some little distance, and we bought it for five skillings. Leaving our camp, we passed the waterfall, and crossed a bridge, leaving the open moorland for the enclosed road. The river seemed well adapted for fish; but we do not think much sport can be obtained at this part of the Rauma. Very soon after we commenced our day's journey, Zachariah, who had ridden on one of the loaded donkeys most of the previous day, wished to ride again. Occasionally we did not object; but our donkeys had already quite sufficient weight without the addition of Zachariah. His brother and sister were of the same opinion as ourself, and, although he alleged pain in his stomach, we suggested that walking would be its best antidote. With a wild waywardness of disposition, he soon after jumped on one of the loaded donkeys from behind, which resulted in his being pulled off with a shake, which, if it did not bring him to his senses, brought him to his feet for the rest of the day's journey.

The Shorengro (gip., chief) of a party should be firm. Camp laws, as laid down before starting, should be adhered to. In matters requiring the decision of the directing mind, caution should be used. When settled, arrangements should be firmly acted upon; wavering

and feebleness of purpose will soon ruin the success of any expedition; calm serenity of mind, and good temper through all difficulties, is indispensable. The peasants showed the same anxiety as usual to see our donkeys. The former station at Nystuen is now discontinued.

Before we reached Stueflaaten a reindeer-hunter came to us in the road, a thick-set intelligent man, dressed in good clothes and wearing long boots. The hunter spoke a little English. We went with him up to his house, close to the road. The large family room, used as kitchen and general room, was as badly ventilated as usual. Very seldom we ventured into the close atmosphere of the Norwegian farm-houses. There are, no doubt, exceptions. Many of the houses have very small windows, which do not open, and they are therefore closed winter and summer. The musketos and flies and heat are kept out, but then it is generally at the cost of fresh air, that invaluable health-producer, too lightly estimated. The room had a trap-door in the floor, with a ring to it, which somehow we always connect with a scene of mystery; some adventure requiring to be worked out with a melodramatic *dénouement*. The reindeer-hunter's wife furnished us with some butter, two eggs, and some fladbröd, for which we paid one mark three skillings. The butter was of dark yellow colour, but we found it good. They had a very primitive weighing-machine, a short piece of round wood with a knob at one end, and a small hook at the other. The article to be weighed is hung on the hook, and the machine is balanced on the finger at certain marks, which indicate the weight. Several carved spoons, and an ingeniously carved butter-cup, were produced. For the butter-cup, which the reindeer-

hunter had carved himself, he wanted three marks. At our request he reached a "Psalmodion" down—a very primitive Norwegian instrument—one string stretched over a flat board, played with a kind of fiddle-bow. The sound is neither harmonious or lively, though the hunter, who played it, was probably a good performer. There was much that was ancient and belonging to a past age, in the house. We afterwards bought one of



PRIMITIVE WEIGHING MACHINE.

his carved wooden spoons for ten skillings, which seemed to please the reindeer-hunter very much. The carved spoon was given to Esmeralda, and ultimately broken.

The station of Stueflaaten stands upon a rise of ground forming a kind of promontory, round which the road circles, so that you can walk up one side to the station and descend on the other into the road. There is a sort of balcony, with seats round it, and steps up to it, in front of the entrance door. A very civil hostess —we took her for such—met us from the kitchen. They had also an inner room, in which a large fire was burning. Our stores were replenished with three marks' worth of fladbröd, potatoes, and twelve eggs. The people of the station came down to see our donkeys. At a short distance from Stueflaaten the route descends the side of steep rocky cliffs by a zig-zag road cut through

the rocks. A large expanse of fjeld and forest, broken and intersected by rushing torrents, leaving nothing but streaks of white foam visible in the distance, converged to the deep, deep, narrow romantic valley we were now entering. The day had become fine and beautiful. We gazed in silence as we commenced our descent down the road, carried in a slanting direction to an angle, so as to render the way less difficult and steep. At a very short distance after we had turned the angle of the road a halt was called. In a recess covered with wild flowers, and bushes on the top of the sloping bank, above the road, we found sufficient room for our middags-mad.

The broken bank was overhung by steep rocks. The fire was soon lighted. Esmeralda peeled some potatoes. An excellent soup was made from our stock of yesterday, to which was added the dried meat from Holiaker, to be boiled a second time with potatoes, Liebig's essence, and a quantity of wild sorrel. What a beautiful scène! What numberless streams dashing in their deep-worn watercourses into the blue waters of the Rauma, which loses itself in the deep ravine of the narrow valley; so we stayed until it was found to be six o'clock. Hastily loading again we followed the gradual descent of the road. Before us rose the singularly shaped mountain, said to be the Dontind.* Its shape is peculiar, with its escarped precipices and snowy summit. A very picturesque waterfall came dashing down the rocks to our right, and close by stood a very small wooden mill, with its simple and primitive method of grinding. The miller was there as we looked

* We believe this is the same mountain called in the Guide Book "Storhœtten."

in, and had just room to stand inside. He was grinding oats. If many articles of food are not so fine in quality in Norway, there is one satisfaction, that what you have is generally genuine.

At last we came to where the Rauma, at a short distance from the road, enters a deep gorge, and forms the beautiful fall of the Sœndre Slettefossen. The river passes through a deep chasm of rock, and is spanned by a narrow log bridge. Not far from the fall, on the opposite side of the road, we found some rough broken ground at the back of a rocky cliff. An old carriage-way had once gone through the rocks, but was now stopped up, so that we found ourselves on a comfortable platform above the main road.

The view was beautiful. The donkeys were driven up, and quickly unloaded. An old peasant man and woman, and one or two children were there, as if they had been forewarned of our arrival, and were ready to receive us. Out came our silver-mounted brandy-flask. It was of handsome spiral shape and formed of glass. How it escaped being broken we could never make out, but we have it now. The old man and woman drank their brandy, and seemed much pleased. They plucked some grass to feed the donkeys. Very soon other peasants came, and a reindeer-hunter, who spoke some English. The hunter was a very civil intelligent man; he could read English, and spoke it tolerably well, telling us there were many reindeer, and he would go with English gentlemen shooting them.

Our evening meal was soon ready, four eggs, fladbröd, butter, and tea. The peasants were told that after our tents were pitched they should have some music. Two

of my tent-rods were broken, and we had to splice them. In consequence of the loss of our kettle-prop we were obliged to make holes for our tent-rods with the sharp point of one of Tennant's geological hammers. Whilst the tents were being pitched we continued our *notes de voyage.*

The peasants were not numerous, but they were appreciative as we played. It was interesting to watch their kindly countenances as they gazed on the nomads, with their tents and donkeys, on the sheltered platform of a rocky cliff above the Rauma. When our music ended, and we wished them good night, they did not remain about our tents, but quietly left us to take our rest.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Commend me to gipsy life and hard living. Robust exercise, out-door life, and pleasant companions are sure to beget good dispositions, both of mind and body, and would create a stomach under the very ribs of death, capable of digesting a bar of pig iron."

GEORGE S. PHILLIPS (January Searle).

THE DONTIND—ORMEIN—MOUNTAIN ROAD—OUR BIVOUAC—DELIGHTED VISITOR—THE WATER ELF—EXCITED GIPSIES—TAGE EN STOL—NORWEGIAN GIRLS—SUNDAY ON THE RAUMA—CARRIOLE TRAVELLING—COMING TO GRIEF—"SPILLE" A LITTLE—ESMERALDA'S BIRTHDAY—THE NORWEGIAN CLIMATE—THE SJIRIAGLNS—UNCOMFORTABLE BED—THE LARGE ANT.

IT was a charming night. The Rauma foamed beneath and lulled us to sleep. The snow-covered and singularly shaped "Dontind" towered in the distance above the valley.

At seven o'clock the next morning we were up and had breakfast, tea, fladbröd, and butter. Whilst the gipsies were loading, we went to the log bridge, and viewed the picturesque fall of the Rauma, the "Sœndre Slettefossen," foaming through high and overhanging rocks. Returning soon afterwards to our camp, we found Noah and Esmeralda in high dudgeon. A gale at sea, a simoom, or even an earthquake, could only be compared to it. The gist of Noah's wrong was some real or fancied neglect on the part of Esmeralda to pack one

pocket properly. In travelling our tent-cover, rugs, wardrobe, and a number of minor articles, were packed into one pocket, which was placed on the puru rawnee, and formed a pad for the other things she carried to rest upon. To avoid injury to the animal's back it was, therefore, very essential that all hard substances should be placed in the corners of the pocket, so that they should not bear upon the animal's back. It was necessary to use great care, especially during the long and difficult journey we had before us. Pouring oil on the troubled waters of the boro panee (gip., sea), we started with the thermometer at 78° Fahrenheit. All soon subsided into tranquillity and friendly feeling.

The sun now became very hot. Everywhere we were greeted with the same excitement, and the donkeys were much admired; grass was at times given them, and a friendly welcome to ourselves. Descending the beautiful road on the right side of the narrow valley, with pleasant farms below us on the slopes to the Rauma, we reached the post station of Ormein. Beautifully situated as it is, this station would be excellent quarters, and a comfortable resting place for the lover of nature, and the fisherman. There was a general rush as we came up. The donkeys were surrounded, and water and grass were brought for them. We went into the station and purchased a large loaf of bread, some excellent crisp fladbröd, a pound of good butter, and two kinds of Norwegian soap, for one mark and twenty skillings. There was a bed in the kitchen, covered with an animal's skin. The fire was made on a raised hearth, the chimney rising straight from it, but without contact with the sides of the room; so that there is great economy of heat obtained. As you look from the sta-

tion to the "Alter Hö" on the other side the valley, the picturesque vandfos, called Vermedalsfossen, dashes down the mountain side through wild and moss-covered craigs to the Rauma. From this place the Dontind or Storhœtten may be ascended. Leaving the kind and civil people of Ormein about half-past twelve o'clock, we continued our journey on the right bank of the Rauma. The road was still inclosed, and the immediate banks of the Rauma were cultivated for hay, potatoes, and grain, which seemed to thrive in sheltered situations. At length the mountains became more steep, lofty, and rugged on either side the valley, which formed a narrow flat through which the now level road ran. Coming to a gate we entered a space of wild broken ground open to the Rauma, which was close to the road. A very large mass of rock pitched on end, looking not unlike the representations of the celebrated English rocking-stone in Cornwall, stood not far from the gate, to the right of the road. The open green sward was margined by thick and tangled brushwood, rising immediately to the mountain precipices which overhung the valley. At a short distance beyond, the lofty mural steeps of a snow-covered mountain seemed to leave no possible outlet. Towering precipices of barren rock rose almost at once from the banks green with foliage on the opposite side to Rauma. Cascades fell in fleecy clouds of spray on either side into the valley below; we were never tired of watching them. The banks of the Rauma were low, the stream broad and broken in its course, and had a thousand rippling eddies and swirls formed by its rough and uneven bed. Birch-woods clothed the lower sides of the valley. One small log cottage in the distance, close to the road and near the river, was the only sign of human

life we could see. The marks of bivouac fires under the shelter of the large leaning rock showed that it was a favourite halt for wayfarers.

The tents were pitched on a dry hillock near the low bushes beyond the leaning rock. We had just said to the gipsies that we should shortly see a peasant perched on a rock or on the top of a mountain, when two peasants immediately appeared, and some brandy was handed to them. One drank his glass with evident satisfaction, but the other pointed to his chest, so his companion swallowed his share. They got some grass for the donkeys, and afterwards left. A boy, who was travelling on foot with a satchel and his coat hanging from it, came from the road; he wore long boots much patched, home-spun brown trowsers, and waistcoat to match, with large black buttons having a flower on them in relief. Poor fellow, he was delighted with the animals, and for a considerable time sat watching them, with a smile of intense satisfaction on his countenance. The donkeys, we think, began to feel their social position in the animal world much elevated. The boy at last went some distance up the steep side of the mountain to get grass for them. He first ascertained from us that they eat grass, which he might have seen had he noticed what they were doing. Some weak brandy-and-water was offered to him, but he declined to drink it. The musical box was set playing near him as he lay on the grass, and he seemed delighted. Another boy came, and they seemed very reluctant to tear themselves away from our donkeys, but at last they left.

After a dinner of tea, ham, eggs, fladbröd, and butter, Noah washed his shirt, and went fishing with Zachariah. Esmeralda went to the river to wash some of our things,

and we lounged by the tents. Several peasants came to see the donkeys.

The scenery of the valley was charming, and the evening wore on till six o'clock. First Zachariah returned dripping with wet, looking like a water elf fresh from the Rauma. He produced a grayling more than a pound weight, and some small trout, and related that he had nearly caught the grayling, and was getting it to the bank when the fly came out of its mouth. In an instant he plunged in, and threw it out. As he was changing his wet things, which we at once insisted upon, some people passed along the road who seemed much amused, and he had to play at hide-and-seek round the large rock to conceal himself. We rubbed him over with brandy, and he went fishing again.

Esmeralda, who had completed her washing, made tea, and whilst we were finishing our meal, some carriers came up and halted near the rock. They were informed they might have the use of our fire. Zachariah's tea was put by for him. The carriers were rough, hardy men, well-dressed, and respectable in appearance. They had a light cart heavily laden. One of them sat down, and producing a quantity of fladbröd from a tine (pronounced teena) and a small wooden box of butter, commenced leisurely consuming his provisions. Most of the peasants we met chew tobacco. We often saw them produce a quid from their pockets, and, putting it in their mouths, spit in all directions. Snuff-taking did not seem to be a habit. The carriers said they had come from Veblungsnœs, and had halted to rest their horses, and would not remain the night. They were delighted with our tents, the interior fittings, and especially with the donkeys.

It was after ten o'clock when Zachariah returned with his eyes sparkling with fire, and seventeen small trout. The usual animated discussion arose between the gipsies as to who had caught the most fish. "Now then, Lucas," Noah would vociferate, "I say you have only caught twenty-three." "What, only twenty-three?" Zachariah would answer, his eyes wildly flashing with excitement, and shouting in a still higher key, "No such thing, Noah." "Now you count, Mr. Smith; here are seventeen, and nine before, make twenty-six."

What a picture study! wild valley, night-fall, two excited gipsies, ourself arbitrator, trout lying near on the turf, hanging rock, camp fire, gipsy girl standing by the tents, roar of river, dark gloom of precipices above our camp. Can we forget the scene? About ten o'clock several peasant girls arrived to lend more romance to the evening incidents. One or two old men in red caps also arrived. The night was beautiful; we sat down on the turf outside our tents, Zachariah boshamengro (gip., violin-player), myself with castanets, and Esmeralda with her tambourine. Bowing to the peasants, we said in our best Norwegian, "Ver so artig tage en stole" (be so good as to take a seat), pointing to the turf, upon which they sat down. After some music an intelligent-looking young Norwegian played some Norwegian tunes on an accordion he had brought. It was not in very good tone, but we were glad to hear the Norwegian airs he played. Then we suggested a dance.

"Ah!" said Esmeralda, "look at that Rackly a salin at Noah."

Noah at once got up, and whilst a young peasant was apparently trying to prevail upon her to dance, Noah

seized her round the waist; the ice was broken, and they whirled round in a polka on the turf. Then the young peasant took her for a partner; she was a nice-looking girl, but wanted rather more agility of step. The Norwegian girls, as a rule, want the elasticity of the southern belles. Norwegian girls have, however, a quiet and kindly expression of all that is good and sweet in disposition, and true-hearted feeling. What a contrast between them and the dark-eyed olive-complexioned girl of the south. Equally in contrast the warm-blooded animation of the southern girl, when roused by the excitement of some strong and sudden emotion.

Only one Norwegian peasant girl joined in the evening green-sward waltz. The accordion-player had his dance with the Rankny* Rackly (gip., pretty girl), as the gipsies called her. We played two more tunes for them, and when we had finished we wished them good night, and they left. The carriers then departed on their journey, and as we were going to bed some more came up and halted for the night by the leaning stone. The newly-arrived immediately went to the donkeys, and got some grass for them. One man brought me something to drink, but we declined it with thanks. To one we gave some tobacco for his pipe, and, retiring to our tents, we were soon all asleep.

Another Sunday. We lay unusually late—nine o'clock. The morning was not inviting, but very dull and cloudy. The rain fell fast, and we could hear the roar of many waterfalls down the precipitous sides of the lofty mountains above us. The sound of the river and the roar of waterfalls in a wild valley were conducive to sleep. The

* Sometimes pronounced "Rinkenno."

gipsies soon had a fire under the shelter of the leaning rock. The carriers were gone. Our frokost consisted of tea, fried trout, bread, and potted tongue. After breakfast Noah and Zachariah rode the donkeys, in search of bread and butter. We stayed in our tent writing. Some peasants came, from time to time, to look at our camp and donkeys.

As we were writing before dinner, we observed several carrioles coming along the road *en route* towards Ormein. The carriole is a light easy carriage, admirably suited for a hilly land, and well adapted to the small sure-footed ponies of the country. The only objection we are disposed to make is the necessity of travelling along the road alone; if with friends, you post from one station to another, at some distance apart, without being able to hold much converse or communication. In this instance the carrioles followed, one after the other, at some short distance. As they passed our tents and the hanging stone, two of the travellers, in knickerbockers and Scotch caps, appeared to be Englishmen. The driver of one of the carrioles was dressed in black, and appeared to be a Norwegian. The animal he drove was rather larger than a pony, and apparently timid and shy. Suddenly the horse swerved, and the driver checked him rather sharply. In a moment both shafts broke through with a crash. The traveller got out; the horse remained still. We went down to the broken carriole, and said it was unfortunate. The traveller said something quietly in Norsk. Returning to the tents, Esmeralda gave me some rope. In the meantime two or three of the other *voyageurs* came back from their carrioles, including one of the Englishmen in knickerbockers. Three of the party seemed Nor-

wegians. Very few words were said—they were men of action. In less time than it has taken us to write this, the broken carriole was fastened with the rope they brought with them to a stolkjœrre. The other travellers went forward, and getting into their carrioles, they were all soon out of sight. Noah and Zachariah met them as they returned, in pouring rain, from a farm, where they had purchased butter and excellent fladbröd. The people were very kind, and gave them some milk, and the donkeys grass. They were both very wet; but had no change. At two o'clock, a second tin of Australian meat was opened. We had tea, Australian preserved meat, potatoes, and fladbröd. The Australian meat was excellent, and a very good dinner we all made. From our tents we could see very plainly all who travelled along the road. During the afternoon a close carriage drawn by three horses abreast pulled up, and a lady and children inside seemed much interested. A gentleman outside said to them, the tent is waterproof. They all stayed for a short time, looking from the road at the fragile abri which sheltered us from the elements. Several peasants arrived, and immediately went to see the donkeys. We gave two of the peasants some tobacco, and one brought us a steel pen which we had dropped on the turf near our camp. They wanted us to "spille" a *little*; but it was Sunday, and we made it a day of rest. It rained heavily during the afternoon. Thick mist clung to the summits of the steep and lofty mountains. Noah, Esmeralda, and Zachariah all fell asleep till seven or eight o'clock.

A Sunday on the banks of the Rauma.—With how much pleasure we welcomed a day ordained for the world's especial rest. To our party it was welcome after

the wanderings of each preceding week. This Sunday was also Esmeralda's birthday, and we had wished her happiness.* One could not help feeling regret as we reflected upon the condition of these light-hearted wanderers. Esmeralda knew one prayer. We hoped on our return to England to have her confirmed. With all their waywardness, wilfulness, impulsiveness, irrepressible energy, and at times apathetic listlessness, careless alike of to-day or to-morrow, there were still some redeeming points of character, gleams of sunshine, which gave uncertain glamour to their mystic fate.

We talked to some of the peasant visitors as well as we could. They sat at our tent entrance. One young peasant came in with his pipe, and began to smoke and spit in all directions. When he understood that no smoking was allowed inside, he seemed annoyed at his own forgetfulness, and took his seat again at the tent entrance.

There is a high principle of character about the Norwegian people, which won our respect and esteem. It was not on one occasion, but many occasions, that we had instances of their strict probity. Many are poor; but they are honest. That conscious feeling of good intention, produces the manly bearing, and national independence of spirit, with which the Norwegian people are so largely imbued.

Many of the peasants wished particularly to know what the donkeys cost, and were often loud in their exclamation, "peen giœre," "peen giœre," as they walked round them.

Yesterday the temperature had been, at three o'clock,

* 17th July.

up to 90° Fahrenheit; to-day, in the evening, it was only 68°; towards seven o'clock it became cold. Between seven and eight o'clock we had tea of fried grayling, fladbröd, and butter.

After tea, taking Noah and Zachariah with us, we went to see a beautiful waterfall not very far along the valley, on the right of the road going to Veblungsnœs. The spray from it was at times blown in thin mist across the road. The steep, dark gray rocks of the "Sjiriaglns," as we understood the name (it was so written down for us, but we do not find it marked in any of our maps), overhung the road. In the picturesque gorge of this part of the valley three diminutive log houses stood at some short distance apart from each other—the lowly shelter of the peasants of this rugged glen. What must be the life of these poor people! How hard their fare! but still they seemed contented. It may be they have a larger share of happiness than we could imagine possible. When we returned to the tents Zachariah tried to dry his trousers at a fire at the hanging rock.* Noah and Zacharia had been very

* This large isolated mass of rock or stone, pitched on end, near the roadway and river, a few yards from our camp, was sometimes called by us the "Hanging Rock," sometimes the "Hanging Stone," and very often the "Leaning Stone." In future mention in these pages we shall call it the "Leaning Stone." This large stone was so overhanging on the side towards Ormein, that it formed an excellent shelter for the traveller to rest and light his bivouac fire. Occasionally the "Leaning Stone" brought to mind the "Druids' Stone" we once sketched, at Stanton, near Monmouth; sometimes it reminds us of the famous "Boulder, or Bowder Stone," in the romantic gorge of Borrowdale, near "Castle Crag" and Derwent Water, in Cumberland; but the "Bowder Stone" has this difference, that it overhangs on both sides, and has a narrow aperture underneath, through which two persons or lovers, joining hands, it is said, will have their secret wish. Perhaps the Leaning Stone of the beautiful valley of the Sjiriaglns has some such mystic power—who knows? We leave it to some other wanderer over fjeld and fjord to discover.

wet in the morning. Noah had no change of trousers. Zachariah's were soon smoked and singed, as the legs were stretched out on two crossed sticks fastened together, giving them the appearance of a mawkin to frighten the birds. Ultimately, at bed-time, it was stuck up within the tents near the water-cans and other things. As we were going to sleep, the unfortunate mawkin fell down with a tremendous clatter amongst the cans. Noah said it was a ghost. Zachariah pushed it at Noah. Noah sent it spinning at Zachariah. "Now then, Abel!" "Here, Lucas!" Bang went the mawkin into the pans again. We got up to lay the ghost, and ejected the mawkin forcibly from the tent; but in doing so our leg accidentally caught a can full of water, which emptied itself into Zachariah's blankets. Zachariah's hilarity was at once damped. As we turned to go to sleep, we heard him in loud lamentation about his uncomfortable state, which he had partly originated.

It was very wet the next morning. We awoke at seven, and somehow fell asleep again. The gipsies would sleep for ever. To our astonishment it was ten o'clock. Our gipsies got frokost ready at eleven o'clock. The damp mist gradually cleared from the mountains, and we had tea, fladbröd, and butter for breakfast. Noah and Zachariah were dispatched after breakfast to the bondegaard they had been to on the previous day, and returned with a mark's worth of fladbröd and butter. They were very kind to them at the farm. We made a sketch of one of the peasants' lonely log-houses of the valley, whilst Noah and Zachariah were fishing for our commissariat. The narrow road winds close to the cottage beneath the broken cliff. A snow plough lies on the other side the

road. A narrow inclosure separates the road from the Rauma.

What a wild solitary existence in the depth of winter's snow must the peasant owner of this cottage lead!

For dinner we had soup made of ham, peaflour, wild sorrel, rice, Liebig's essence, and the dried meat of Holiaker for the third time. We tried to purchase some potatoes from the peasant living in the nearest log cottage to our camp, but he had none ready to get up. The musketos had not troubled us much since we had camped in the valley; but we had met with two large black ants, or, as the gipsies call them, "creas," near our tent. They measured exactly three-quarters of an inch long.

After dinner we all went out fishing, whilst Esmeralda was left in charge of the tents. Several peasants came to look at the donkeys during the afternoon. Some travellers, hastily proceeding, stopped their stolkjerrers and, looking wildly round, hastened to where the donkeys were quietly grazing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"He checked his steed, and sighed to mark
Her coral lips, her eyes so dark,
And stately bearing—as she had been
Bred up in courts, and born a queen.
Again he came, and again he came,—
Each day with a warmer, a wilder flame;
And still again,—till sleep by night,
For Judith's sake, fled his pillow quite."

Judith, the Gipsy Belle. By DELTA.

MUSICAL PEASANT — CASCADES — THE LEANING-STONE — THE SERIOUS PEASANT—ZACHARIAH ILL—NO VENTILATION—THE MAGICIAN'S PEAKS —THE MANGEHÖE—"RAMULOUS"—ROMANTIC VALLEY—AGREEABLE VISITORS—THE SERENADE—FUTURE ROUTE—HORGHEIM—RIP VAN WINKLE.

THE young peasant who played the concertina came and looked at the fence next the leaning-stone. He probably owned the adjoining enclosed land. Esmeralda said she thought he seemed doubtful whether part of his fence had not gone on to our fire. Esmeralda at once gave him some brandy, and he seemed pleased, and went and brought her a large heap of fire-wood. Strict injunctions had been given, that the dead wood, and there was plenty of it, should only be taken from the adjoining bushes.

A party of English travellers passed towards Veblungsnœs, and another towards Christiania. One young lady, who saw Noah fishing, asked if he had caught any. Our

gipsies returned to tea at eight o'clock. Plenty of fried trout, tea, fladbröd, and butter formed our meal. Zachariah was very cold, and unwell at tea, with severe pain in his shoulders. We sent him to bed, and rubbed him with

CAMP AT LEANING-STONE, SJIRIAGLNS.

brandy, and gave him some to drink. One young peasant came, and seemed to have ridden some distance to see the donkeys. The valley of our camp was beautiful. Like Rasselas, we seemed completely shut in from the

outer world; that portion of the valley towards Veblungsnœs, by the Sjiriaglns Fjeld, which forms a barrier of three lofty bastions of rock, jutting forth in rugged outline, and rounded summit, marked with streaks of snow.

Sterile crags of dark and green rock have here and there cascades, falling through the air, from the highest summits of these mural precipices. No egress seems possible from below. White fleecy clouds of mist gather on the upper cliffs, relieved by the green verdure which clothes the sides of the valley. The foliage creeps and feathers up the high ramparts of rock, till lost in the regions of desolation and sterility. What magnificent waterfalls leap forth from the hidden recesses of mist and cloud. They fall in thick white foam, are scattered in floating spray, glittering in a myriad of spangles, when illumined by the passing gleams of sun. Down, down, the white foam falls to depths far beneath. Birch-woods mingled with the fir stand forth from their mossy beds, and line the valley with the richest colouring. The gurgling waters of the Rauma wind their course along, fringed at the sides with birch and alder,* wild flowers, grass, and fern.

* Alnus glutinosa.—This tree is often met with on the banks of the rivers of England and Wales, as in Norway. Occasionally we have met, in a secluded valley in Wales, a party of "cloggers," who have bought a quantity of this wood, and are converting it on the spot into clogs. They are cloggers out for the summer. The alder wood is being worked up under a light awning, or half-tent sort of abri, from the rain and sun. The cloggers generally sleep at some house until the stock of wood is converted into men's, women's, and children's clogs, which are consigned from time to time, by the nearest railway, to Lancashire. The alder wood is valuable for piles for bridges, as it lasts long under water. The Rialto at Venice is built on alder piles. The bark and leaves are useful for dyeing and tanning leather, and in staining sabots in France, which are also made of this wood. Alder wood is light in weight, and easily worked. The dark bark and foliage of the spreading branches of the tree, which overhangs the river's edge, gives picturesque effect to many a Norwegian river scene.

Unceasing moisture gives the freshest green, and a luxuriant ground of varied colour carves forth a natural setting, to the romantic woods of birch, the juniper, and the Norwegian pine, unrivalled in conception, and inimitable by the art of man.

About eleven o'clock at night we were writing these notes by the leaning-stone, near the remains of our camp fire, when the old man from the nearest log cottage came up, and asked what o'clock it was. As he came noiselessly round the leaning-stone, we motioned him to take a seat, on a loose piece of rock near to us. When he sat down we noticed that he was one of those deep-lined featured men, who seem worn by exposure and hard living. Telling him the hour, he looked curiously at our gold watch, which we at once showed to him. This was supplemented by a glass of brandy, and some tobacco, with which he filled his pipe. As he sat by the embers of our fire, in answer to some questions about the winters in Norway, the peasant looked fixedly, and earnestly at us, and said, "Meget kalt, meget ice, meget snee," and he raised his hand high above the ground. The tone in which he slowly said these words, in deep-marked emphasis, we shall not easily forget. Many of his countrymen, he said, went to America. The peasant then asked about England, and its climate. He told us there were many reindeer, and he went after them into the mountains. No one was allowed to shoot them from the 1st April to the 1st August. He remained sitting with us, and talking by the large stone. At last he suddenly asked what o'clock it was, and when we told him the hour, he wished us good night, and departed. It was nearly twelve o'clock when we went to bed.

During the night Zachariah was groaning and complaining; his head was very bad, and his stomach. Noah was up at twenty minutes past four o'clock, and he had breakfast ready at twenty minutes to five o'clock. We gave Zachariah a hot glass of brandy-and-water with sugar. Our breakfast consisted of the remainder of our trout and grayling. Zachariah could take very little to eat or drink. The morning was fine, the sun just tipped the edge of the mountains above the valley. We decided to go if Zachariah could be removed, when the sun had reached us in the valley. We got Zachariah out, and placed him in a snug corner under the leaning-stone, whilst the tents were struck, for it was about eight o'clock. When near the river, a tall young English traveller passed, who was anxious to catch the steamer at Veblungsnœs, and, saying the scenery was the finest he had seen, asked if we had caught many fish. He was soon after followed by a traveller in another carriole, whom we took to be his friend. The donkeys being loaded, we placed Zachariah on the packs of one, and were leaving, when a man came up just in time to see the donkeys, with which he was much delighted. We left him sitting on a rock watching us as we went out of sight.

The sun became clouded before we had proceeded far down the valley. The two first cottages we passed were shut up, but at the third we saw a peasant woman, who seemed much pleased when we gave her an empty bottle. The three small homesteads of this part of the valley were of the most humble description—far inferior to an out-building, or hovel of some of our second-rate farms in England. Ventilation is scarcely ever thought of, and

cleanliness much neglected. We were told that a clever scientific Norwegian gentleman had lately given especial attention to this subject, and had written upon the sanitary condition of the Norwegian people. It rained heavily as we passed through a succession of narrow and romantic glens, of the valley of the Rauma. The peasants collected as usual with unabated interest to see our donkeys. Purchasing a mark of fladbröd and butter at one place, and a mark's worth of butter at another, we passed "Kors," and at a large house which we believed to be the Fladmark Post Station, they came up to the road, and grass was placed for the donkeys to refresh themselves. They all seemed to give us a friendly welcome. The Rauma formed most picturesque falls and torrents along its rough and broken course. Sometimes we passed through pine woods on its rocky shelving banks, and at other times through the cultivated land of some Bondegaard. As we travelled onwards all was enclosed from the road, and though inclined to halt for dinner, we could not find one convenient place. Our gipsies, notwithstanding the dismal weather, were as lively as usual, and wandered at times from the road in search of wild strawberries, cranberries, and bilberries. They had a plentiful harvest of bilberries, and even Zachariah's voice lost much of the melancholy of its tone. At length we entered a wild valley shut in on the left by Troldtinderne, commonly translated into English as the "witches' peaks," but we were informed by an excellent authority that the translation should be the "magician's peaks." Nothing could be more wild and picturesque in outline. In front, as we advanced, rose the magnificent single peak of steep gray rock called the Romsdalshorn,

rising to its lofty height from the hanging crags which formed a massive wall of rock to the valley in the distance below. On our right the dark precipices of the Mangehöe rendered the valley narrow and secluded. It was impossible not to feel the wild grandeur of the scene. The broken barren ground forming a hillock below the precipice of the Mangehöe seemed just suited for our camp. At a house beyond, the peasants were collecting in the road to see us pass, and, taking Noah, we asked if we could camp. A man said, "Ya, ya." The donkeys were at once turned from the road across some rough ground. The hillock in sight of the road was gained, and our tents pitched in the heavy rain. Peasants—men, women, and children—collected to see us. Some well-dressed boys also came, and may have belonged to a pleasant residence, across the Rauma, which we had seen before coming to our camp. It was with difficulty we could moderate the loud energy of our gipsy housekeeper; indeed she required a very heavy curb to repress, at times, the too boisterous spirits of her wild free heart. Our tents being pitched, our middag's mad was prepared. The Australian meat was excellent as usual, and fladbröd and butter completed the meal The butter we had bought at the farm *en route* was not good. Our gipsies pronounced it bad, and it was ordered to be used for frying purposes. This was the only instance when we had met with indifferent butter; at other times we found the Norwegian butter exceedingly good.

The woman of the nearest house showed Zachariah where he could get water for our tea, and we bought from her two pounds of very good butter for two marks, six eggs for twelve skillings, some milk eight skillings, cream six

skillings, and from another woman a small goats' cheese eighteen skillings.

In the evening we had tea, and fladbröd, and the goats' cheese. The cheese was good of the kind, but the gipsies pronounced it "ramulous." It is not unusual to find in those classes of people, who may be said to be poor, proneness to criticise what is placed before them, and often to have a greater want of economy than many who have been accustomed to plenty. In this instance we spoke in its favour, and said it was good enough for our camp, and in a day or two the gipsies took a great fancy to it, and in a very short time it was all eaten.

After tea we gave the peasants, who collected at our tents, some music. How we enjoyed the picturesque scene; wild nature seems to give singular inspiration. The music of a mountain land has a melody peculiar to itself. It seems to come forth from the deepest recesses of the heart,—those fine vibrations in nature, which seem but the echoes of other worlds. First we sang them our gipsy song with violin and guitar accompaniment; then the "Mocking Bird." Afterwards we played a number of airs. Sometimes we played the tambourine with the gipsies, sometimes the castanets. It rained, but what cared the Norwegian peasants for rain? There they sat till about ten o'clock, when we told them that after two more tunes we should go to bed. The music ceased; a kindly good night, and they left our camp. Then we watched the splendid outlines of the magician's peaks above us, in the silent night, the stillness was only broken by the loud rumbling sound of falling snow from some shelving ledge, to the rocks beneath. As we surveyed the lofty "Skulnablet" above the Rauma, we

decided to try some part of the Romsdalshorn or adjacent mountains if the next morning was fine. We retired to our tent, with all the pleasure of one who enjoys refreshing repose in the midst of nature.

It rained in the morning, and we could not attempt a mountain ascent. About nine o'clock we had breakfast, and sent Noah and Zachariah off to the Rauma fishing for our commissariat. We had tea, boiled milk, and fladbröd and butter for breakfast. The gipsies caught some fish for dinner,—Noah 10 and Zachariah 9; one being a grayling one foot two inches long. The morning was showery, and we wrote letters in our tent to post at Veblungsnœs; Esmeralda was cooking dinner. We noticed a young lady looking at our donkeys with the peasant boy from her stolkjærre; very soon afterwards she came up to our tents, with her three sisters and a tall young gentleman, her brother,—he did not appear in very strong health. They spoke to Esmeralda, and then looked into our tent, where we were writing our letters, we bowed, and they seemed rather surprised at the interior comfort of our tent. Then taking one of our gipsy songs, we presented it to one of the young ladies; she seemed much pleased at the unexpected present, and they tried to sing it to a tune. Taking our guitar we sang them the song; their brother took off his hat when we concluded. As we were sitting in our tent, they sang a Norwegian song very nicely together. The incident gave us much pleasure, as it was unexpected; one sister spoke English, she had a brother a clergyman on board some vessel in England, so Esmeralda informed us. They had not long left when the boy came back with the song, and a note on the back in pencil with Miss M.'s compliments, asking us to

kindly write our name and date on back of song: we did so, and they went off in the direction of Ormein. After our dinner of fried fish, tea, fladbröd and butter, the gipsies were sent off fishing. The woman of the nearest house, which we understood was called "Monge," brought a jacket to sell to Esmeralda; the purchase of two marks worth of fladbröd was preferred instead. During the afternoon we wrote letters, and after tea our correspondence still continued until 9 o'clock. The peasants again came, and our music commenced; this evening Zachariah with the violin, ourself guitar, Esmeralda castanets, and Noah tambourine. Our music is certainly improved. The people seemed to live very hard in this valley. One of the peasant boys, a lively little fellow, picked up a number of English words; we were asked for another song, and they left at 10 o'clock. After 10 o'clock the rain ceased, and the mist cleared away, and the night was beautiful; we had a serious consultation about our future route after we had reached Veblungsnœs. On looking at our maps, it was quite clear we had a very short time to accomplish the distance to Christiansand; still we did not like to give it up, and decided that if we could get over some mountain track from Gryten to Skeaker we might yet reach Christiansand before the end of the summer.

The morning was fine, we were up about 7 o'clock, and bought from the woman of the nearest house some very nice thin sweet fladbröd cakes, stamped in relief, for one mark, and also some cream for 12 skillings. A man came, and we paid him what he required, 36 skillings, for our camp accommodation on his ground. The tents being struck, and the donkeys loaded, we were *en route* about

TROLDTINDERNE,

MAGICIANS' OR WITCHES' PEAKS.

10 o'clock; before we reached the station of Horgheim we were overtaken by the Miss M—s and their brother; they had been to see the waterfall near Ormein; we came up with them again at Horgheim, and asked their advice about our route from Veblungsnœs over the mountains. In answer to our inquiries, they said gipsies were sometimes seen about Veblungsnœs; when they were told our gipsies' names and ages, they were much pleased with the name of Esmeralda. The young lady, who spoke English, said that Mr. Sundt had interested himself very much with the gipsies, and had written upon the subject. We told them we had a *résumé* of Prœsten Sundt's works, and were also very much interested on behalf of the gipsy people.

They told us they were going to take steamer at Veblungsnœs, and passed us soon after we left Horgheim. As we followed the road round the base of the Romsdalshorn, we came to some waste ground, open to the road, and partly covered with bushes. The donkeys were driven to a shady spot near a small stream of water. The Magician's peaks rose immediately above us; at irregular intervals, we heard about its summits a noise like distant thunder, the sound was produced by falling masses of snow loosened by the summer sun; we could almost imagine ourselves in the Catskill Mountains, where Rip Van Winkle met Hudson and his spectre band. A witchery seemed to hang about those grey fantastic peaks. The middags-mad consisted of fried cheese, tea, fladbröd and butter, and potted tongue. We can assure our readers that few can realize the luxury of lounging on soft mossy turf, after a pleasant meal, though simple it may be, near a rippling stream, shaded from the

mid-day sun, at the foot of lofty and picturesque mountains. Half listless and dreamy, we gazed on the singular outlines of the Magician's peaks; a thousand spells of enchantment seemed to chain the spirit to an absence from all care, trouble, anxiety, and woe, which is wearing to the grave three parts of the mortals of this world! All our gipsies were at once in a delicious state of unconsciousness, in tumbled heaps, as part of the baggage, lying on the turf around.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"For the dance, no music can be better than that of a gipsy band; there is a life and animation in it which carries you away. If you have danced to it yourself, especially in a czardas, then to hear the stirring tones without involuntarily springing up, is, I assert, an absolute impossibility."*

BONER'S *Transylvania*.

THE INVALID — RESTIVE DONKEYS — FIVA — AAK — VEBLUNGSNŒS — THE NORWEGIAN FARMER—THE GRASSY KNOLL—A NORWEGIAN TOWN—THE FJORD'S SHORE—THE VEBLUNGSNŒS' BATHS—HERR SOLBERG—HOMME GALANT—MUSICAL CONVERSAZIONE—GIPSY MUSIC.

SUPREMELY happy in our wandering existence, we contrasted, in our semi-consciousness of mind, our absence from a thousand anxious cares, which crowd upon the social position, of those who take active part, in an overwrought state of extreme civilization. How long we

* What is meant by a czardas, or csárdás, as it is usually spelt in the Hungarian language? It is a celebrated Hungarian dance. The Magyar peasant seldom dances anything else. The csárdás is a national dance of Hungary, as much as the sailors' hornpipe is of England. We give the following description of the csárdás, from the interesting work of Arthur J. Patterson, "The Magyars; their Country and Institutions," vol. i., p. 194, published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. in 1859 :—"Its name is the adjective form from "csárdá," which designates a solitary public house; an institution which plays a considerable part in all romantic poems or romantic novels whose scene is laid in Hungary, as a fitting haunt for brigands, horse-thieves, gipsies, Jews, political refugees, strolling players, vagabond poets, and other melodramatic personages. The music of the csárdás is at first slow, solemn, and, I may say, melancholy. After a few bars, it becomes livelier, which character it then keeps up, occasionally

should have continued our half-dormant reflections, which might have added a few more notes upon the philosophy of life, we know not, but we were roused by the rumble of a stolkjærre along the road; it was quite time we moved on towards Veblungsnœs, and the gipsies began to get our things together. The stolkjærre stopped. A tall pale invalid man descended; he struggled through the bushes to where we were, though the exertion evidently cost him much, but he conquered; he came, and he saw the donkeys. A faint smile lighted up a countenance, expressive in its deep-lined features, of a once firm and determined will, but now marked with the last stage of consumption. Enveloped and wrapped up in dark clothes, wearing gloves, long boots nearly to his knees, although in the height of summer, he surveyed with a quiet smile our donkeys, ourselves, our gipsies, and our baggage. He had a female with him whose countenance was the exact expression of anxious care, and a young man who seemed astonished at the weight of the baggage. What was to be done to show our hospitality. Lucky thought; out came the quinine, a small tumbler filled with water, and the white powder was mixed in it; we intimated that it might be of benefit. Poor fellow! he

becoming very fast indeed, and at last ends in a delirious whirl of confusion. The movements, of course, correspond. The dance opens with a stately promenade; then, as the music quickens, each couple take a twirl or two, and breaking away brusquely from one another, continue a series of pantomimic movements, now approaching coquettishly like parted lovers desiring reconciliation; then, as if the lady thought she had given sufficient encouragement, she retreats with rapid but measured steps, while her partner pursues, and, gradually gaining on her, again seizes her waist; they whirl swiftly round two or three times, and then, breaking away, continue the pantomime as before. What makes the csárdás unrivalled is its variety. One seldom sees the couples perform exactly the same figure at the same time."

wanted a strength-giving potent draught; it could do him no harm, it might do him some good. Taking a sip ourselves, and handing it to him, he drank it every spot. How did he know that, like Rip Van Winkle, he might not have fallen in with another Hudson and his band, and would sleep for twenty years beneath the shadow of the Magician's peaks. The tall, careworn-looking man handed me back the glass, and seemed much pleased. We gave him the tin cannister which had contained our potted tongue, with all the wonderful hieroglyphics generally scrolled outside: it was a parting souvenir of the nomads. Just as he had turned to go, the tarno-rye made a dash through the bushes, with Zachariah and Esmeralda dragging, fighting and struggling with him; crash, crash went the bushes close by us; the invalid was nearly frightened out of his boots. What did he know about these animals, and what habits of ferocity they might possess? The contention was fierce between the tarno-rye and our gipsies, until he was brought to the baggage for loading. The invalid struggled, with unsteady gait, through the bushes, and, with the aid of his female attendant, ascended with difficulty into his stolkjærre, which was immediately driven away. He escaped the fate of Rip Van Winkle; may the draught he took under the Magician's peaks give him health for twenty years. Some young woodcutters, with axes in their hands, came up as we were starting; they accompanied us along the road. On our left across the Rauma, we noticed a large pleasant residence called "Fiva." The woodcutters said it was the property and residence of Mr. Bromley Davenport and a Mr. Ingram. They must have a splendid view from the house toward the Romsdalshorn; we

were informed that three farms had been purchased by the owner along the banks of the Rauma, which made the fishing very complete. The salmon in the Rauma do not ascend above Ormein. The situation of "Fiva" is admirable; the various bends and windings of the river round the estate are full of rapids and pools, that would have delighted the English father of all anglers, Isaac Walton.

The valley now became more fertile. We passed through pleasant grassy meads. Our woodcutters went to some houses on the roadside. We met several stolkjærrers, whose horses were rather shy in passing our donkeys. The peasants manifested the same curiosity about them. Now the valley assumed a more smiling aspect, and we came in sight of Aak "Lehnsmœnd," Andreas Landmark's House. The Hotel Aak is seven miles from Horgheim, and three from Veblungsnœs. As we saw the comfortable wooden house standing on a rise of ground above the road, with a diversity of green slopes and shady woods about it, we knew it to be the spot mentioned by Lady Diana Beauclerk in such high terms of commendation. In contrast with the wild valleys we had left, it seemed a sort of oasis in the desert.

When we passed Aak, some ladies who saw our party ran down from the house to see us; but a turn of the road soon hid us from them. Crossing two bridges, and passing a large comfortable house, we ascended the steep hill to a rise of ground above Veblungsnœs. Then passing through a gate upon the road, we saw a quiet lane through some waste ground covered with bushes, where we told Esmeralda and Zachariah to stay with the donkeys. Taking Noah, we went to reconnoitre for a camp-

ing ground. Very soon we came to the edge of the descent to Veblungsnœs. Pausing a moment to look at the wooden church and town below, we went to the left, across a large space of open ground used as a drill-ground for the Militia; and, after looking at a large wooden building erected for military stores, we went down a lane to a gate, through which we saw several men and women raking up new-mown hay. This quiet spot formed a sort of knoll, above a small dingle, at the back of the bondegaard.

A green slope, and wooded mountain, rose abruptly from the other side of the stream. This seemed a haven of rest, as Veblungsnœs was to be our farthest point of travel north, our Ultima Thule. At once we entered, and going up to the farmer's son, as we rightly took him to be, we proposed to come there and camp. Very much astonished he seemed. When he recovered his breath, he said something about his father, and went with us towards the bondegaard. The farmer's house was of the better class, and substantially built of wood. We entered a kind of family room, where the master and his wife were seated at table, taking milk, and raw dried salmon cut in slices on their fladbröd. The bonde was dressed in dark clothes, being upwards of sixty; of respectable appearance, weather-worn countenance, with sharp angular features, at once expressive of shrewdness and cupidity. In social relations of life, he was a very respectable man. Of generosity he had none in his composition—one who would drive a hard bargain to the uttermost farthing.

The farmer came with us to the gate in a sort of bewildered state. It was a fine scene as he came along

with his son and a retinue of peasants and peasant girls holding rakes in their hands. Then there was the consultation at the gate opening to the junction of two deserted lanes. Our imperfect Norsk was aided by signs; but we plunged through, with Noah standing as a sort of aide-de-camp waiting for orders.

A consideration was mentioned. "Ah! a consideration! money *penge!* ha, money *penge!* The silver key!" The donkeys must be seen. Noah soon had them down with his peculiar whistle. The old man's eyes twinkled as he surveyed them. A consideration! we saw crossing his mind, as the hero in Hans Breitman's ballad, "He stood all shpell-pound." The donkeys were driven up to the knoll, and our things were unloaded down.

"Well," thought we, "if we have to pay, we shall have strict privacy—private ground!"

The hay was cleared off the knoll, the tents pitched; the donkeys were put up in the wood above the mown slope, on to the other side the dingle. Esmeralda said an officer, whom she designated as the Commandant of Veblungsnœs, had passed them near the gate, and was a very pleasant gentleman, who lived in the large house we had passed near the bridges.

Eggs and bread could not be purchased at the farm. Some visitors came to our tents after tea; amongst others, Mr. L., of the telegraph office, who said he should be glad to give us any assistance. Our visitors did not stay late, and we retired to rest at an early hour.

It is Friday, the 22nd July. The morning being wet, we did not rise very early. Taking Noah and Zachariah, we left our camp for Veblungsnœs, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. Passing from the bondegaard, across

some open arable fields, to an avenue of trees, we entered under its shade into a small wooden town. Passing up the main street, we soon found ourselves in a kind of conglomeration of houses, with short lanes having no continuance. One open space represented a kind of square. Alleys, at occasional angles, debouched to the waters of the Isfjord, which partly surrounds the town. Veblungsnœs is the port of Romsdal. Though we could not account for it, we were at once interested in the place. There was a charm about its silent quaintness which made us linger with pleasure.

The telegraph office was closed till four o'clock. Veblungsnœs evidently was buried in its siesta. The siesta, or kief, in mid-day is claimed by the inhabitants of many northern countries. The tradesmen would be quite offended if you went to their shops in their mid-day hours of refreshment and repose. How different from the American style of one, two, gulp, and gone! No busy scenes or people met our view. The extreme quietude of the town seemed to communicate itself, and exercise its influence on the spirit. At times we imagined we were in a large ship or timber-yard, when the workmen had all gone to dinner. Strolling down a short alley, we were at once on the strand of the Isfjord. Walking along the water's edge, we could not help admiring the beauty of the evening scene. No one was visible. One small fishing-boat, partly drawn up on the beach, was just ready for a cruise. Nets, everything—even the dried fish, probably the store of provisions for the fishermen till their return—were placed in order. Some curious-looking fish, probably rejected as unsaleable, were lying on the shingle. One had green eyes, with its mouth in its throat; two or three mouse-

coloured fish, equally singular and repulsive, were thrown near. It is strange what deformity occurs in the fish creation. It is said that in a lake in Wales the fish are all deformed. We have not yet verified the fact. Returning to the telegraph office, we saw Mr. L. All that he could do to render our stay agreeable he did. Our future route was discussed, and it seemed quite clear that it would be impossible to reach Christiansand before the end of the summer season. The idea that our party might take baths next occurred to us; not that we expected to find anything approaching the accommodation or luxury of ancient Rome. Baths, containing hundreds of seats of marble, adorned with splendid frescoes, and whose fittings were of alabaster, porphyry, and jasper, where every luxury was found that human thought could devise.* What the baths of Veblungsnœs would have been we know not; but they had only one, the spreading waters of the Fjord, before us. The post-office was in the main street, and kept by polite and kindly people. The postage of each letter to England cost twelve skillings, and those to France fifteen skillings.

* The splendid vestiges of the Roman baths, called "thermæ," "banios," or hot baths, at Rome, attest their former extent and magnificence. The Romans began their bathing with hot water, and ended with cold—the hot, "caldarium;" the tepid, "tepidarium;" the cold, "frigidarium." Vast numbers of magnificent baths were erected by the Roman emperors. They had spacious porticos, rooms for athletic exercises, halls for the declamation of poets and the lectures of philosophers. Perhaps the most interesting remains of Roman baths in England are those discovered in the buried city of Uriconium, or Wroxeter, on the banks of the river Severn, about six miles from Shrewsbury, in Shropshire. For an admirable account of this city, supposed to have been taken by force, with much carnage, plundered, and burnt, between about the year 420 and the middle of the fifth century, we refer our readers to a work of great antiquarian research, published in 1872, entitled, "Uriconium: A Historical Account of the Ancient Roman City," by Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., &c., and also to

We sent a telegram to the Chevalier to announce our safe arrival; another to Kongsberg, for our letters to be sent to Lom. It was also mentioned to us that Herr Solberg, of Molde, wished very much to take photographs of our donkeys and camp, if we would kindly consent. We were even offered some copies without charge, as an inducement. The news of the day was also important; for the first time we learned that France and Prussia had declared war, and England would be neutral. Before we left we purchased a large quantity of bread, which Noah took into his possession. Leaving the quiet little town, we at length approached our tents, where we found two Norwegian officers seated in cheerful mood talking to Esmeralda at the tent entrance.

They were gayety itself as they reclined on the green turf. One officer, who seemed about sixty, had all the manners of the "homme galant," and spoke some English. When they saw me they at once rose, saluted, and left. Esmeralda said the older officer, who spoke some English, was very polite, and said to her, "How do you manage with four men?" To which she answered, "I have only

the concise and useful work, "The Roman City of Uriconium," by J. Corbet Anderson. We believe that the private subscriptions, although considerable, which have been collected for excavation, are now all exhausted; and, unless Government aid is given, it is improbable that the excavations, however interesting, can be resumed. The number of relics of the buried city, a very small portion of which has been explored, show the antiquarian, we may say, historical importance of further research. Randall, in his interesting and beautifully illustrated work, the "Severn Valley," published (1862) by Virtue, says—"As excavations proceed, the plan of the city unfolds itself. . . . The forum, the baths, the market-place, and the sites of public and private buildings become clear;" and again the author says, "but with ruins, three miles in circumference, much remains to be explored.

"All desolate lies Uriconium now,
The dust of ages piled upon his brow."

three men." Then the officer said, "Who do you talk to most—I suppose your beloved Mr. Smith?" Esmeralda said she did not talk to anyone. The officer then wanted to purchase a lock of her hair; but she would not let him have any. We cannot venture to dwell on his feelings of cruel disappointment.

We were much pressed by the people of the farm to give them some music in a large room, probably used as a granary. We went to see it first. The room was large and lofty on the ground-floor. We consented to play for them at nine o'clock. The farmer himself we saw very seldom, and it is scarcely probable that he originated the idea.

An English gentleman staying at Aak, who had been to the telegraph office, came to our camp, and sat down in our tents. From his intimate knowledge of Norway, he was able to give us considerable information. It was very fortunate. We presented him with a copy of our gipsy song, before he left, as a souvenir of our camp.

At nine o'clock, chairs having been placed for us, we took our seats and commenced playing, ourself the guitar, Noah the tambourine, and Zachariah his violin. We had a large party—unexpectedly so, some of the officers and their wives, and many of the principal inhabitants of Veblungsnœs; and we had not anticipated more persons than the people of the bondegaard. Esmeralda was left in charge of the tents; but our visitors had so much delicacy that directly we left the tent no one went near it. What a scene! The room was suddenly filled with dancers and visitors. One tall young officer, a fine young fellow, was especially active. We had a favourite polka for them, which we afterwards christened

"Veblungsnœs." Zachariah put all his gipsy nerve and feeling into his music. Nay, our Romany Boshamengro, almost rivalled, if he did not surpass, Barna Mihali, the celebrated gipsy violinist of Hungary.* Even Orpheus might have bit his lips; but he was not there. All that wild gipsy inspiration could do, was done—tones that produced a whirl of sensation. Noah did his part stoutly on the tambourine. We made the acquaintance of several very pleasant officers and others—one or two we had met in our wanderings. They seemed like old friends.

Then Esmeralda came and played, in place of Noah, with her tambourine. Between the dances we conversed as well as we could with the officers and other visitors. Mr. L. was also there. The Norwegian officers have much military smartness about them. Many of them can speak French or English, and sometimes both. We always found them gentlemen. The Militia officers receive regular pay all the year; their men are only paid whilst on duty. The Militia men we saw, were fine strong young men, capable of any amount of endurance. Such was our introduction to the inhabitants of Veblungsnœs. We saw almost as much of them, as if we had made a series of visits to their houses. At the same time we had escaped the inconvenience of too much hospitality, and still more, of being obliged to sit in close warm rooms,

* There is a favourite Hungarian melody, called by the Magyars the "Rákótzy," of which Paget, in his comprehensive work, in 2 vols., "Hungary and Transylvania," published in 1855, says—"I am now more than ever convinced that none but a gipsy band can do it full justice. The effect of the melancholy, plaintive sounds with which it begins, increased by the final discords which the gipsies introduce, and of the wild burst of passion which closes it, must depend as much on the manner of its execution as on the mere composition."

which, to one accustomed to the natural saloons of the wild forest, is at any time a very severe penance. In the clear light of a Norwegian evening, the younger people danced to the strains of our wild music; others looked on, and conversed; all seemed to enjoy themselves. Ten o'clock came: our music ceased. Specially requested, as we left, we seated ourselves on a slope of turf near our tents, and sang, "The Gipsy Song," with guitar accompaniment. They seemed pleased. With many adieux, they left. So ended what may be termed our gipsy conversazione at Veblungsnœs.

CHAPTER XXV.

Where is the little gipsy's home?
Under the spreading greenwood tree,
Wherever she may roam,
Where'er that tree may be;
Roaming the world o'er,
Crossing the deep blue sea,
She finds on every shore
A home among the free!
A home among the free,
Ah, voilà la gitana, voilà la gitana.

Drama of "Notre Dame." By HALLIDAY.

PURCHASES—ZACHARIAH'S TROUBLE—ESMERALDA'S PHOTOGRAPH—THE KIÖD—PRICE OF MEAT—THE YACHTSMEN—THE THREE PEAKS—THE SPIRIT-WORLD—FROST BITES—ULTIMA THULE—ESMERALDA GALVANISED—THE FJORD—HEEN KIRKE—PARELIUS—EIDER DUCKS—BEAUTIFUL BOUQUETS.

OUR gipsies had breakfast ready soon after 7 o'clock, and taking Noah with us, we found Mr. L. at Veblungsnœs. With his assistance we obtained from an excellent general shop, the only one of the kind apparently in Veblungsnœs, two bottles of very good port wine, for one dollar two marks twelve skillings, twelve pounds of brown sugar, for one dollar four skillings, or about eight shillings and eight pence English money; some brimstone and treacle for the gipsies, soap, and some small items came to another dollar. The owner of the shop, which contained a variety of almost everything, had a

counting-house attached, where he changed for us a ten-pound Bank of England note, into a quantity of small money of the country. We forget his name. All tradesmen should have their name and address printed at the head of their bills, and give one on all occasions, so that chance customers may have some means of reference and recommendation. Noah was heavily weighted; more bread cost two marks four skillings, and some sundries, and gurnet for dinner, made our expenditure nearly another dollar. Mr. L. had read much in English, and, although he had never been in England, conversed with great ease and fluency in the English language. We returned to our camp, to meet Herr Solberg, the photographer.

The day was beautiful, Herr Solberg was ready with his apparatus. The photographer came from Molde; he is a tall, pale, quiet, intelligent man. Esmeralda had put our things ready, so that our toilette was soon made. As to herself, she was resplendent in the blue dress, plaid braid, and silver buttons. Her brothers had very few additions they could make, but Noah contrived to buy at Veblungsnœs a paper front and collar, which gave him immense satisfaction. Zachariah was in a melancholy temper; no one had bought him a churie (gip. shut-knife) at Veblungsnœs. His existence was blurred, his cheerfulness clouded, and his smile was gone.

About 12 o'clock Herr Solberg took his first stereoscopic view. Mr. L., some ladies, and one of our former visitors, a Norwegian captain and his son and children, came to our camp. The stereoscopic view was pronounced perfect. The donkeys were a success, and the wooded hill above our camp came out with

THE ENGLISH GIPSIES' CAMP AT VEBLUNGSNŒS.

the background exceedingly well. Another photograph of ourselves, tents and donkeys, was afterwards made, and also a carte de visite of Esmeralda, standing under a birch-tree, with her tambourine in her hand. On her finger is a silver ring, presented to her by one of our friends, as a memento of Veblungsnœs. As the ladies sat on the grass looking on, we set our musical-box to play near them, and so the day passed until 3 o'clock, when the sun having been too high and powerful for a good single photograph, Herr Solberg left us to have our dinner, and to return again at 4 o'clock. Our gurnet was very good, but exceedingly reduced in substance in boiling. Upon Herr Solberg's return, he took another successful photograph of our camp, and left. The donkeys are very difficult to take, but by a happy chance they were exceedingly quiet at the right moment. The engraving now given, is taken from Herr Solberg's photograph of our gipsy camp at Veblungsnœs.

Noah was soon required on duty. Having sufficient time before tea, we went to Veblungsnœs, and bought some sealing-wax and glue, whilst Noah went to a spirit store, kept by an old man, who had all the appearance of a jovial Bacchanalian. Two or three bottles of aquavit, or brændeviin, a sort of corn brandy, was bought by Noah. We afterwards imagined the bottles were filled with the dregs of one of the casks, perhaps, the brandy was therefore more potent. Certain impurities floating about did not inspire confidence. It was inferior to that we had purchased from the steward of the steamer at Lillehammer. The brandy was intended for our peasant visitors at camp. We were annoyed, but found they were not very squeamish, and

seemed to like it; yet we wished to give them the very best, and were always ready to give the highest price.

Meat, or as it is called in Norwegian, kiöd, is not very obtainable. No butchers' shops are to be met with at Veblungsnœs. No joints of meat hanging up for sale. Mr. L. believed that a large ox had been killed for the funeral of a substantial bonde, residing at a large house, on the high-road near Veblungsnœs church, and he would inquire. We had just returned to our camp when we received a letter from Mr. L. and went with the bearer to the bondegaard. They could let us have ten or fifteen pounds of beef, at ten skillings per pound. We went up some steps from the road to the house-door; but the atmosphere was too close for us to remain inside. Going with a man to a door at one end of the house, he entered a kind of cellar, and we were shown the meat in a cask. They kindly sold us ten pounds of the beef, which Noah took away. We paid four marks four skillings, or three shillings and nine pence English money value. Being uncertain when we should have another chance of buying fresh meat, we thought it desirable to save our stores as much as possible.

Visitors were at our tents when we returned for tea. Sounds of voices speaking nautical English met our ear: the skipper of the yacht "Claymore" introduced himself, with one of the yacht's crew and their Norwegian pilot. The skipper said two or three young English gentlemen were cruising with their yacht, and she was at anchor in the Fjord,* near Veblungsnœs. The yacht had reached Christiansand about the time we reached

* Fjord is pronounced Fee-or.

Christiania. We gave them some brandy, and the skipper seemed quite delighted to see anyone who could talk English. He told us they had an ancient claymore for a figure-head on board, and three dogs and a monkey On leaving they said we might probably come to see the yacht before she left.

The Norwegian Sunday commences at 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. As usual, we determined not to allow any music in the evening, and we heard afterwards, the farmer, who was very scrupulous upon the observance of the Sunday, was much pleased.

When our visitors from the "Claymore" were gone we were ready for tea. Zachariah was unable to eat any of the fried meat. Our can of water was boiled, and our beef fried, at our camp fire, at the bottom of the grassy knoll, on which our tents were pitched. A clear, winding, narrow brook, shaded by alder and birch bushes, rippled below us; the grass was short, having been newly mown, and the hay was taken away. A fine bold mountain rose before us, with rocky peaks, as we looked from Veblungsnœs. The summer's sun had not melted all its winter snow. Its three peaks were called the King, Queen, and Bishop. After tea Captain C. came by our tents *en route* to the telegraph office. All were anxious to hear tidings of the war. Mr. L. coming to our camp soon after, told us the news, and we all walked together to Aak.

The walk from our camp to Aak must have been about two miles. Mr. L. conversed with a young Norwegian gentleman who joined us, and we sauntered along with Captain C. The calm stillness of the Norwegian evening was very refreshing. By some chance

our conversation turned upon ghost lore as one of our subjects. Each had our idea. Captain C. related one or two singular instances of undoubted occurrences. Wraiths, it has been said, may be accounted for by the wave of thought in distant manifestation. The body in one place and the spirit in another; voices as sounds seemingly distinct, sometimes heard through the wide distance between two souls inseparable. Before departure from the world, the spirit sometimes manifests itself to some loved friend. The wraith has accomplished its mission, and it is gone for ever. People who dwell with Nature seem peculiarly susceptible to such influences. In the regions of the mightiest works of our Creator's hand, we find them naturally most prone to such impressions. Gipsies are not without their experiences on such subjects. More than one instance has found a place in our gipsy lore.

We have reached Aak, our discussion on a variety of subjects, ends in our finding ourself in a most comfortable room, hung round by photographs of Norwegian scenery, and seated at a small table, quaffing a glass of sparkling baiersk öl. The presence of English travellers was evident, from a marked attention to ventilation. A tidy pige, or waiting-girl, with quiet manner, and ready attention, attended to some travellers, who were taking their evening meal, at a long table near us. All was cleanliness and comfort at Aak.

Our stay at Aak was brief. We returned to our tents with Mr. L., who was full of information about his country. Those who are accustomed to our English climate, can scarcely realize the length of a Norwegian winter. It is very cold at Veblungsnœs, from about the

middle of September to the middle of March. All that we now saw before us, so pleasant and smiling, would in a short time be covered with a white fleecy mantle of deep snow. Many scarcely venture out from September to March, and the cold winds sometimes produce on the face, not inured to continued exposure, what is called the Rose. It is a pink tinge upon the countenance, which in some is not altogether a blemish. Frost-bites and chilblains are of course the occasional result of so much cold. Frost-bites should be rubbed at once with snow. The oil from reindeer cheese is said to be a cure for frost-bites. Although the cold is intense at times, the atmosphere is dry and not unhealthy. If the Norwegian summer were twice the length, Norway would be a paradise.

The morning was windy, Noah's tent was almost blown over. Our breakfast consisted of tea and bread and butter. Esmeralda was not well; Zachariah was still afflicted with a churie (gip., shut-knife) monomania. Two days' inactivity and extra good living, was evidently plunging our gipsies, into the depths of biliousness. It was in vain we had dosed Zachariah with brimstone and treacle, until he was a qualified inmate for Dotheboys' Hall, and a fortnight with Wackford Squeers, would have done him an immense amount of good. Noah was always lively. A few hours' rapid movement would restore all.

With all their waywardness, and restlessness of spirit, we had the elements for rapid action, and a physical energy, with which to push through any obstacle. Veblungsnœs, it was determined, should be our Ultima Thule, and striking our tents on Monday morning, we

should seek new scenes in the wild Norwegian fjelds. Still wandering south—still on our homewards route, our little band of hardy nomads, would have to brace themselves to fresh exertion. What a vast expanse of mountain, glen and forest lay before us, which we must traverse, before we again reached the sea.

At half-past nine o'clock Esmeralda was ready to accompany me to Veblungsnœs. She looked well in her blue dress, plaid braid, and silver buttons, and her heavy boots were blacked and shining, specially for the visit. As we entered the avenue of trees all was quiet and repose. A Sunday in England could not have been more calm, and free from busy turmoil and bustle. The town of Veblungsnœs seemed to have a perpetual Sunday, for it was the same on week days; there was nothing dull, or dreary about the place, yet there was nothing to see in it; it possessed an indefinable charm, arising out of its attempt at nothing. We left it as we found it, to be remembered with pleasure.

Esmeralda had been promised to see the telegraphic apparatus. Our word to our gipsies was always relied upon by them; if it was said to them, it was done. Mr. L. was ready to receive us, and the apparatus was explained, and Esmeralda was electrified. With a present of a quantity of strawberries from Mr. L. she departed for our camp, whilst Mr. L. arranged for our departure in a boat to see the "Heen Kirke," on the Isfjord.

The Isfjord is a fine expanse of water. Our two oarsmen were ready, strong hardy men, chewing tobacco without intermission, and spitting perpetually. Their pallor of countenance may have been produced by im-

moderate chewing. The yacht, "Claymore," was resting at anchor; the owners of the craft were enjoying a sporting tour. There is a great enjoyment of independence in a yacht cruise. Norway is admirably adapted for yachting; but our time was limited, and getting the wind, our sail was hoisted, and we soon left Veblungsnœs in the distance. Gentle slopes rise from the margin of the Fjord for a short distance, dominated by lofty steeps and rising hills: here and there small log houses, being the residences of the peasant owners, come into view. The small property round each, is their farm.

The cost of an ordinary sized farm on the shores of the Fjord, would average about 600 to 700 dollars, or about £157. 10s. English money, according to the size of the farm. Few attempts are ever made to give to the Bondegaard, the picturesque appearance of the Swiss cottage. With very little more expense and labour, the Norwegian peasant's cottage, might be made exceedingly pretty, and ornamental.

The "Heen Kirke" had no unusual attraction in itself; one Norwegian church is so like another. No old monuments to please the antiquarian taste; no mediæval tombs; no brasses, Norman arches, Saxon doorways, and decorated windows; no corbels, bosses, and grotesque imagery of ancient stone sculpture; no tesselated pavement, and richly ornamented cloisters, dark with age, and dim with poetic light. No peel of bells, and massive tower covered with ivy, resorted to by owls, and jackdaws. No ecclesiastical library of black-lettered books, curiously and substantially bound, in dark and dusty covers, crammed into shelves, and forgotten in

some corner of the vestry. The worm-eaten oak chest was wanting also, containing well-thumbed registers and sacramental plate, secured by three large locks, one for the vicar and one for each of the churchwardens. The Norman stone font, with elaborate carving was absent. The crypt and sedilia,* were not to be found, and a chained Bible we did not see.† Yet, withal, the people are earnest in their prayer, their ways are those of peace, and their pastors appear to hold the affections of their flock.

We had a beautiful view of the "Kavlee Fjeld" as we returned. Stretching forests of pine extended beyond the head of the Fjord. On our left we saw the once abode of "Parelius," a wild spot beneath a precipice, near the margin of the Fjord. Parelius was a great linguist. No one appears to have chronicled his linguistic skill, though he learned a living language, which few if any can. Even the Parisien of the Jardin des Tuileries, whose command over birds is wonderful, did not seem to know their language; even Mademoiselle Vanderschmeck, could not rival Parelius, who lived in the solitary Bondegaard, on the shore of the Isfjord. Parelius conversed with birds; he is said to have known their language. On one occasion some peasants asked him, when he was in another parish, away from home,

* Beautiful examples of the sidilia and piscina may be seen in Dorchester Abbey Church, Oxfordshire. The small openings or windows at the back of the niches are remarkable. Another interesting example of the sedilia and piscina may be seen at Grafton Underwood, Northamptonshire, where the niches have ogee heads, cinque-foiled.

† The largest number of chained Bibles we have seen are in the old library of Wimborne Minster, in Dorsetshire. The library is also interesting as associated with Matthew Prior, the poet.

what the crows hard by were saying—"They say," said Parelius, "that a bear has just killed one of my oxen, and I must go home." He returned to verify his loss. Whilst Parelius was from home one day, an avalanche from the precipice above, destroyed his house. We were told he lived some fifty years ago. Parelius is gone—the house is gone. Whether he was a native of Veblungsnœs we cannot say. No record appears to have been made of this eminent man, some account of his life, scanty though it be, may rescue his name from oblivion.

The fjords of this coast are well stocked with fish, and the islands and rocks with wild fowl. The eider ducks are numerous; their nests are made on the ground, and the down is taken from the nest after it is placed there by the bird. About half-a-pound of down is taken from each nest, which is reduced to a residue of about a quarter-of-a-pound for sale or use; a very small quantity of the down is sufficient to stuff a coverlet; its wonderful lightness and warmth renders it extremely valuable. There is now a law for the protection of the eider duck; they may not be caught or killed from 15th April to 15th August.*

Fiva is said to have the best salmon fishing on the Rauma. We had a fresh wind on the Fjord as we returned. Birch twigs are used as fastenings for the boat sail instead of rope, in fact, the birch twigs, or withes, are substituted for rope in every variety of way After a pleasant cruise we landed, and left our friend, and reached our camp with an excellent appetite.

* An eider-down quilt in London costs sometimes as much as five to seven guineas.

Our dinner consisted of soup, meat, and bread and butter. Esmeralda was unwell and could not eat anything. Zachariah was still murmuring about the churie (shut knife) no one had bought for him. He received a lecture; the shadows of his future were forcibly set before him.

After dinner the "Lehnsmœnd's" lady from Aak, and her two daughters came to see the donkeys. A very beautiful bouquet of flowers she brought for our acceptance. Lady Di Beauclerk, in her Journal,* speaks of the beautiful flowers of Aak. Whilst our visitor and her daughters sat in our tents, we sent for the donkeys, which were much admired. Zachariah was presented with a box of ornaments before they left. So our visitors came and went in succession during the evening, and our first idea of strict seclusion, by camping in private ground, we found an illusory dream.

* "A Summer and Winter in Norway," by Lady Di Beauclerk, published by Murray, 1868.

CHAPTER XXVI.

> These prophecies are repeated, particularly by Ezekiel, many times almost in the same words in different chapters (see particularly the whole of the 30th and 32nd), as if he were desirous in an especial manner to enforce them. These denunciations and prophecies, then, seem clearly to establish three distinct important events to the Egyptians—first, their complete conquest and dispersion; secondly, their remaining dispersed, without idols, among all nations and countries, in the open fields, during forty years; and, finally, their being again brought to the land of their habitation, where they shall be taught to know the Lord.
>
> *The Gipsies.** By SAMUEL ROBERTS.

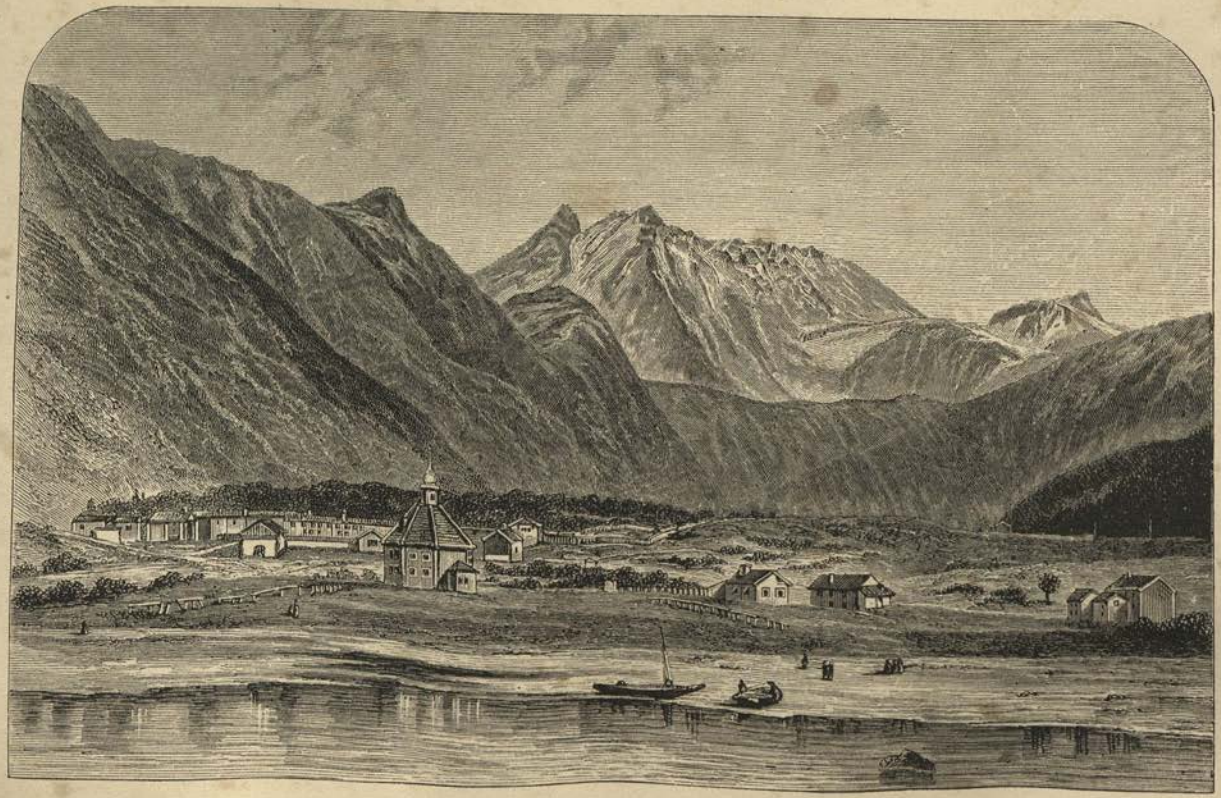
OUR GUIDE—TO THE MOUNTAINS—MYSTIC LIGHT—THE PHOTOGRAPHS—THE CLAYMORE YACHT—NORWEGIAN GIPSIES—SINGULAR RACE—OCCUPATIONS—GIPSY BURIALS—ROMANTIC LOVE—PREDESTINATION—THE BONDEGAARD—THE HIGH DEMAND—ESMERALDA'S SOUVENIR.

A NOTE was soon after placed in our hands, by a broad-shouldered thickset muscular man, rather under middle height, with a thick sandy almost red beard; his small quick eye betokened alertness, and self-possession, his countenance expressed good temper, fidelity, and rectitude. It was not necessary to look again, as we took the note. He was a broad-chested, sturdy reindeer hunter, of the Fjeld; the note was an introduction given by Mr. L. the bearer was Ole Halvorsen, or as he is usually

* A fifth edition of "The Gipsies: Their Origin, Continuation, and Destination; or, the Sealed Book Opened," by Samuel Roberts, was published by Messrs. Longman, 1842.

called Ole Rödsheim, from the name of his station and land in Bœverdal. A certificate of strong recommendation by two English gentlemen, for whom he had recently acted as guide, and had lately parted from, was also given us. Captain C.'s name was also used with his permission. We at once liked Ole Rödsheim; his quiet manner, and appearance, was so different from many of the "Tolks," and guides, who are often more trouble, and expense than use; most of them would sneeze for an hour, at the idea of sleeping on some damp heath, under a rock during a windy wet night, near the exhilarating influence of a cold snow field; such were not the men for our expedition, and Ole Rödsheim was. After a careful inspection of our maps, we soon arranged in our minds, the course for our future expedition after we left Veblungsnœs. The summit of the Galdhœpiggen, the Mörkfos, and the valders, with a long route through many Mountain and Lake scenes, we proposed to accomplish. Ole Rödsheim spoke good English, and the following arrangement was soon concluded; he was to join us near Molmen, and guide our party over the mountains, to Skeaker, Lom, and Rödsheim, and ascend with us the Galdhöpiggen, for the sum of three dollars and a half, finding himself board and lodging; his services afterwards, if required, to be 4 marks a day, including everything. Deciding to make a forced march, and travel in two days what we had before travelled in four, we agreed to be at the Böver Moen (Beaver stream) between Stueflaaten and Molmen on the following Wednesday morning.

With what pleasure we looked forward to fresh scenes of travel and adventure in even wilder scenes of nature



VEBLUNGSNŒS,

WITH CHURCH, FJORD, AND MOUNTAIN OF THE THREE PEAKS, "THE KING, QUEEN, AND BISHOP."

than those we had yet traversed. Those we had seen were very beautiful; each camp seemed to eclipse the last, in the beauty of its scenery. On those still clear Norwegian nights, full of mystic light, lovely in their starlight stillness, the mind seemed enthralled, in a thousand pleasing fancies; the music of the waterfall; the voices on the breeze. The melody of nature, produced impressions we can never forget.

Norway is not the country for the sybarite, fainéant, and the flâneur; it is the home of the hardy mountaineer, the angler, the reindeer hunter, and nomad wanderer, the lover of nature and nature's works in her wildest and most beautiful forms.

Plants, mosses of every hue, trees, rocks, glaciers, torrents, lakes, fjords, waterfalls, mountains, woods, and glens, are, in their perfection, met at every step, in Norway's free romantic land.

When Mr. L. came to our camp in the evening with Herr Solberg, we arranged for our photographs, and paid for them. The views of Romsdalshorn, Veblungsnœs, and Troldtinderne, from which the engravings in this book are taken, had yet to be completed specially for us. They were afterwards forwarded; Herr Solberg was allowed the privilege of disposing of the stereoscopic view of our gipsy camp, and the carte de visite of Esmeralda. The specimens he brought to show us, were presented to Esmeralda.

Our last walk with Mr. L. is taken by the Isfjord. As a parting souvenir we gave him an illustrated copy of Her Majesty the Queen of England's Journal, with which he was much interested; Mr. L. added much to the pleasure of our visit to the quaint old town of Veblungs-

nœs. When shall we meet again? So it is in this world; we meet and we part, but fortunately the memory retains friendship's recollection not so easily effaced.

From the Isfjord, near Veblungsnœs, the farm was pointed out to us where Colonel Sinclair, who perished at the Kringelen, landed with his forces.

The church of Veblungsnœs is represented in the engraving of the town. There was nothing remarkable about this church to note. A newly dug grave was prepared in the churchyard for the deceased Bondegaard, who had resided near. If it happens that the clergyman cannot attend when the corpse is buried no delay occurs; the service is read over by the clergyman at some future time, when he attends for church service. The yacht Claymore added a charm to our evening contemplation of the Isfjord. Noah said he had seen one of the gentlemen of the yacht on shore, who had that day ascended the mountain above our camp.

Our stay was now nearly ended. Hitherto our travels had through every difficulty, been most successful; we had scarcely lost anything; the two hats, musketo veil, and kettle prop we could manage without. Mr. L. told us that two young Norwegian friends who had made an excursion, came to him with scarcely anything left; they had forgotten some article at nearly every place they went to. With some trouble the things were again recovered. When the travellers departed, they again contrived to leave behind them an umbrella and a pair of galoshes.

Some of the Norwegian gipsies usually attend the October fair at Veblungsnœs. The women are very handsome, and some of the men. When they attend the fair,

the women drink even more than the men. They are very fond of music, and at the fairs, when they have drunk to excess, are very quarrelsome and passionate. Under the Norwegian law any person who arrives at a certain age without being able to read or write, and who has not been confirmed, is liable to be committed to gaol. There they remain until they can read, write, and are properly instructed in religious knowledge. Many of the gipsies when examined by clergymen, have been found so ignorant, and without instruction, that they have from time to time been committed to prison, and detained there, till they came up to the standard of required proficiency. Prœsten Eilert Sundt had therefore good opportunities of seeing them, and conversing with them. The vocabulary of Romany words, as spoken by the Norwegian gipsies, which he has collected, with other information, is very valuable.* His mission seems to have been performed with much energy. The short résumé of his works, given in the appendix to this book, we had specially made for our English readers; it gives some idea of the state in which he found this wandering and singular people in Norway. The Storthing granted a large sum for the amelioration of their condition. We were told that some gipsies who had money given them, and were settled in farms on the shore of the Isfjord opposite Veblungsnœs, did not remain long, and, selling their farms, disappeared with the money. Many of the gipsies who attend the Veblungsnœs fair, when asked where they came from, say the Valders.

* A comparison of many words of the Norwegian and English gipsy languages, showing their similarity, is given in the appendix to this book.

This was one reason why we decided to return with our gipsies through that part of Norway. Notwithstanding, Prœsten Sundt's account of their mode of life, and predilections, and the very unenviable notoriety they seem to have attained in Norway, we were certainly anxious to fall in with a band of these wanderers, so that our people might hold converse with them. We were told that some of the gipsies had land in the Valders! but it is very possible that the statement that they came from that part of Norway was an evasive reply. It is very seldom gipsies will give even their right names to curious questioners; as in other countries where they are found, and in very few they are not, they deal in horses and work in metals. The Norwegian gipsies are skilful workers in brass; we were told that they live in houses in the winter, the cold being too intense for them to travel with their tents.

The circumstance of the non-burial of the gipsy dead in the Norwegian churchyards, as stated by the Prœsten Sundt, is not confined exclusively to the gipsies of Norway. Baudrimont in his "Langue des Bohémiens," as spoken by those living in the Basque provinces, says at page 27, "We know not what becomes of the gipsies who die; not the slighest trace of them is ever met with. This has given rise to the idea, that they turn the course of rivulets, and, digging a pit, place the body in the torrent's bed, and again let the water resume its course."

Francisque-Michel in his work, "Le Pays Basque,"* at page 143, says:—"'I have noticed in many localities,' said Monsieur le Vicomte de Belsunce, who was for a

* Published Londres et Edinbourg: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

considerable period the mayor of a district, 'that gipsy men and women of great age, long known to the present generation as old people, disappear suddenly, and never return. It is a common occurrence, and yet no labourer in the fields, or traveller on the roads, or shepherd, or hunter in the mountains, ever sees the trace of a grave.'"

And the same author says:—"Was Grellman* right, or was it true, as many assert, that these people turned the course of some brook whilst they made the grave, and turned the stream over it immediately afterwards? Such a burial would not leave any trace, and it was so they buried Attila, who followed, when he came into Europe, the same route as the gipsies."

The more the gipsy element becomes mingled with other house-dwelling races the less strongly will they cling to their tents. We who have tried it must confess to a strange fascination in tent life. To our own knowledge we have known instances of gipsies who have married house-dwelling gorgios. One singular instance of romantic love was once narrated to me of a young gentleman of birth, who became so infatuated as to leave all for a handsome gipsy girl he met with. She left the neighbourhood of his home, but he could not rest, and, with a few things, followed and found her, and at last submitted for her sake to be her husband and adopt tent life. His end was sad. He was making some pegs for her to sell, but being unpractised in the art, and clumsy with his knife, it slipped and entered his thigh, probably severed the femoral artery, for he died soon after.

* Heinrich Moritz Gottlieb Grellman is the author of a standard work, written in German, entitled, "A Dissertation on Gipsies." A translation, by Matthew Roper, Esq., F.R.S. and A.S., was published in 1787.

As long as much of the gipsy element remains, it is not probable that they can be bent to the steady pursuits of a stationary house-dwelling population. As well try to turn the falcon into a barn-door fowl; but Christian charity should lead us, if we cannot alter their nature, to aid in placing them in such course of life, as may best improve and raise their moral condition, without requiring them to sacrifice entirely, those strong and restless feelings, which seem inherent in their being, and the necessity of some mysterious law or predestination.

We sat out late by our tents, writing our notes; the long evenings of clear light, enabled us often to snatch those hours which in England, would be quite dark. The gipsies, before we retired to rest, had their dose of brimstone and treacle, and with many anticipations, we were soon buried in repose.

All was stir and bustle. Up, Noah!—up, Zachariah!—vand! All were moving before six. Eggs, bread, butter, and tea for breakfast. Esmeralda had been unwell all night. Our gipsies had been living well, and without their usual exercise. Esmeralda was evidently bilious. She had behaved very well, and was now deep in the mysteries of cooking and housekeeping.

The old farmer hovered near as if he was looking out for his quarry. We had scarcely seen him about before. We were uncertain when Mr. L. would come, and therefore mentioned to the farmer that we wished to pay him for our accommodation.

He led the way into his house, and we found ourselves in a little parlour, comfortably furnished, but without any ventilation: a picture of the death-bed of King Oscar in 1859, two prints of the Emperor Napoleon III. and

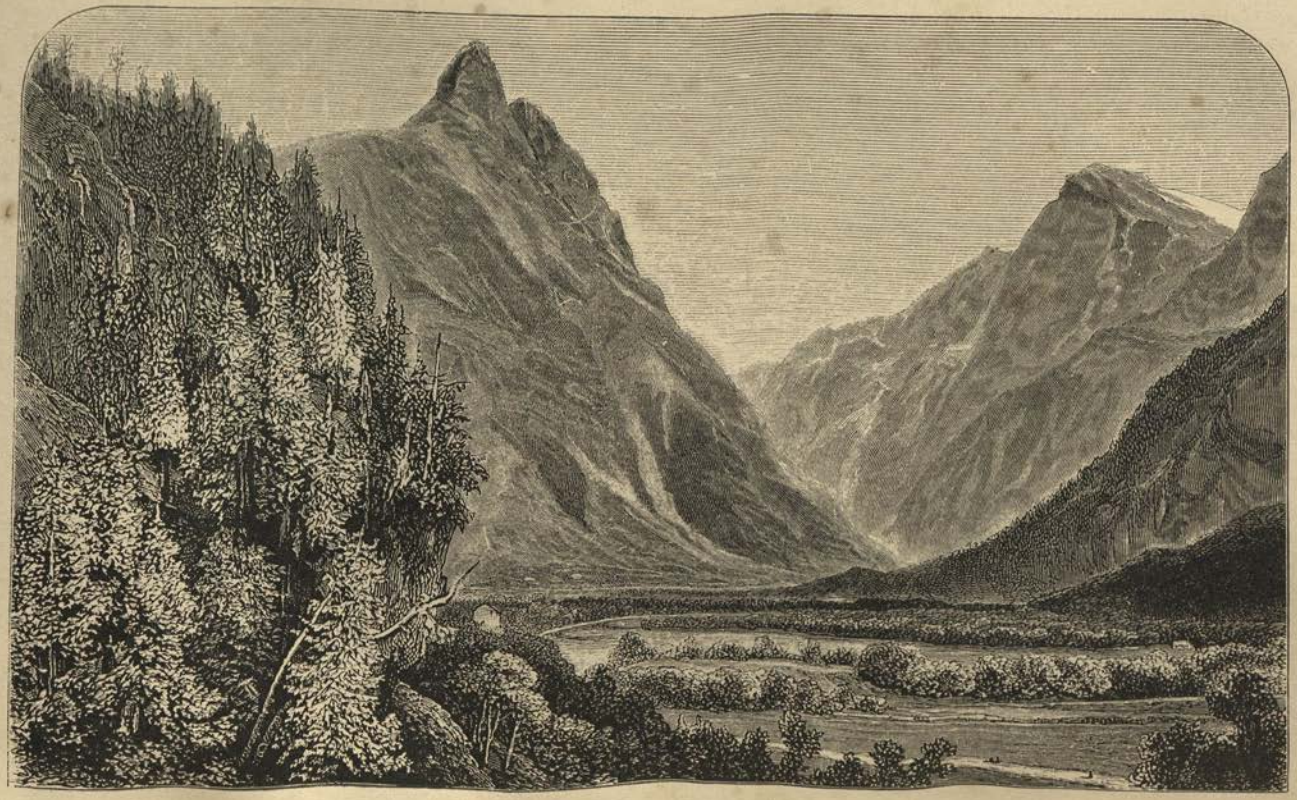
the Empress, and a German coloured print called Elise, and Our Saviour, were placed on the walls.

His daughter brought in a bottle of some wine or cordial, and a wine-glass, but we asked for a cup of coffee in preference. In answer to my request, the old man, who sat on the other side of the table, counted slowly on his fingers five marks—"Een thaler," said he. It was what we expected, and proceeding to pay him, we pulled out three dollar notes. Not wishing to pay more of our silver away than we could help, we thought it a good opportunity to pay one of our dollar notes. Directly the old man saw the notes he suddenly counted three on his fingers, and raised his demand to "drei thalers." It was of little consequence, and we paid him his demand, disgusted with his cupidity—three dollars, or 13*s.* 6*d.* English money, which in Norway was equivalent to the rent of a cottage and ground for one year for a Huusmand. What different hospitality the wanderers met with from many not half so wealthy, who brought to our camp fladbröd for our acceptance. This, and the one at Lillehammer, were the only two instances we met with of any over-exaction in Norway. We were told afterwards that one dollar was amply sufficient.

We had almost loaded our donkeys when Mr. L. came; and at our wish a boatman brought up two very fine sea trout, for which we paid three marks and twelve skillings, and took them with us.

The militia were to commence their training at Veblungsnœs that morning. One of our former acquaintances, a Norwegian captain—a fine specimen of a thorough-going military man, erect and handsome, with his grey moustache—had come to see us off. Esmeralda stepped for-

ward, and pinned some beautiful flowers, selected from the Aak bouquet, in Mr. L.'s coat. A copy of our song was left for Monsieur le Capitaine's son; another for Frue Landmark, of Aak; and one for Herr Solberg; and two copies for Mr. L. to do what he liked with. The chevalier had sent a very nice return telegram to us. Mr. L. and the Captain were astonished at the weight our donkeys carried. We wished the farmer's wife and daughter and son good-by. The old man was absent, probably gloating over his sudden acquisition of wealth. His son and daughter were very quiet, respectable young people. The farm people collected on the ground, and, saluting each other with our hats, we left the camp, and passed up the wide lane leading to the main route. As we were disappearing over the edge of the ascent, we saw the Capitaine and his son still looking after us; they waved their hats as we vanished with a farewell signal in return.



ROMSDALSHORN,

VIEW FROM NEAR "AAK."

CHAPTER XXVII.

There is something remarkable in the eye of the Romany. Should his hair and complexion become as fair as those of the Swede or the Finn, and his jockey gait as grave and ceremonious as that of the native of Old Castile; were he dressed like a king, a priest, or a warrior, still would the Gitâno be detected in his eye, should it continue unchanged. . . . . Its peculiarity consists chiefly in a strange, staring expression, which, to be understood, must be seen, and in a thin glaze which steals over it when in repose, and seems to emit phosphoric light. That the gipsy eye has sometimes a peculiar effect, we learn from the following stanza :—

A gipsy stripling's glossy eye
Has pierced my bosom's core,
A feat no eye beneath the sky
Could e'er effect before.

The Gipsies. By SAMUEL ROBERTS.

ADIEU AAK—ROMSDALSHORN—TROLDTINDERNE—FLADMARK—YOUNG NORWEGIAN LADIES—OUR FAIR VISITORS—A NIGHT SCENE—MORNING MEAL—EXHAUSTED PEASANTS—ESMERALDA'S COMPLIMENT—A GIPSY CUISINE—HOW GIPSIES SLEEP—OUR GUIDE ARRIVES—THE INVISIBLE BATHER—THE RACE—THE RIVER GRÖNA.

WE passed the quiet scenes of Aak and its beautiful scenery; we saw Captain C——, and some young ladies coming down to the road from the house. The charming terrace before the house and grounds are kept in excellent neatness and order. Frue Landmark also came down to see our donkeys again. Captain C. was going south, and might probably overtake us, but we

did not see him again.* Very useful indeed was the information he gave us. Frue Landmark, whom we saw in earnest conversation with Esmeralda, presented her with some ear-rings. So we made our adieux to all, and left a spot so pleasantly described by Lady Di Beauclerk. Her ladyship is the daughter of the ninth Duke of St. Albans, whose first wife was Mrs. Coutts, the once celebrated Miss Mellon, whose interesting memoirs were published some years since.

The sun was very warm. We were all in excellent spirits; who could be otherwise in the midst of so much free life? Herr Solberg, the photographer, met us, apparently looking for a Point de Vue. Then we passed *Fiva*, and a short distance beyond we halted in the old place among the green bushes, by the rippling stream, at the foot of the Romsdalshorn and Troldtinderne. Our dinner consisted of some of the boiled beef, fried with butter. It was about twelve o'clock; Zachariah was despatched trout-fishing. Esmeralda was better; some quinine in the morning had spirited her up. She was not allowed to be idle. As we bustled her about, she said she thought the Rye was in a murmuring way. Then, as we lounged note-book in hand, we had a chaff at Noah, who was half asleep, and woke up looking very wild, to be asked, what he would take for his paper front, and collar, for which he had given four skillings. The front was now all but gone. "What you like, sir," said Noah, and heaving a deep sigh, fell back into the region of gipsy dreams sounder than ever. We looked in vain for the invalid visitor who was to take the place of Rip

* Captain Campbell, author of the excellent and useful work on Norway, published soon afterwards, entitled "How to See Norway."

Van Winkle, and somnolency resulting, who knows but we ourselves might not have been there now; but the good genii of the magician's peaks awoke us. There were the dark fantastic rocks, streaked in gilded rays of the summer's sun. The distant roar of thunder in the lofty precipices, produced by falling snow, sounded in the narrow gorge. Our donkeys had strayed; we aroused Noah from a deep sleep, who disappeared down the valley and brought them back. On his return, he said he had seen a number of gentlemen along the Rauma near Fiva, with guns and fishing-rods. It was nearly four o'clock. The donkeys were hastily loaded, and we were again *en route*. Zachariah was overtaken before we reached Horgheim, and had succeeded in catching twenty-three small trout. A young traveller and his wife came up in a stolkjœrre, and kept behind us till we got to Horgheim. They wanted us to stay there, so that they might get first on account of the donkeys, but we were pressed for time, and when they came up afterwards, their horse passed very quietly. The traveller, who was Norwegian, spoke English, and they appeared a newly-married couple. We passed our old camping-ground beyond "Horgheim," and bought a mark's worth of fladbröd from the woman of the house. Our old camp near the leaning-stone was our intended destination. At one part of the road we met a number of carrioles. A lady in a green Tyrolese hat and feather, who seemed unaccustomed to driving, was one of the party. As she passed, the pony shied, and the boy who stood upon the board behind her, with great quickness, seized the reins. "P-r-r-r-h—p-r-r-r-h," said the boy, and away they dashed past us. The boy, afterwards, reined the pony up rather

sharply; the pony reared, and the lady jumped out with a small scream; the gentleman we took for her husband bringing up the rear, passed quietly enough, and as no one was hurt, we again continued our way.

We passed Fladmark; our donkeys had not lost their interest to the peasantry; many collected to see them. Fladmark seems a large station and the scenery is very picturesque. In fact, at every turn we had fresh scenes to admire. When we had passed Kors and were drawing near our old camping ground, in passing through a gate on the road, our Puru Rawnee ran our packs against the gate-post, and broke a bottle of port wine. Noah and Zachariah caught some in the kettle lid, which they were allowed to drink. We did not feel inclined to take any ourselves. Esmeralda had a very small quantity, but the stimulant made her feel, she said, very queer. Then we followed on slowly with her, for she was rather tired, whilst Noah and Zachariah pushed on in advance. We were soon afterwards overtaken by a stolkjœrre; a man was driving two young ladies, and a young gentleman, their brother, was walking. They stopped after they had passed us, and seeing that they wished to speak, we addressed them. The one young lady, who spoke English very well, said they had come to Veblungsnœs by steamer, where they had heard of us, and had seen our song. They wished very much to see our "deer." Many in Norway took our donkeys for a species of reindeer capable of carrying weights. The young ladies were very agreeable and good looking; something very charming about them. They seemed much interested in our expedition. Being told that our gipsies were in advance, and where we should encamp, they drove after them.

When Esmeralda and myself reached the leaning-stone in the valley of the Sjiriaglns Fjeld, it was getting dusk. The young ladies were looking at our things just unpacked, and Noah was putting up the tents on the old camp ground near the large rock. The young ladies wished to hear us play, but something to eat was a preliminary necessity before we could give them any music. They decided, therefore, to wait. The young ladies said, "We should much wish to hear you play; we heard of you at Veblungsnœs." Our tents were soon pitched, and Zachariah, who had given up grumbling about his churie, got our tea and broiled meat ready with remarkable celerity. The young ladies said, "We should so like to sleep in a tent." "Do you not find it cold?" "No," we said, "We have a waterproof on the ground, and a carpet over that. It is all we require for our bed." Then as we were going to tea in our tents the young ladies decided to take something to eat themselves at our camp fire.* They gave us some dried rein-deer meat, and we gave them some of our biscuit. Noah said they were such nice young ladies he could give them anything, and sent Esmeralda with his panakin of tea instead of having it himself. Esmeralda did not eat anything, and went and talked to them. Then we sent them bread-and-butter, and finished our tea. The young ladies sent their cards to our tents whilst we were at tea. Miss Grethe S——, of Halsund, and Miss Marie B——, of Molde. Then they came from the camp fire where they had finished their repast. The shades of evening had fallen; the sound of the waters of the

* The engraving of the valley of the Sjiriaglns Fjeld represents our camp, near the "Leaning Stone."

Rauma came upon the night. Their brother and the driver of their stolkjœrre joined them as they stood at our tents, in the valley of the cascades, of wild scenery, of all that was beautiful in nature. Much pleased they seemed, as they listened to our gipsy song, and still more pleased they appeared when we presented each with a copy. We played for them several airs with our guitar, violin, and tambourine. It was twelve o'clock when they left to go on to Ormein for the night. We had had a long day; as they left, I found that one of the young ladies had presented Noah with a cigar-holder. Soundly we slept, for we did not awake until eight o'clock. One of our sea trout fried in buttered writing paper was delicious for breakfast. We were just leaving, at twelve o'clock, when a drayman came up, and we gave him some brandy. He said an English gentleman was coming to Ostersund to fish in the "Glommen," in August. The man said his son could speak English very well. For some time he followed us along the road, but at last we left him behind. The sun was exceedingly hot when we reached Ormein.* As we approached the station the two young ladies rushed out. One had two plates in her hand. They shook hands with all of us, and we had a very warm welcome indeed. Their brother brought some water for the donkeys. The young traveller and his wife were also there. A very enthusiastic reception we had. Miss S——, said, she had come there to meet a sister from Christiania. But time presses, we must away; the comfortable station must be left. With many adieux and godt reisen from the

* So spelt in the Kristians Amt map; occasionally spelt Ormen.

young ladies, we ascended the hilly road from the station and left the beautiful scenery which surrounds it.

Staying at our old camping-ground near the "Scendre Sletten fossen," we had our mid-day meal—tea, fladbröd, and butter. Noah and Zachariah played some music, whilst Esmeralda had some instruction in dancing. Between four and five o'clock our party were again *en route* up the zig-zag hilly road, with Vand fos, rock, or forest, continually in view.

At one point of the road a man, woman, and child came running after us. They wished to see the donkeys. Noah and Zachariah were far on before. The peasants' countenances were marked with an expression of earnest anxiety. The gipsies kept pushing on. Esmeralda said, "We can't stop for every gorgio," and away ran the man up the hill with his small boy tugging at his belt behind, and the wife following, ready to sink for want of breath. We came just in sight of our gipsies at a turn of the road, and shouted, when they at last halted very reluctantly.

The peasants, we were glad to see, reached them, but nearly exhausted with haste and fatigue. Some more people came from a house near, and brought some hay for the donkeys. We were anxious for our peasant friends to see the animals, and many were the questions they asked. When we talked of winter they seemed to shiver, and a shade of melancholy passed over their countenances. After a halt of about ten minutes we again continued our journey.

As we reached the summit of the hill near "Stueflaaten" the clouds threatened rain. At Stueflaaten station a delicate-looking woman with a stout child

showed us into the guest-chamber. There were two beds. The walls of the chamber were painted green and red. Some photographs also adorned the room, which was very clean, but to us the atmosphere was too close to be pleasant. They procured for us some butter, potatoes, and fladbröd, for which we paid three marks. They gave us full value for our money. The evening was wearing rapidly on as we left the station. Very soon after we met a carriage and pair, in which sat a dark-eyed traveller. His hair was jet black. Our gipsies had to look sharp to get our donkeys in single file, and as we brought up the rear with our alpenstock the traveller scanned our party with much curiosity. Esmeralda paid him the compliment afterwards of saying his hair was as dark as any Romany's.

It was getting late, as dusty and travel-worn we came on to the open moorland by "Böver Möen." This time we camped near two or three broken firs, not very far from the road, and near a hedge enclosing a thick wood. Very shortly after our gipsies had unloaded our things, and had lighted our fire, three fishermen, appeared in the distance coming towards us. One was better dressed than the others, and was the only wooden-legged man we saw in Norway. He was stout and portly. From his waistcoat he had suspended two small trout, the result of his fishing expedition. Each had some of our brandy-and-water, and drank to Gamle Norge. Some boys came afterwards and brought some grass for the donkeys. Then they watched our cooking with interest. Whilst Esmeralda was getting the potatoes ready, we fried some sea-trout in buttered writing-paper. Very much surprised they seemed at the luxury of our

cuisine. Then Esmeralda fried some fish in the ordinary way, and also some sliced potatoes. We enjoyed our tea on that open moorland, in sight of a foaming waterfall down the mountain-side by the Böverhö. Brandy-and-water was handed round to those peasants assembled. Ourself on guitar, and Zachariah with his violin, sitting as much in the smoke of the fire as possible, on account of the myriads of musketos, played lively airs, whilst Noah was pitching the tents. Esmeralda was engaged putting up the tea-things with every now and then a hearty denunciation of the "migs" or musketos. Some young peasant-girls came in time for the music. One, a very modest, pretty girl, knitting a stocking, or a strumper, as the gipsies called it. Another peasant-girl brought us some milk, which she sold us for three skillings. When our music was finished, and the peasants had wished us good-night, we retired to rest. Rest indeed for Zachariah. He was the smallest of the party, and the mosketos with excellent generalship concentrated their attacks upon the weakest point, when Zachariah killed one, two were in its place. Wildly he scratched, slapped, tumbled, and tossed, to his brother's disgust, who would say sharply, "Now then, can't you be quiet?" Where are you getting your piro* (gip., foot) to. Can't you lie still, and let me go to sleep."

Many readers may imagine that the brothers slept side by side. They slept in true Romany fashion, that is, the feet of each are placed on each side of the head, or under the arms of the other. In this way a wonderful amount of warmth is obtained. One blanket covered both, and

* Piro is used in the Norwegian, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Turkish gipsy language to signify foot. In the Turkish gipsy, pinro, pirno, and pindo are also used.

sometimes we might see in a morning Noah's feet sticking out on each side of Zachariah's head.

The weather seemed inclined for rain the night before, but the morning of Wednesday, 27th July, was delightful. Noah was roused before six o'clock. To-day we should be in the mountains. We heard Ole Rödsheim had been at Stueflaaten. The trout Zachariah had caught were fried for breakfast; four pounds of beef, the remainder of what we had bought at Veblungsnœs was reluctantly condemned as spoilt. The hot weather had quite spoiled it. Some Norwegian girls came, and we had three skillings' worth of milk, and twelve skillings' worth of stamped sweet fladbröd. Our donkeys were nearly loaded about nine o'clock, when we saw Ole Rödsheim stepping over the moorland. He did not think we had arrived, but came to look out for us. He scarcely expected we should manage the distance in the time.

Ole Rödsheim had stayed the night at "Enebo." As we passed the house he took a cup of coffee, and we soon after crossed the Enebo bridge, entered a beautiful green lane, and left the main route before coming to Molmen. It was delightful to find ourselves no longer on the hard road.

Ole Rödsheim led the way from the lane by a track through the open woodland. Now we come suddenly upon a purling stream of water with deep holes, shaded from the summer sun of the hot and sultry day. What is this we see on the bank near a pool in the stream? A heap of woman's clothes; even her shoes; but where's the woman? Instinctively we looked into the quiet pool formed by the stream, but no water-nymph was

there. There was the clear gravelly bed which made us wish to take a refreshing plunge.

The clothes were left. The woman was gone. Probably wandering about in the forest. We hope she did not unhappily lose herself. It is one of the mysteries of this book we shall never be able to clear.

At one log châlet Ole Rödsheim took an old man with us for a short distance. At another part of our winding way up some open ground towards the woods, we could see on the opposite side the valley sloping to the stream below a man and woman running at the top of their speed in the hot sun towards a bridge over the river. Our party were fast ascending towards the ridge of the ascent, and would soon be out of sight. Sometimes the woman gained ground upon the man. Every muscle was strained. It was the best steeplechase we ever saw. Then they dashed wildly across a slight wooden bridge at some distance off. We purposely delayed our cavalcade, to let them have a chance, and panting for breath and almost exhausted, they ultimately reached us. The admiration they exhibited for the noble animals with which we travelled left no doubt that they felt quite rewarded for their long and well-contested race. We forget which came up first.

Passing to the "Gröna elv," above Molmen, we had the opportunity of seeing the picturesque waterfall called the Gröna fos. It roars through overhanging rocks, and high above the Gröna we reached a slight horse-bridge stretched over a wide deep chasm, with the rapid waters of the river below. Very little attention appears to be given to these bridges. The planks were loose, and in places out, and some were not fastened.

Stopping up the open places as well as our materials would allow, we determined to risk our animals. They fortunately went over the bridge exceedingly well, but the last heavily laden donkey nearly slipped its hind leg through an awkward crevice, and was only just saved. Ole Rödsheim was very handy in our first experience of Norwegian mountain-bridges, and quite verified our early formed opinion of his quick readiness of resource.

Now we were winding through a forest of firs and birch. Very warm it was, but the way was delightful. There were two tracks to the Ny Sœter, but Ole chose the track by a sœter, we believe called the Gröna Sœter.* This we reached in good time. The sœter is built on a wooded plateau above a wild gorge through which the river Gröna takes its course.

* Sœter is pronounced "saiter," and, like the châlet in Switzerland, affords rough accommodation on the cattle run, in the mountains, often at a long distance from the valley farm to which it belongs. The cattle are driven up from the valley, at the beginning of the summer, for pasture, and the butter and cheese are made at the sœter. At the end of the summer, the cattle are driven back to the valley farms, and housed for the winter.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

—Je ne connais pas de reine de ce nom-là.
—Même parmi les zingaris ?
—C'est vrai, dit Fernand, j'oubliais les Bohémiens ont des rois.
—Et des reines, dit Ginesta.

Le Salléador, par ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

"I do not know any queen of that name."
"Even among the gipsies?"
"It is true," said Fernand, "I had forgotten the gipsies have kings."
"And queens," said Ginesta.

BOTANISING—ESMERALDA LOST—FOUND AGAIN—THE EAGLE—MOUNTAIN DIFFICULTIES—MOUNTAIN BIVOUAC—ESMERALDA ILL—OLE'S BED—HOTEL BILLS—ROUGH ROUTE—DONKEYS IN SNOW—THE PURU RAWNEE DOWN—THE NY SŒTER—GIPSY DISCUSSION—THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE—HOSPITALITY—NORWEGIAN NAMES—FILLINGSHÖ—LARGE LAKE.

No one was at the sœter. After a middags-mad of tea, bacon, potatoes, fladbröd and butter, and a rest, we continued our journey. After pursuing our rough mountain track for a short time, we left the forest of the steep mountain side, and commenced a toilsome ascent, in a warm sun, across a wild rocky ravine, bare of trees, with a stream running down it. It was not very deep. Our party slowly ascended one side of the ravine towards the higher slopes of the mountain.

Gradually Esmeralda and ourself, who were collecting wild flowers, and Alpine Flora, were left behind. Patches of snow rested here and there as we ascended

the sides of the "Hyrjon Fjeld." The open mountain was rocky and bare of vegetation. Gradually and slowly we ascended higher and higher, when we suddenly missed our party. Track there was none distinguishable. We ascended to some higher ridges; but could see nothing of our guide, gipsies, or donkeys. A white handkerchief was fastened to the end of our Alpenstock. We used the shrill cry of the Australian signal and cooed loudly, but could hear no signal in return. Not a vestige of human life was to be seen on the rugged mountain slopes around us. It was quite clear that somehow we were lost. We had our compass; but then, we had no idea as to the course across the mountains Ole Rödsheim proposed to take.

Esmeralda did not appear much disconcerted by the incident. It was a scene for the artist's pencil, as the gipsy-girl ascended a hillock strewn with loose grey rocks, covered with lichen. There she stood in the evening sun, in a distant land across the sea, the blue feathers of her small straw hat, waving in the light warm breeze. One could not help feeling, that there was something more than common in this mystic race. The lone figure of the gipsy-girl, whose home was nature, seemed the queen of the wide expanse of barren "Fjeld" which she then surveyed. She gave a whistle—that peculiar shrill whistle which is known among themselves; a whistle, which, if not heard quite at Christiania, certainly must have disturbed the wild rein-deer of the surrounding fjelds from their slumbers.

We had almost come to the conclusion that we might have to spend the night as best we could on the "Hyrjon Fjeld;" just then we heard a return signal across some

ravines beyond us to our right. Zachariah had come back in search. They had turned sharply across the mountain slope to the right, and were hidden from view by the intervening ravines. We raced across the mountain side, and crossing some snow slopes of a ravine, getting well ahead, we kept up a sharp and rapid fire of snowballs at Esmeralda, prudently retreating immediately afterwards in pursuit of our party.*

Noah and Ole Rödsheim were waiting. The donkeys were soon in motion.

"Ah!" said Noah, who had a great contempt for botanical research; "That's the way with Mr. Smith; he plucks a flower, and then calls daughter to look at it. She says it's very pretty; and there they stand till nobody can tell what has become of them."

Poor Noah! botany was not his forte. But all was sunshine again, and we quietly pursued our rough uneven way.

Our path was now in the wild fjelds. Ole had his peculiar landmarks. Sometimes it was a rock; sometimes a large stone placed edgeways or on the top of another. For some time we kept along the side of a rugged slope. A large black and white eagle soared above us with a hawk near it. It gave life to the scene. Soon afterwards we came to an old reingrav. This is a kind of pit or trap formed of loose stones, into which the reindeer were sometimes driven by the hunters. A portion of a reindeer's horn was picked up by Noah and given to us.

* We were more fortunate than Williams, who, during his knapsack tour, lost his way when crossing over the Kjölen Fjeldene to Skeaker, and was alone, without food or rest, for nearly twenty-four hours—page 202 of "Through Norway with a Knapsack."

Our way became more difficult. Each of the gipsies had to lead their donkey. The ground was in places very treacherous, and we often came to steep descents. The Puru Rawnee, who was loaded much more heavily than the other two, got her hind legs into very deep ground near some rocks, and was with difficulty extricated. At some distance beyond, in descending a slope, the Puru Rawnee went right into a quicksand. We had to unload her, and the ground being full of loose stones, we were afraid she would cut her legs all to pieces. Noah was almost despairing. It was his first experience of mountain work.

"What can we do, sir?" said he, in a melancholy tone, "in such rough roads as these?"

Ole Rödsheim came back to us, and we carried most of the things some distance down to firmer ground. Again loading, we started once more. Zachariah was as lively as ever, with his donkey the Puro Rye, making short cuts, and going now and then in advance, until warned to be careful. We kept our course, until at last, crossing a streamlet, in spite of every precaution, the Puru Rawnee sank right into another quicksand, out of which we had much difficulty in extricating her. The things had to be taken off. We proposed camping out where we were; for the donkeys, especially the Puru Rawnee, were getting tired.

Ole Rödsheim suggested that there was better camping ground on the other side a mountain ravine, a short distance beyond. We decided to make a push for it, and soon after succeeded in reaching a wide rocky ravine. The stream was broken into many rivulets. The torrent's bed was strewn with loose rocks; so that with our tired loaded animals, we crossed with difficulty, and winding

round the foot of a lofty knowle above the ravine, we entered a shallow gully at the back of it. Ascending a gentle slope to the flat summit of the knowle, we found an excellent camping ground.

The conical hill was just adapted for our tents. To our right the waters of many streams issued from the large snow-field we could see at a short distance up the ravine. In front, at the foot of a long slope, and crossing the end of the ravine, we could see the deep valley of the Gröna, and above us the Skarvehöerne.

Our tents were soon pitched. Ole Rödsheim said he should camp out if we could lend him a blanket. Our fire was lighted, and we shared with him our tea, eggs, fladbröd, and butter. Esmeralda lay on the ground near the camp-fire, and could not take anything. She was taken very unwell. She wished to be left in peace, and to Noah, who asked her again, she said "No!" so sharply that he quickly left her.

Ole Rödsheim went to make his bed under a rock on the side of the gully below us. His little wallet, and small brass camp-kettle in it, were left by our smouldering fire. Almost immediately after down came torrents of rain. We had just time to seize our waterproof rug which we slept on, and our guide's wallet. Our first thought was for him. He had just formed a sort of nest like a coffin with loose stones, the lower part covered over by flat stones stuffed with loose heath and stunted birch. In an instant he was stretched in his form. Throwing the waterproof over him, we gave him his wallet underneath, and left him for the night. There was one satisfaction, our guide would be perfectly dry if not particularly warm in his mountain quarters.

Returning to the tents in pouring rain, we unfolded our waterproof, and placed it over the tents, for the moisture was already making its way through our blanket covering. Esmeralda had crawled in, and was lying in a very helpless state. We had to move her, whilst we made her bed, and packed her up comfortable for the night. She might be bilious from the middags-mad of potatoes and bacon; but she said afterwards it was owing to a sudden chill when she ate some snow, or from her wet feet. Giving her some brandy the last thing, for she did not know how she felt, we hoped our universal panacea would effect a cure.

Just before going to bed, the rain ceased; and going to Ole, a voice under the waterproof said he was very comfortable. As we were going into our tents, we could not help gazing on the magnificent sea of white mist rising from the deep valley of the Gröna below.*

Soon after five o'clock we were up, and descending in a thick mist to the ravine, we had a good wash. The donkeys were inspected, and their legs carefully rubbed down with our bruise mixture, which was an universal remedy for all cuts, bruises, aches, and pains. Ole was apparently sleeping soundly, and we did not disturb him. Our gipsies got up, and at six o'clock Ole was moving and none the worse for his rough accommodation. He had, I believe, been up before to see if the donkeys were safe. Everything was wet, and no fuel could be found but one or two damp sticks from the ravine, and the roots of heath and dwarf birch. A fire seemed hopeless, but our Russian lamp overcame all difficulty,

* Grona elv, green river.

and we soon had a fire. Tea and fladbröd and butter formed our breakfast.

Whilst we were loading our donkeys, a pale, large-boned peasant appeared. No one knew from whence, but he was able to quaff some of our brandy. Esmeralda was again tolerably well. As Ole proceeded in advance, and we were ascending the right slope of the ravine, he shouted—"Ah, Mr. Smith! you have no hotel bills to settle, sir." Ole seemed to have taken a deep interest in our mode of life.

Our ascent up rocky slopes was laborious and heavy. The Digervarden Fjeld on our left, and the Grönhöerne on our right. In the distance was the Skarvdalseggen and the Digerkampen. With even pace we followed our rough stony track, often near slopes of snow. All nature was as desolate and sterile as could well be imagined. Although lightened of its load, our Puru Rawnee had still a heavy weight. It was necessary to be very careful as to boggy ground. At one place, notwithstanding all care, she was effectually bogged in a deep quagmire, and with difficulty pulled out. Crossing a sterile ridge of loose gray rocks, Ole suggested we should try some large snow slopes as easier, which we did. Sometimes where the snow was not deep we managed very well, and passed over slopes of smooth frozen snow glittering in the sun.

Occasionally, as we again came to the rocks, the snow was deep, and we found ourselves for a few feet plunging with our donkeys above our knees in snow, and the loaded animals could scarcely get through. Again we were picking our way over loose rocks, with occasional reaches of frozen snow to cross. Our journey was toilsome. The upper portions of our route were sterile and

dreary, without that abrupt boldness of outline which gives an interest to the scene. As we commenced our descent to the valley of the Lora Elv, to reach the Ny Sœter, we had to descend a very rough mountain track, difficult for our already tired donkeys. Still we were anxious to reach the Ny Sœter before we called a halt. At last, at an awkward place, the Puru Rawnee fell, and, in trying to recover itself, again fell, with its head doubled under its body. The whole weight of the packs slipped forward upon it. As it rolled over and lay motionless, we thought our beautiful Puru Rawnee had broken its neck. Quickly getting the baggage away, we let it lie quiet. After some short time, it seemed to recover, and got up. Ole Rödsheim shouldered our fishing rods and some heavy packs. Each took something to lighten materially our gray donkey, and, walking quickly down past an old reindeer grav,* we soon reached several small log-houses, near a brawling snow stream, called the Lora Elv. We had arrived at the Ny Sœter.†

Near the Ny Sœter there was a fenced paddock, and close to the Sœter a sheltered flat of turf, where we unloaded and pitched our tents. Our day's journey had taken us from half-past nine o'clock till four o'clock. The Lordalen, as it is called, is now almost bare of trees, cold, and uninteresting in appearance even in the height of the summer season. The rage for cutting down the forests in Norway will render the country in some parts almost uninhabitable. In Wales the climate would be warmer, and the mountains more picturesque, and the country far more beautiful, if still clothed with its ancient

* Reindeer pits, formed in the fjelds, for taking reindeer.

† New sœter.

forests; but Norway can never be used for sheep pasture, as the hills of Wales, on account of the climate; and the forests for shelter are still more necessary in the northern clime.

Middagsmad consisted of tea, ham, potatoes, and pickled walnuts. Ourself, Noah, and Zachariah went fishing; but, not meeting with any sport, we soon returned with Noah. The peasants at the Sœter were very kind, civil people. They were all women and children, one being a boy. One very nice little girl hummed very prettily several Norwegian airs for us. The wind blew cold in the evening. Zachariah came back to tea, with two trout. For our aftensmad we had Zachariah's two trout, with fladbröd and butter from the Sœter. Esmeralda was very bilious; could not finish her tea; said she could not touch tea again; was unwell. The tea, she said, was not good, or the fladbröd. Her brother Noah said she ate too fast, and so made herself unwell; for, said Noah, the tea is excellent. Our gipsies would now and then wrangle and chaff, till a stranger would suppose they were going to fight, as on this evening.

"Now, then, Lucas, don't tell lies. Dawdy. There's a state he puts himself in, the ballo shero!"

"Dik the Bongy Mouee!" exclaimed another. "Sheep's eyes! ah, you talk backwards, like Amy, you do!"

Then Esmeralda would say satirically, "Well indeed, so manly! Doesn't he put himself over every one, Ambrose does."

"What is daughter saying?" answers Noah. "Blankesko! look at Ezekiel."

"Don't say so," shouted Zachariah.

"Ask Mr. Smith whether it is a lie. Oh, yes; Ambrose can do anything, he can."

It was, however, satisfactory to know that in a few minutes they did not trouble themselves about their hastily expressed opinions of one another.

Our gipsies were shortly afterwards singing, "Gamle Norge," humming a tune, or arranging our things with a merry laugh. Poor Mr. Rödsheim was sorely puzzled at the variety of names they seemed to possess; but at last Noah settled down into Mr. Ambrose, Esmeralda into Miss Daughter, and Zachariah into Master Zâkēē.

In the evening, as the Sœter girl collected her cows, there was something charming in her peculiar call. The high modulated pitch of the voice—tones at once plaintive and persuasive, seemed to lure the animals to her from the far distance. It was nine o'clock when we sang our gipsy song for them, and then ourself, Noah, and Zachariah sat by the fire playing the guitar, violin, and tambourine, as the young girls danced on the level green till ten o'clock.

Ole Rödsheim slept in state that night—the Englishman's house was placed at his disposal. This log-house appeared to have been built for sportsmen, and had been occupied by English gentlemen, in 1869, for reindeer shooting; but on these fjelds, we were told, the reindeer were now scarce, and the rype not plentiful.*

* Of the Norwegian winged game, the "capercailzie," or, as the male bird is called in Norsk, "tiur," is, perhaps the finest, varying from nine to sixteen pounds in weight. They feed much on the cranberry, red whortleberry, bilberry or bleaberry, wild strawberry, raspberry, and on juniper berries, insects, and also on leaves of the Scotch fir and spruce pine. Then there are the ptarmigan of two kinds—the "fjeld rype," mountain ptarmigan, and the "skov rype," or wood ptarmigan; also the "hjerpe," hazle hen, hazle grouse—the handsomest of the grouse species—the "aarfugl,"

Ole was stirring in good time. Eggs for breakfast, with tea, fladbröd, and butter, from the Sœter, for which we paid two marks, twelve skillings. Ole Rödsheim, who at first was scarcely inclined to touch tea, as he usually drank coffee, now seemed getting quite fond of it. One English gentleman to whom he had been guide, seems to have been equally fond of brandy. It was during forest travel in Australia that we first acquired the habit of taking tea with each meal. It is the custom in the Bush; and, as regards ourselves, we have found it sufficient stimulus for every kind of exposure and hard mountain work.

At breakfast, the women of the Sœter brought us a present of some milk, and Esmeralda a cake of best fladbröd, with clotted cream upon it—very different hospitality from our host at Veblungsnœs. It was excellent; but we think added slightly to the biliousness of Esmeralda. Then they brought us more cake and clotted cream; but we were obliged to beg off and get Ole Rödsheim to explain that we had really had quite sufficient.

The woman took us to see the Englishman's house. It was very clean; but bare of furniture. The Englishmen, who were evidently of lively temperament, appear to have stayed there some time. As a change from hard life in the fjelds, a Norwegian musician would occasionally come, and the Sœter girls from the district assemble for

black cock or black grouse; also "raphöne," partridges; "vagtel," quail; and "rugde," woodcock. Partridges and quails are not numerous. We refer those who wish to know more about the game birds of Norway to a most complete and beautifully illustrated work, "Game Birds and Wild Fowl of Sweden and Norway," by L. Lloyd, author of "Field Sports of Northern Europe," published by Day & Son, 1867. Many of the beautiful illustrations of this work are by the celebrated Swedish artist, the late M. Körner. Several excellent woodcuts are by Wolf.

a dance on the level green. Their names were recorded inside the door of the Englishman's wooden house as follows:—

Oline Flikle	Yoraana Norstigaard
Anne Brenyord	Mari Thorols
Eli Loflinsmoe	Mari Rudi
Marit Norstigaard	Marit Stavem
Marit Thorhols	Anne Skarpol
Marit Brenyörd	Britt Skarpol.

Giving the woman's son a present of some fishing flies, which he wanted, and the woman a large tin water-can which we managed to spare, our party left about ten o'clock. The first difficulty was a bridge, but after much trouble we got the donkeys over, and ascended the mountain slope of the valley through the few scattered birch trees which were left.

The track was not beset with much difficulty, and, ascending the high lands of the Fillingshö Fjeld, we had the Skardstind and Kjölen Fjeldene on our left, and the Jehanshö Fjeld on our right. We were now in the Gudbransdalen. Traversing wild open moorlands, with scarcely any vegetation, we halted about two o'clock by a small streamlet, on the open mountain. A few sticks we had collected on our way enabled us to make our fire. Tea and fladbröd and butter formed our meal. The fladbröd was not of the best description. Zachariah called it bearskin, but after all it was palatable to a mountaineer, and we bid him be satisfied he did not fare worse; it was nearly all consumed at this meal, to Zachariah's intense satisfaction.

We were soon ready for a start. The animals had rested; the Puru Rawnee did not seem much the worse for its fall the day before. It is not well to keep them *en route* more than four hours without a rest. The Puru

Rawnee's back was slightly sore, and we adopted the plan of folding the tent cover into two rolls, and placing one on each side its back, so as to relieve all pressure. This plan answered exceedingly well.

Leaving about four o'clock, we passed near the Aur Vand, or, as it is marked in one map, the Horgven Lake. It is a large lake, and Ole said it was celebrated for its fish. As we continued our way down a very steep mountain track, descending towards Skeaker, the Lomseggen came in view, and snowy hills on our right. On one side we had the Bipsberg, and the other the Loms Horungen.

Zachariah, who had ridden with the packs on his donkey along the undulating plateaux, had now to dismount. Each had to go to the donkey's head ; the track was precipitous on the side of a deep ravine.

CHAPTER XXIX.

> The very look of each of them denotes strong talent; while in whatever they have undertaken to perform, they seem to have surpassed others, whilst they are at once unabashed and polite. It is true that they have not been tried in many things; but they are, it seems, the best fortune-tellers, the best singers, the best boxers, and, perhaps, the best doctors in the world. . . . . They speak, too, the several languages of each country with much greater propriety than the lower ranks of natives themselves do.
>
> *The Gipsies.* By SAMUEL ROBERTS.

THE PEASANT'S WOOD—SKEAKER—OUR FAIR VISITOR—ESMERALDA'S INDIGNATION—THE GIPSY HORNPIPE—THE FATE OF EZEKIEL—FEEBLE ADVOCACY—THE RANKNY* RACKLY—THE OTTA VAND.

NOAH broke his alpenstock. Descending still lower, we saw a waterfall formed by the stream from the lake. In a large extent of wood, on the other side, numbers of firs, which had once formed a picturesque shelter, had been cut down, and were lying on the ground. The owner, a well-to-do farmer, had yielded to the solicitations of a timber-merchant, and had cut down much of his wood. The timber-merchant, after buying and taking some of the best, found it was not worth his while to remove the remainder of the trees, owing to the roughness of the stream down which he intended to float them.

* "Rankny rackly," pretty girl; sometimes pronounced "rinkenno" and "rankno," pretty. In the Italian gipsy, it is pronounced "rincano," bello.

The timber was therefore lying as we saw it, probably to be used as firewood.

By a short cut we descended down a very steep bank, with our animals and baggage, to the level road to Skeaker. The road was an extremely narrow lane, with a wooden fence on both sides; fields of grain were improved in luxuriance by irrigation. At one place we saw a peasant throwing water over his grain with a wooden shovel. The peasants seemed well-to-do. The farms on each side the road were numerous, but small in size.

Then we had the usual rush to see the donkeys, and an occasional meeting in the narrow lane with ponies, who obstinately refused to fraternise with our cavalcade.

At last, after passing a large well-built wooden house, with a stuffed owl on the summer-house of its garden, we crossed a bridge over the Otta Elv.

Our camp was selected on a large open common, under the shelter of a wooden fence, not very far from the road. Ole went to a farm-house for provisions, and to say we had camped there. The tents were soon pitched, a fire lighted, and we had tea and eggs in our tents. The gipsies were very lively; the day's exertions had quite cured Esmeralda.

Numbers of peasants came in groups toward the camp. One man, dressed in black with a slouched hat, was the most solemn-looking individual we ever saw. The gipsies called him Uncle Elijah; another was styled Ezekiel. Ole said there were some peasants who did not like music or dancing.

The numbers increased, and they thronged round with eager curiosity. We were thankful that Ole was now

showman; no doubt, with much ingenuity, Ole made many difficult explanations. Our guide was quite equal to the task.

The donkeys were ever surrounded by anxious visitors. One very pretty girl came up, as we were standing at the tent entrance; speaking English with a strong American accent, she said, "And where do you live?"

Our answer that we occasionally resided in London, seemed a sufficient address, for she continued, "Are you married?"

"Oh, no," said we, with a tone of much melancholy.

Then she told us she had been in America and England; that she liked England better than Norway. She said she wanted to get married, and stayed in Norway to be with her mother. Her brother had sold the large house and farm, on the other side the river, to the government for 6,300 dollars. For some time we conversed together.

After the pretty Norwegian had left, we went to sit in our tent. As we entered, Esmeralda drew herself up with much dignity. A storm was coming—indications of the hurricane appeared on the surface of her dark flashing eyes.

"The Rye had better have his Norwegian Rackly at once! She'll keep your tents for you! Didn't you hear how they rocker'd together, Noah?"

"Well," said Noah, in secret enjoyment of his sister's indignation, "the Rye did say something about marriage, when she axed him."

"Won't she see after the Rye's things?" exclaimed Esmeralda, more and more indignant.

"Dawdy! dawdy!" said Zachariah, in his blandest

accents, as he sat on the ground and quietly rubbed his hands, swaying to and fro, whilst his dark eyes sparkled with malicious fire. "Dawdy! dawdy! but the Rye can tice it on with the girls, can't you, sir?"

"Tice it on," answered Esmeralda; "I'm not to be deceived. Noah, let's be a gellin."

There was an expressive tinge of indignant melancholy as Esmeralda said this. Our position was like the mariner in a heavy sea. After all, we really had no desire to change our hobbenengree, Esmeralda, who had travelled with us so many miles, and shared with us so many fatigues. Why should we change? Why should not Noah ask the pretty Norwegian girl in marriage? Indeed, we at once undertook to carry out the delicate mission. The question should be asked when she came. Noah was not unwilling.

Notwithstanding Esmeralda said, "Dawdy! There's a scheme of the Rye's," she was evidently more at ease, and in a few minutes we were playing some of our gipsy and other tunes, nor did we forget the "gipsy hornpipe," the favourite air of our gipsies' ancient grandmother, who had recently died at some incredible age, after giving to the world seventeen children.

The number of our visitors increased. Seated in our tents, we played a variety of airs. Some few danced on the greensward near; many tried to get a view of us by looking over the baulk between our tents. Ole was the centre of many a circle, as the peasants grouped round him, asking him all sorts of questions.

At length the push and pressure was so great our tents were in danger of being levelled with the ground. In vain Esmeralda became impatient and remonstrated, still the

peasants, anxious to see us, crowded against the tents and baulk.

Well we remember the tall active form of the gipsy girl, rising suddenly from the ground. Never shall we forget the amazon of our tents, the wild spirit of our many wanderings, seizing Noah's broken alpenstock. We were reminded of

> Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !
> Were the last words of Marmion !

as she went forth. There was a sudden withdrawal of pressure from our tents; there was a tramp of feet, a hurried stampede of short duration. Whether Uncle Elijah was knocked down, or what became of Ezekiel we never knew. We did not go out to pick up the wounded. Probably their bodies, like that of King James II., at the battle of Flodden, were never discovered. They did not appear the next morning. We mourned them as amongst the slain. Flushed and heated from the fray, Esmeralda soon returned. Our music continued till closing eve warned us it was time for rest. The peasants wished us good-night, and departed.

Yet once more before they all departed we held converse with the very pretty girl of Skeaker. Esmeralda had the satisfaction of hearing us propose for Noah. Our visitor did not appear altogether adverse, but we fear our advocacy was feeble, for nothing ultimately came of it, and we retired to rest.

We mused lightly upon the novelty and charm of our wild wandering life as we rose at six o'clock. Ole Rödsheim procured us eggs for breakfast. Fire was lighted; Zachariah tried the river for fish. In vain we sought a spot sufficiently private for matutinal ablutions; the river

banks were almost level with the water's edge; our camp was almost on an island. We afterwards retired beneath the arch of the second bridge, where we had all the seclusion of a private boudoir.

As we appeared on the bridge, refreshed and braced up for the day's exertion, to our surprise we again met the pretty girl of Skeaker. She had a young companion with her. Her American accent seemed now to give us pleasure, and then she spoke English very well. As we exchanged greetings chance caused us to look towards the river; the tall slim form of our hobbenengree (gip. housekeeper) was standing by the water's edge, looking towards us. Her dark flashing eyes followed every movement.

As we slowly returned to the tents we expected another storm, but Esmeralda waited till she was gone. "I saw it all," said Esmeralda, somewhat reproachfully. "How artfully the Rackly waited till you were on the bridge; but never mind, you can take her."

It was difficult to convince her that Noah's suit required several interviews and much pressing solicitation.

Our camp ground was delightful; several visitors came to our camp. Noah was loading the donkeys for our departure. Then we soon perceived our pretty Norwegian friend who spoke English; she had one or two young ladies with her.

Whilst Ole Rödsheim gave Noah some assistance, I proposed to give our visitors a few parting tunes; in fact, they were anxious to hear us play once more.

Esmeralda looked in no lively mood towards her

supposed rival. She would not play for the gorgios. Taking our guitar, we sat down, and, accompanied by Zachariah on his violin, we gave them some farewell music.

All is ready. The morning is beautiful. About ten o'clock the word was given to start. Ole formed our advance guard, and led the way, staff in hand, some distance a-head. By some shuffle in the cards of fate, Esmeralda was in the rear guard as we bowed farewell to our friendly visitors, and especially to the long-to-be-remembered pretty girl of Skeaker.

Our party quietly followed the narrow road along the right shore of the beautiful "Otta Vand." The road was very narrow, and fenced in. Comfortable homesteads of the peasant farmers were delightfully placed between the road and the lake. We remarked their substantial, and well-to-do appearance. This seemed one of the most fertile districts we had yet traversed.

Crossing the "Sand Aa" (Nor. sandy rivulet) we gradually approached Lom, which is about six or seven English miles from Skeaker. Some of the farm houses built on promontories, stretching from the shores of the lake, have names terminating in "næs" (Nor. point), as for instance, Studnæs (rough point), and many others. At a farm called Sundtnæs, we bought twenty-five eggs for one mark five skillings. Our expenses at Skeaker, including butter, eighteen eggs, and fladbröd, amounted to three marks.

On our way from Skeaker, Esmeralda soon recovered her wonted spirits, and said quietly, she hoped we would not think anything of what she had said; she did not mean it; was it likely we should have anyone

else to look after our things. It is wonderful how soon the heart inclines itself to forgive; yet in after days now, and by chance, a quiet allusion to the pretty girl of Skeaker produced its effect on our suspicious hobbenengree.

CHAPTER XXX.

> Your pulses are quickened to gipsy pitch; you are ready to make love and war, to heal and slay, to wander to the world's end, to be outlawed and hunted down, to dare and do any thing for the sake of the sweet, untramelled life of the tent, the bright blue sky, the mountain air, the free savagedom, the joyous dance, the passionate friendship, the fiery love.
>
> MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS'S *Through Spain.*

THE WASPS' NEST—LOM—KIND FRIENDS—SONGS OF BJÖRNSEN—THE PRŒSTEN'S MINISTRATION — THE REPULSED STUDENT — BEAUTIFUL VALLEY—THE TWO ARTISTS—THE BŒVER ELVEN—RÖDSHEIM—THE RAVINE — THE LOST STARDY — ASCENT OF GALDHÖPIGGEN — THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN NORWAY—THE NIGHT ASCENT—THE DOME OF SNOW—THE SUNRISE.

ZACHARIAH, the Mephistopheles of our party, desiring probably to afford more varied incident for our "impressions de voyage" declared war upon a wasps' nest.

Although warned, but too late, he took a hasty shot with a stone at the nest, artistically constructed, on a bough, hanging on the road side.

What business had we to quarrel with these paper makers, who knew their art long before man had emerged from his pre-historic condition? why needlessly destroy their curious homestead? but the stone had gone upon its mission.

Zachariah soon became acquainted with the "lex talionis" of the invaded colony; strange to say, the wasps

di[illegible]ly on himself. He was singled out as the aggressor, and a sharp sudden sting, under one eye, entirely ruined his personal appearance for the morning.

We arrived at Lom about mid-day. Ole went in advance to see the Prœsten Halling. As we approached a large open expanse of meadow land, open to the junction of roads, from Skeaker, Vaage and Rödsheim we saw the church, which picturesquely stands near the lake.* Near it, the charming manse of the Prœsten Halling. A large wooden structure near the road, we were told, had been used formerly as a granary to store the grain, paid as tithe, to the clergyman of the parish. This payment is now, we believe, made in money. As we looked upon the church and parsonage, surrounded as they were, by the meadow park, with the broad silver lake near, the rising mountains on all sides, and the clear blue sky above, our senses seemed entranced with the passing beauty of the scene; it was one of those chance glimpses of perfect nature, which cast their anchor deep in memory, and leave a lasting impression of bygone days.

That the Prœsten was in harmony with so much that was pleasing, we did not doubt, and when he came to meet us accompanied by our guide, he warmly welcomed our gipsy party; he would have us enter beneath his roof, and accept his kindly hospitality; we did not value the proffered hospitality the less, though we did not accept it. Ours was a life of travel in the fresh air of

* The following description is given of Lom Church in "Wild Life in the Fjelds of Norway," by Francis M. Wyndham, published by Longmans, 1861 :—"The church is a very picturesque building, made entirely of wood, even to the roof, which is composed of small pieces of wood, shaped and laid on like tiles. A beautiful tapering spire rises from the centre of the building, and forms no insignificant object in the view of Lom."

heaven; air that myriads are dying for every day. It is as essential to man as water is to fish. The delightful shade of some trees near the road, a short distance from the parsonage, tempted us; there we halted, and there, reluctantly, the Prœsten allowed us to remain. After strolling with him for a short time along the pleasant walks of his grounds, he left us to take our mid-day meal; we enjoyed it in our own gipsy fashion; our meal consisted of fried bacon, fladbröd and tea. Ole obtained our letters and newspapers from the Loms Postaabneri. We had telegraphed our correspondence from Kongsberg; the packet was large, and cost us three dollars and forty-four skillings. Our newspapers which had been sent to Bergen, we left to their fate; the "Illustrated London News" seemed to please the Prœsten Halling, and his family. When our mid-day meal was concluded, Prœsten Halling, Mrs. Halling, three young ladies, her sisters, a brother, and two gentlemen staying with Mr. Halling, came to see us; They were much interested with our gipsies; Zachariah's swollen face had unfortunately marred his beauty, Noah had unfortunately taken some offence at his sister Esmeralda. Noah's temper was to blame; occasionally an interchange of Romany and English terms flashed between them.

We had wished our gipsies to appear to the best advantage. One with a swollen eye and two at cross purposes had a jarring effect on our nervous system, nevertheless, our visitors seemed interested with them. We trust they made allowance for the wildness of their nature. We can assure them, Zachariah had not always a swollen eye, and Noah was rarely out of temper; even our hobbenengree had her moments of sudden

sunshine, delightful after previous storms, and the fitful passions of her gipsy soul. All was harmony after we had commenced our music—guitar, violin, and tambourine. We sang for our visitors the gipsy song, and gave the Prœsten Halling a copy of it, as a parting souvenir; the ladies, and some of the gentlemen, sang several Norwegian melodies for us. They had good voices; "over the high fjeld" was a beautiful song, and seemed appropriate to our parting. Some charming Norwegian songs are written by Björnsen. Very pleasantly passed our mid-day halt, with the Prœsten Halling and his family. Wide spread, we afterwards found, was the fame of the Prœsten Halling* for his kindly heart, his true christian feeling, and invariable hospitality to travellers. Speaking English perfectly, we were told he had officially, much and active ministration, among the English navvies employed, during the construction of the Railway from Christiania.

Our donkeys were again loaded. The Puru Rawnee had a chafed back, but by careful folding of our tent-cover, we prevented pressure upon it; sore backs are always difficult to prevent in crossing a mountainous country. We had reached Lom about twelve o'clock, and left about four. Our gipsies were ready; we bade all farewell, perhaps never to meet again, but not the less to be held in our pleasing remembrance.

The evening was very warm; indeed, as we slowly followed the road up the "Bœverdal Elv," we found it exceedingly hot. It is about nine miles distance from Lom to Rödsheim; comfortable homesteads met our

* In a recent guide book we notice that Prœsten Hallen is now entitled Provsten Hallen.

view as we passed along. The usual excitement to see our donkeys was here and there met with. It is said there are four hundred farms in the parish of Lom, and every tenth man had lately emigrated, but no inconvenience had been felt by the diminution of population.

Not far along the road, we met a young Norwegian student *en route* towards Lom. Ole conversed with him. He was dressed in light tourist costume, and high lace-up boots, and had attempted alone the ascent of the Galdhöpiggen. The student had failed, and was returning with all the weight of disappointed ambition upon his mind. Ole had predicted the failure. Well we remembered our similar fate in former years, when we ourselves, and several fellow-tourists, headed by the celebrated mountaineer, poor Hudson, returned from an attempted ascent of Mont Blanc. Tired, wayworn, torn, and jaded, and, worse, disappointed, we reached the picturesque Hotel Mont Joli at Saint Gervais only to try again with better success.

Ole, anxious to reach Rödsheim as soon as possible, went on in advance. We saw him again, when he had reached his father's farm near the road side. Ole and his father were just going to start for Rödsheim in a stolkjœrre. His services were unnecessary as guide to Rödsheim. It was useless for Ole to remain with us. They wished us much to go with them in the stolkjœrre, and leave our gipsies and donkeys to follow after.

Ole's father was a fine, hale, strong old man, and his wife a comely stout woman. We preferred to remain with our gipsies and baggage, feeling a sort of independence of all kinds of lifts. Possessing good health and spirits, we felt no fatigue from our daily exertion.

Exposure to the fresh air seemed to give us an enduring strength quite beyond the requirement of stimulant or the necessity for artificial locomotion.

It was now determined to push on after Ole Rödsheim as rapidly as we could. Zachariah was mounted on the top of the baggage on the Puro Rye. Noah took the lead on foot in care of the Puru Rawnee and Puro Rye. Esmeralda, who was tired, we mounted on the baggage of her Merle, the Tarno Rye, and brought up the rear. The road was tolerably level and we proceeded along at a sharp pace. Every turn of the valley brought us in view of fresh scenes to admire.

Passing a wicket on the road side, we caught sight of two young artists in the garden of a small cottage. Their canvas was upon an easel. One was then painting a scene from nature. They were apparently taking a bend of the valley down which the glacier-coloured waters of Bœver Elv* dashed its wild course. The maisonette was so homely, the point of view so picturesque, we could not help pausing. Quickly calling a halt we exchanged salutations with them. They were both very good looking young fellows. The one, we were informed afterwards, was considered the handsomest man in Norway. He was certainly exceedingly handsome, though a trifle too effeminate for a man ; yet there was much to admire in the form and expression of the countenance. They accepted an offer of some aquavit to drink "gamle norge." Our flask was brought into requisition. Somehow the brandy seemed rather muddy, both in flask and bottle newly opened. Noah accounted for it by saying that when the old man at Veblungsnœs sold it to him, the

* Beaver stream.

brandy was nearly out of the cask, which had to be lifted up, before he could fill the bottles. A passing suspicion crossed our mind that it may have been caused by the addition of water, but still we did not like to suspect any one of our party. Be that as it may, the artists both quaffed off a small tumbler each without even winking their eyes. With a hasty farewell, we continued our road, pushing on at a rapid pace.

As evening fell, and we gradually lost the heat of the sun, there was a refreshing coolness in Bœverdalen. On our right the lofty heights of the Lomseggen Fjeld, extending from Lom, rose above us; on our left the Bœver Elv was ever near the road,—at times wide, broad, and broken into many rough and shallow rapids. Our party was not out of place in such picturesque scenes. The two leading merles, loaded with various baggage, tent raniers, and camp appliances, including Zachariah, the Mephistopheles of our party, mounted on one, were followed by the tall, lank, muscular form of Noah. He combined the appearance of the smuggler, brigand, the chamois hunter, and gipsy. Noah was the beau ideal of the "genus homo," as we see them depicted according to the conventional rules of art. At a short distance behind, as a sort of rear guard, Esmeralda was mounted on the miscellaneous baggage of the Tarno Rye, with ourselves near. How lively and happy the hobbenengree seemed! Bronzed by exposure to the hot Norwegian suns, hardened by rough spare diet and continued travel through all weathers, ours was indeed a life of health, freedom, and pleasure.

About eight o'clock we came in sight of Rödsheim. It is a substantial wooden house, with capacious out-

buildings, near an excellent mountain road. The house stands at the foot of a rocky hill at the head of an ascent where the valley becomes narrow. On the other side the road, close to the house, the Bœver Elv dashes through a deep cleft of narrow gorge in the rocks. There is no fishing in the glacier water of the river. The house at Rödsheim was very clean and well ventilated. Ole well knew the English penchant, especially of the mountain tourist. The comfortable guest chamber of his house had always its open window, with pleasant view down the valley.

Ole Rödsheim* was ready to receive us. He pointed out a convenient camping ground a short distance beyond the house, just below the road, close upon the edge of the precipice of the ravine. It suited us exactly. Ole knew it. He had not been camping with us some days without knowing the foibles of our heart.

"There's the spot for the Herre."

Ole was quite right; and the roaring waters of Bœverdal Elv in the stillness of that night hushed our party to sleep. Our tents were quickly pitched by our gipsies. The pige from the house brought us firewood. We had eggs, bread and butter, and tea, for our evening's meal. Ole Rödsheim brought out a bottle of his home-brewed beer. We had one glass each, for we shared everything with our party. It was excellent beer. Then

* Our guide, Ole, was commonly called "Ole Rödsheim," from the name of his farm and station; but his right name is Ole Halvorsen. Ole is spoken of in Mr. Bennett's Guide Book as a thoroughly honest, trustworthy man. The author of "How to See Norway" says—"Ole Rödsheim of Rödsheim is a justly celebrated guide." The author of "Wild Life in the Fjelds of Norway," speaking of the station of Rödsheim, says:—"Fortunately, however, in compensation for the delay, the station was very clean and comfortable, and a *bonâ fide* bed was not unwelcome.

we went to the house, and made acquaintance with Mrs. Rödsheim, a quiet, pale, industrious helpmate. She appeared an excellent housewife. After a chat with Ole, we returned to our camp. Our music enlivened the quiet valley before we retired to rest.

Mephistopheles was in sad tribulation. May it be recorded, that the evening before, the hat from Christy's of London, purchased in Norway, which had cost us one dollar, was blown into the ravine, and had disappeared. It was an occurrence which could not long be concealed. The hat must be produced some time, or accounted for. We certainly were annoyed when he confessed the fact. Something was said about the owner going to Christiania without one. Ultimately the Rye relented. Ole Rödsheim lent Zachariah a cloth military-looking cap, which was afterwards purchased second-hand for less than half the price of the hat lost.

Sunday morning at Rödsheim. We were up in good time. How we enjoyed our breakfast in the rocks at the edge of the deep ravine. The day was very hot. It was the last day of July. Most of the peasants would be actively engaged next month in their harvests. Ole came occasionally to see that we had everything we wished. Once Ole said, in a melancholy tone, he wished to speak with me aside. We went with him away from the tents, and he placed in our hands a blacked-edged letter, saying it might contain bad news, and we might wish to be alone when we received it. Fortunately, the emblem of mourning referred to past events already known. Yet we did not think the less of Ole's kind thought. Some peasants came to see our camp and the donkeys. All was quietude and peace at Rödsheim.

One of the points to be attained in our line of travel, was the ascent of the highest mountain in Norway, the Galdhöpiggen, or pike of Galdhö. Who Galdhö was we could not ascertain.* Although we were unsuccessful in obtaining the origin of the name, we determined, if possible, to make the ascent of this mountain.

It was arranged that we should start at nine o'clock at night, Ole, ourself, and Noah, for the expedition. Esmeralda and Zachariah to be left in care of the tents.

At mid-day we had ham, eggs, and potatoes for dinner, close to our camp. On the edge of the ravine stood a small log-hut used as a blacksmith's shop. Since our kettle prop had been lost, we had substituted two Alpine stocks with a wire between them for boiling our water for tea. It was a clumsy substitute, which necessity imposed upon us. Ole now arranged that a blacksmith should make us another prop before we left Rödsheim.

At nine o'clock Ole was ready, and ourself and Noah were each armed with an Alpine stock. Each took a small supply of bread and goat's cheese. Making our adieu to Esmeralda and Zachariah, we were soon *en route* up the valley.

We had not proceeded far when a farm servant from Rödsheim overtook us, and said that two English gentlemen required Ole's presence as guide. They were certainly unfortunate; the expedition had commenced, and Ole sent back a message of excuse.

Ole soon afterwards left the main road. Entering a thick wood to our left in Indian file, we ascended a steep winding foot path, until an open plateau was reached. Very shortly afterwards we reached the "Rödberg

* The mountain is said to be named after a farm at its base.—"How to See Norway," p. 48.

Sœter." Ole knocked at the door, and obtained a rope from the woman. It was exactly half-past ten o'clock. Walking over some undulating turf ground we soon afterwards commenced another steep ascent. The slope was covered with loose stones, scattered on all sides. It was quite dusk, and deliciously cool after the heat of the day. At half-past eleven Ole called a halt, and we had a slight repast of bread and cheese and cold tea.

Again we were *en route*, still walking in Indian file, and soon reached another long narrow plateau. Over loose rocks, in the dim light, we picked our way as we could for some distance. The Dögurdsmaals Kampen, a steep sharp mountain, rose above us. We at length skirted the glacier lake of the Gjuvbrœen. In this lake we were told by Ole, the Herre Watson, the tourist of tourists, once bathed. Ole evidently considered our countryman one of the best mountaineers he had seen. It must have been a cold plunge ; but what is there that an Englishman will not undertake ? If we had passed it at mid-day the example may have been followed.

The long reach of stones, whose angular points made it necessary to keep a sharp look-out at every step, were at last exchanged for a gentle slope of tolerably hard level snow. It was a great relief, after the rough pathway of stones just left. A false step on such an irregular causeway involves a broken leg, a grazed shin, or at least a sprained ankle.

At last we reached the edge of a broad but at this point tolerably level glacier, across which we could in the dimness of the night see the dome of the Galdhöpiggen rising beyond. Its summit, a dome of hard frozen snow, rests against a precipice of rocks, above which it rises some feet. From the small nearly flat space, which forms

the head of the Galdhöpiggen, the frozen snow immediately slopes off at an angle of from 40 to 50 degrees, and joins the glaciers in the far distance below. It was a wild and desolate scene, as we sat on some broken rocks. Another precipice rose to our right, as if to test supremacy with the Galdhöpiggen in this region of eternal snow. After some slight refreshment we roped ourselves together. No great difficulty presented itself as we crossed the glacier to the rocks which formed an arrête to the snow dome of the Galdhöpiggen. Once or twice Noah sank up to his middle, but the crevasses were narrow and easily crossed. Very easy work to one who had crossed the Glacier des Bossons.

Then commenced the ascent of the steep arrête of rocks, but even these presented no great difficulty to a fair average mountaineer. Then came a rise of frozen snow at the junction of the dome with the rocks. There was an awkward crevasse to cross. Ole carefully tested the snow, and it was soon overcome. We were now on the frozen slope of the snow dome. On this, as we had no nails in our thick fishing-boots, with the utmost difficulty we could keep our legs. With the aid of our Alpine stock the summit was at length reached at five minutes past four o'clock. This is the highest mountain in Norway, 8300 feet above sea level. When we were on the rocks of the arrête we saw a glorious sunrise over the *Lauvhöen* Fjeld. The morning light enabled us to see a vast wilderness of dark rocky peaks rising from a setting of eternal snow. No sign of human habitation, no signs of animal life—silence reigned around us. Reindeer's bones were lying on the rocks near the dome.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was the afternoon of the third day after the arrival of Cadurcis at the gipsy encampment, and nothing had yet occurred to make him repent his flight from the abbey, and the choice he had made. He had experienced nothing but kindness and hospitality, while the beautiful Beruna seemed quite content to pass her life in studying his amusement.

DISRAELI'S *Venetia.*

THE REINDEER'S FATE — DESOLATE SCENE — SEVERAL ASCENTS — THE FRIGHTENED PEASANTS — A COAT LOST — ESMERALDA'S VIEWS — ABSENT TREASURES — OLE RE-ENGAGED — A NEW KETTLE PROP — THE HANDSOME ARTIST — COMFORTABLE STATION — ADIEU RÖDSHEIM — OUR EXCELLENT GUIDE — CROSSING THE BRIDGE — ZACHARIAH'S ESCAPE.

ON the hanging precipice of rocks, the highest in Norway, a reindeer had met its death. The large glaciers of Tverbrœen Svelnaasbrœ and Styggebrœen we could see below us. The glorious sunrise had lighted up the Lauvhöen, Hestbrœpiggene, Hesthö, Sandgrovhö, Tvœrfjeld, Lomseggen, and Grjotaa Fjeld with its large glaciers. Then we had the deep valley of Visdalen on one side and Leirdalen on the other. The lofty Fjelds of the Eisteinshovd, Kvitingskjölen, and Hjem Fjeldene in the distance. Across Visdalen and near to us the mountains of the Glitterhö, Glittertind,* Glitters Rundhö,

* This mountain was ascended for the first time on the 27th August, 1870, by Messrs. Browne and Saunders. An interesting account is given by T. L. Murray Browne, in the "Alpine Club Journal" for February, 1871.

and Troldsteens Rundhö. To the west are the mountains of the Vesle Fjeld, the Kjœrringhœtta and many others. What a wild boundless region of peaks to the south—far, far beyond our sight. An endless extent of riven rock, above the glaciers snow, of an ever frozen region. The Stygehö, Tverbottenhorne, Kirken. Uledals Tinderne, one of whose peaks was also afterwards ascended by Messrs. Browne and Saunders. The Leirhö, Memurutinden, Heilstuguhö, Tyknings, Snehö, Beshö, Sikkildals Hö, Heimdalshö, Simletind, Skarvdalstind, Knudshultinden, Mugna, Kalvaahögda Melkedals-tinderne, Skagastöltind, the Koldedals-tinderne, and the wild peaks of the Horungerne.

Noah lighted a fire on the rocks near the dome. We sang a gipsy song. Then a memorial of our visit was placed in a bottle, and added to those records of former ascents already there. At five o'clock a.m. we commenced our descent, Ole leading, ourself next, and Noah bringing up the rear. In the same order we had ascended. With difficulty we kept our legs on the frozen snow sloping from the dome. If we had rolled with Ole and Noah to the glaciers below, our wanderings would certainly have been at an end.

The rocks were soon reached, and, descending to the glaciers below, we reached Rödsheim before ten o'clock the same morning. This gives thirteen hours from Rödsheim and return. Mr. Watson, who is a member of the Alpine Club, accomplished the ascent in 1868 in nine hours and a quarter actual walking. The Prœsten H. Halling had made the ascent, and also one of the young ladies we had met at the Prœsten Hallings. What cannot ladies accomplish when they make up their minds?

The Galdhöpiggen, we were told, was first ascended in 1851 by a schoolmaster and a farmer, who took three days to succeed. In 1864 Ole Halvorsen, or, as he is very often called from his farm, Ole Rödsheim, ascended it from Rödsheim. Captain R. J. Campbell ascended it in 1866; since then to the present time there have been several ascents from Rödsheim. The Prœsten Honoratus Halling, of Lom, Messrs. H. Smith, Wright, and G. H. Wright, from Lom Rectory, H. S. Marriot, H. W. Cuthbert, J. Dymsdale, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, and lastly, Messrs. Boyson and Harrison, to whom Ole Halvorsen had acted as guide before we engaged his services. Some tourists have ascended, we believe, from Visdal since the first ascent was made.

Esmeralda and Zachariah welcomed us at our camp at Rödsheim. They had felt quite lost. Esmeralda did not approve of our staying out all night. They had not been able to sleep. In the middle of the night they said an attempt had been made to steal the donkeys. Two men were near them, and one was actually trying to mount one of them. Esmeralda and Zachariah went up to them, and both men ran away along the mountain road with Esmeralda and Zachariah in pursuit. We can imagine Mephistophiles, the descendant of some count of Lesser Egypt, with nothing on but his shirt, swiftly pursuing two heavy peasant descendants of some Norwegian chief of ancient time, flapping the road with their heavy shoes, panting and breathless to escape the unexpected apparitions from the rocks of the Bœver Elv in the dead of night. "Norwegians stealing, ce n'est pas possible!" said we. "Curious to examine the animals near the road, they had merely ventured to

inspect them closely, and you nearly frightened them to death."*

A dismal revelation had also to be made, for on returning from the Galdhöpiggen it was discovered that our siphonia overcoat, secured by straps, had been lost on the arrête near the mountain's summit. Ole would then and there have returned for it, but this we would not allow; and a look-out was to be made during the next ascent.

Then our boots, which were not new when we commenced our wanderings, were declared by Esmeralda to be a complete wreck. Before our ascent of the Galdhöpiggen, they had been severely tested by nearly all the wear and tear of the distance to Rödsheim. Even Medwin's won't last for ever. Then it must be remembered we never had a single blister during the journey. C'est quelque chose, thought we, as Esmeralda looked out from the wardrobe pocket, another pair of Medwin's fishing-boots nearly new. Shall we ever forget the look Esmeralda gave us when she held up the débris of those replaced? Can we forget the tone in which she somewhat reproachfully said, "Now, look at these chockas!"

Having made a rapid but unsatisfactory résumé of the results of our ascent, Esmeralda treated the whole affair in a most contemptuous spirit. Instead of receiving much laudation, our mountain expedition was looked upon as a profitless expenditure of time, and energy, and a reckless desertion of our tents. In our mind we con-

* An additional reason quite accounts for the rapid flight of the night visitors. Esmeralda, who was with her brother, suddenly shouted when she saw them, "Halloo! What are you doing there?" and preceded her brother in the pursuit, which must have had a still more startling effect on the exaggerated fancies of the fugitives.

trasted our reception with what it might have been elsewhere. No cannons fired as at Chamounix. No "bouquet of flowers" as we remember at St. Gervais. No "vin d'honneur," no anything. We sat down to breakfast, and felt very much as if we had done something wrong without having done it.

One thing is quite certain, the appetite of the two

"NOW, LOOK AT THESE CHOCKAS"!!!

mountaineers had not lost anything by the expedition. Breakfast being completed, we adjourned with our note-book to the cool shade of some rocks just above the road. Esmeralda came to talk to us as we wrote. Two or three lines went tolerably easy, then the pencil and note-book glided from our hand, and we fell fast asleep till mid-day.

As we awoke, we perceived the silent figure of Esmeralda still watching by us. It was found to be time for dinner and we returned to our tents.

Two Swedish travellers were at Rödsheim. They had visited our tents before we returned from the Galdhöpiggen. One young traveller spoke some English; he said we came to see the pretty valleys and the pretty girls, but we see no pretty girls. We went to a sæter, and they offer us a bed, but we see it was dirt, and sleep in the grass. He then asked them if we could speak Romany. "Oh, yes," said Zachariah, "he taught us, sir." Then he inquired how we learned it. "I don't know, sir," answered Zachariah, "but he has books."

In arranging our things before tea time, we fancied that the aquavit in our flask had somewhat diminished since the replenishment for the two artists. The subject being mentioned to Esmeralda, for we were always plain with them, Noah seemed so hurt, that at last our suspicions were disarmed. We were not very certain; we, at any rate, blamed Noah for buying such brandy at Veblungsnœs; it was peculiarly muddy in appearance. We had always found Noah honest, so we ultimately left the matter in the same inextricable confusion we had found it, freely giving him the benefit of all doubt. Having written a letter or two and entered a memorandum of our ascent in the guest-book at Ole's, he came to our tents and had tea. As we left the house to return to our tents we met the two artists at the door, who we found were going to remain at the station for the night.

Ole Rödsheim had given us so much satisfaction as guide, that we determined to engage him again. We

paid him three dollars, two marks, and twelve skillings for his previous services, which included our ascent of the Galdhöpiggen. Another engagement was made to take us through the mountains to the Mörk Fos, and *vid* Eisbod and the Tyen Vand to the Bergen road, near Skogstad. It was arranged that he should have four marks a day and two days' pay, eight marks more, for his return home; this amount to include Ole's board and lodging.

Having carefully gone through the maps of the different routes with Ole, we decided to start the next day.

The blacksmith, who was a sober, sedate looking man, had come occasionally to the log hut during the day to make our kettle prop in the most approved gipsy fashion, size, and shape. Imagine his horror and astonishment, when he returned, after an absence, to find Mephistopheles hammering a piece of iron into some inconceivable shape; sparks flying, tools freely used, fire blazing, and anvil ringing. The usurpation was almost too much for him. With a caution to Zachariah to keep to his own affairs, and explaining the matter to Ole as an unfortunate instance of out-of-place ingenuity, the kettle prop was ultimately finished and Noah's Alpine stock mended at a cost of three marks and a half.

This was to be our last evening at Rödsheim. We were honoured by a visit from one of the beaux of the village, who danced at Laurgaard. Alas! there was no more dancing for our beau. The girls were either engaged in the harvest or at the Sœters. All the peasants were now busy in their harvest. The farmer was carrying hay on the steep slope of the valley opposite

our tent. Ole had a large flock of goats brought in; the largest number we saw together in Norway. The handsome artist, whose photograph hung in the station at Rödsheim, came to see our tents at about ten at night; we were just going to bed, so he did not remain long. The Swedish travellers had left, we hope, to see many pretty girls before they returned home. We did not see them to speak to, or we should have recommended them to visit Skeaker.

Tolerably well rested, we were up at six o'clock on Tuesday, the 2nd of August. At seven we had breakfast of broiled bacon, bread, and tea; Noah soon after struck the tents, and the things were packed up; a goat's cheese and a "myse ost,"* and all the bread Ole could spare, was added to our commissariat. The station at Rödsheim is well supplied with excellent bread, beer, tea, biscuits, potatoes, and, in fact, most requirements which constitute the comfort of the hungry tourist. They are comfortable quarters, and the house very clean and well ventilated. We had no opportunity of seeing the sleeping accommodation, but if we could form an opinion from what we saw below, we have very little doubt that travellers are well cared for in that respect.

Our cost for provisions, butter, cheese, bread, potatoes, eggs, and milk, came to two dollars, three marks, and fifteen skillings; and we paid three marks, eight skillings additional postage of letters *vid* Lom. Some of the bread and cheese we took with us for future consumption. At ten o'clock we took our departure after

* The "myse ost" is a cheese, shaped like a brick, yellowish brown in colour, and very hard, with a peculiar flavour much relished. Small, thin shavings are sliced off the cheese on to fladbröd and butter, and so it is generally eaten. Occasionally the thin shavings of cheese are eaten with gröd.

we had wished Mrs. Rödsheim farewell. She was a quiet, delicate, person, but very neat and industrious and attentive. The artists were still companions of Morpheus, so we left them a song each, and made Mrs. Rödsheim the present of an English book. To Ole, also, we gave one of our songs. We also left the last "London News," and copies of the "Standard" at the station, and so ended our pleasant visit at Rödsheim.

Noah and Zachariah went on before us with the merles and baggage. Ourself and Esmeralda sat upon a rock a short distance above Rödsheim waiting for Ole to come up. The valley at this point widens; the river is very broad, shallow, and picturesque, before it loses itself in the deep rocky gorge at Rödsheim.

The scene was so charming and the morning so lovely we could have lingered there with hours of pleasure. In the distance up the valley we could see the small wooden church of Bœverdal; but Ole is come, and we must away.

Ole equipped for the mountains. He had high Norwegian boots, lacing up, much resembling the ladies' Alpine tourist boot, but of course of rougher make. Ole had left his dark coat behind him, so as to be more at ease. His trousers were tied round the leg below the knee with pieces of cord; he had his knapsack, wallet, and staff. The photograph represents Ole Halvorsen, of Rödsheim, near Lom, as he appears in his coat. We esteemed ourselves fortunate in having secured the services of a guide in every way trustworthy, and thoroughly acquainted with an extensive region of mountain land. Ole was in the best period of his life, when man's strength and experience unite in maturity; as the

the companion of the reindeer hunter and Alpine tourist he is invaluable; never makes difficulties, speaks English well, will do the best he can to save expense, talks little, but to the purpose, is always ready for a start at whatever early hour you name. Turning along the mountain road from the valley to the left of the church, we overtook Noah and Zachariah. We were told that service is performed in the church every fourth Sunday. It was built, Ole said, for 2000 dollars; 500 dollars from Government, 500 dollars secured by a chief rent, and 1000 dollars contributed by the inhabitants. Not much of our morning route had been accomplished, when we came to a narrow bridge over a wild, rapid, foaming, torrent, rushing over a declivity. Vain was our attempt to get any of the donkeys over the bridge. It was amusing to see the fierce contention; gispies pulling, gipsies pushing, Ole and ourself mixed up in the general struggle without avail. Then we determined to force them through the torrent, which rushing swiftly over large stones, and then falling in cascades below, was difficult to wade. We could not remain all day. One donkey was forced in, and got safe through; another, also, but the third, which was rather heavily laden, would not stir till Mephistopheles suddenly jumped on the top of the baggage. The donkey was soon staggering through, guided by Zachariah in the rough rocks of the stream. For a moment, the animal faltered in its foot-hold. Are they both to be carried down the roaring cascades? Another plunge, and by good fortune, the donkey reached firm ground and more shallow water; they were soon safely landed.

Very thankful we were that Zachariah had come out

of the adventure safely. We had no desire to lose our Mephistopheles, and if he had not suddenly mounted on the spur of the moment we should have prevented him from incurring such a risk.

The route was delightful; sometimes through forest scenes and along the mountain stream, till at last we came to the Elv Sœter at about half-past twelve o'clock.

The Elv Sœter is now a large farm, though originally it was, as the name indicates, probably nothing but a mountain sœter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

What if in yonder chief, of tattered vest,
Glows the same blood that warmed a Pharaoh's breast? —
If in the fiery eye, the haughty mien,
The tawny hue of yonder gipsy queen,
Still dwells the light of Cleopatra's charms,
The winning grace that roused the world to arms—
That called Rome's legions to a watery grave,
And bound earth's lord to be a woman's slave?

DEAN STANLEY'S *Prize Poem*, "*The Gipsies.*"

THE ELV SŒTER—A MOUNTAINEER—THE YTTERDAL SŒTER—TO MAKE GRÖD—THE GRÖD STICK—EVENING CONCERT—A WILD NIGHT—THE WATERFALL—MOUNTAIN GLACIERS—THE LERA ELV—CAMP BY A GLACIER—NOMADIC HAPPINESS—A GIPSY MÄELSTROM—INSECT LIFE.

THE wooden buildings are large and capacious and in good order, and one portion of the building was surmounted by a cupola, with a large bell to call the farm people to meals. We noticed two enormous pine-tree logs as we passed through the yard of the farm. Near a log hut, a short distance beyond the farm-house, we camped at the edge of the deep, narrow ravine, in the depth of which we could hear the sound of the river below. Ole said we could have some reindeer meat, and, going to the farm, we were shown a cask half full of salted reindeer, in a dark store under a sort of granary. For one mark we purchased about four pounds weight, without bone. There was a kind of

crate near, with a small gröd span in it, a sort of barrel for carrying food. We afterwards purchased a rope made of pigs' bristles, very light and useful, and nine pounds of barley-meal, and another mark's worth of reindeer meat. The whole cost—

	m.	s.
Rope of pigs' bristles	2	12
9 lbs. barley meal	1	12
Reindeer meat, about 8lbs.	2	0
Total	$1	1 0

Ole said the reindeer had been killed some time, and when we seemed to doubt whether it was killed in season, he remarked it occasionally happened that they were killed by accident. The reindeer hunter came to our camp when we were having our fried reindeer and tea. He was the son of the widow of the owner of the farm, and she was then at a sœter. The reindeer hunter was a tall, spare, active young fellow, fair, with his hair cut short. He wore a Norwegian cloth cap, a coarse shirt, without necktie, secured at the neck by a large silver button. His loose trousers were faced with dark leather, and also the seat; large Wellington boots of pliable rough leather came up to nearly his knee, with red leather let into their tops. He had something of the bearing of Slim-slam, our friend at Laurgaard, and his *tout ensemble* was decidedly picturesque. Ole told us he had once been out with some artists upon the mountains with a tent.

Our gipsies packed up and we left about half-past four o'clock, which afforded us sufficient time to enter up our notes. Our way is now through forest scenes, up a rough mountain road. At no very great distance

on our right we had "Raudals Vand," a large lake, and the "Blaahö," and "Hest-bræ-piggene" mountains. Sometimes we were close to the Lera Elv; at other times our route took us more into the forest. Often we lingered to make a hasty sketch, and then Esmeralda would wait on the side of the route lest we should miss the track in the forest. No hobbenengree could be more careful of the Shorengro of the expedition. Later in the evening a mizzling rain fell, and at last we crossed the river through a shallow ford. Near the river, below a lofty mountain, we reached the Ytterdal Sœter.

The Ytterdal Sœter consisted of a collection of log huts, with a loose stone-wall paddock behind. Cows, goats, and bristly pigs were scattered about the trampled ground among the rocks close to the sœter. Down the steep mountain above we could see a picturesque vand fos. When we came to the sœter a shepherd's dog kept up a constant barking which Mephistopheles did his best to perpetuate until sharply rebuked.

Ole and Noah then went round the house to select a camp ground in the inclosure. All was damp with drizzling rain, as our gipsies drove the donkeys through a broken gap in the wall, and pitched our tents in the corner of the inclosure, near the sœter. Being rather damp we changed our things, and then decided to have gröd for our aftens-mad. Ole went to prepare the gröd at the sœter; the rest went to learn the method of making it. First, he filled the large iron pot of the sœter with water, to which he added a small quantity of salt, and a little barley-meal; the water boiled in twelve minutes; then the woman placed the large end of the short gröd-stick in the boiling water, and kept

rapidly swirling it backwards and forwards between the palms of her hands, whilst Ole added from time to time barley-meal from the bag, till the proper consistency was obtained; the pot was taken off the fire in about three minutes after the water commenced boiling; the gröd was then ready to be eaten. This, with a large can of milk, was carried to our tents for the evening's meal.

It is usual when the gröd is eaten for each person to have two small bowls, one containing milk and the other the gröd, and then a spoonful of gröd is taken and dipped in the milk and so eaten. Our party afterwards dispensed with two bowls, the gröd and milk being put into one bowl, which saved trouble, with the same result.

The wooden bowl, and the wooden spoon, and the gröd-stick, which is made of a small fir sapling taken up by the roots and peeled, and the roots and stump cut to the length required, we purchased for twelve skillings next morning from the woman of the Ytterdals Sœter, and they are represented in the following engraving.

Some of the gröd we reserved for breakfast, and it is considered all the better after it has been kept for a short time.

Noah informed us at tea that he should let into the pobengree (gip., cider) when he reached England, and have a good soak. Gently, Noah, or there will be none left for anyone else.

The women of the sœter were all lightly dressed, a chemise and a petticoat being nearly all they had on. They keep about twenty cows, and make from thirty to forty cheeses in the summer season, which sell for four

marks each. We counted forty-five goats near the sœter. The woman's husband was engaged at the harvest in the lower valley.

It was very dark as we went to the sœter, after our evening meal was concluded. We found three other women there. The room was scrupulously clean. It is certainly the most comfortable, and cleanly sœter, we met with during our wanderings; they had a good bedstead,

GRÖD-STICK AND BOWL, LEIRDALEN.

convenient fire-place, and a very ingenious folding table. It was a curious scene, as we played our music by the fire-light and watched their interested countenances. The women were very fair. All mountain races are fond of music. It would seem as if the quickened instincts of the people, whose lot is cast so much in mountain scenes, are attuned to harmony with nature. The women seemed much pleased. The room was dread-

fully hot and we had the door propped open, which was the cause of occasional contests with a tame goat, who seemed determined to come in. At last we were glad to escape the heat and went out into a dark, windy, rainy night. It poured with rain as we got to our tents, yet we did not envy Ole Rödsheim his night's rest in the hot room of the sœter; but hot and cold seemed all the same to Ole. Then the rain came down so heavily it began to come into our tent, and a trench being now dug round it we soon fell asleep.

The gröd and some more milk formed our frokost, and saved tea, sugar, bread and butter. Mixed occasionally with other food it is excellent for the mountains where you can have fresh milk at the sœters. The nutriment was quite sufficient for mountain work. A meal of gröd and milk for five hungry people cost on an average the sum of about sixpence. The cost of the five kops of milk at the sœter was twenty skillings.* The woman seemed well satisfied with eight skillings for the trouble we had given her. The two pounds of butter we purchased to take with us cost two marks more.

Whilst the donkeys were being loaded, taking Zachariah with us, we went to see the waterfall above the sœter. The torrent dashes from the steep mountain above, and descends in fleecy clouds to the broken rocks below. Occasionally, above the continuous sound of the falling waters, we could hear a rattling roar, as if loose rocks were suddenly dashed about in the waters far above. Then all subsided into the same constant hum of the falling torrent. It is picturesque, but quite below comparison

* Kop is the Norwegian for cup. Milk is often sold in Norway by the kop.

with many we had before seen, especially in Romsdal.

When we returned, and were ready to start, we missed Ole, Noah, and Esmeralda, who we at last found eating best fladbröd and cheese in the sœter. It was a present from the woman.

Saying adieu to the women of the sœter, we now left at ten o'clock. The fir woods had been left behind, and we proceeded up the wild valley of the Lera from the Ytterdals Sœter.

The Vesle Fjeld and its glaciers were on the right bank of the Lera. One peak of dark rock rising from glaciers on either side, Ole said had never been ascended. Ole said Messrs. Boyson and Harrison were much pleased with the scenery.

At the sœter Ole had found one of Mr. Boyson's spoons, which had been left there, and he was going to return it. We were told that at one place Mr. Boyson had accidentally left a bag containing £30, but of course in Norway it was perfectly safe, and was afterwards restored safely to his possession.

The sun became very hot. Esmeralda and Zachariah both rode upon the baggage of their donkeys. The road now became a mere narrow track. All the donkeys were evidently suffering from the heat. The Pûfu Rawnee had fallen once, and the Tarno Rye, after falling with Esmeralda two or three times, was unloaded, and we halted at some rocks above a waterfall on the Lera.

It was an exceedingly warm spot, with no shade. The second piece of reindeer meat was boiled in our kettle, with some potatoes. Though rather salt, the soup was excellent. Some of the boiled meat and potatoes were

also eaten, and washed down with spring water. After middags-mad we tried to write our notes, and fell fast asleep. In fact, we were all disinclined to move, but managed to start about four o'clock.

Mephistopheles was in high spirits. Noah was very lively, which soon ended in a disagreement with Esmeralda. We had to quiet the contending parties. The offence charged against Noah we noted down, and it was a serious one. In a surreptitious manner Noah had possessed himself of his sister's cloak, which he had tried on, with an attempted imitation of her *distingué* style of stepping over the rough banks of the Lera Elv. In Noah's clumsy imitation of his sister's movements, which were just the reverse of clumsy, he contrived to poke a hole through the Alpine cloak. We say no more, only we refer the reader to a paragraph of the short extracts from Prœsten Sundt's work, in our Appendix, and, as there described, we feared similar results.

At about seven o'clock we encamped. The donkeys had done better in the cool of the evening; it was decided that they had quite enough to carry, without the addition of extra weight, especially over the rough and stony route before us. Adhering firmly to this resolve, unless for the purpose of crossing some river, the animals enjoyed this immunity for the rest of our wanderings. The part of the valley where we had halted for the night was very wild; there was very little verdure, except some low stunted bushes, moss, and heath. Ole and the gipsies gathered heath enough to make a fire for tea. The tents were pitched exactly opposite the "Smörstab Bræen" (Butter glacier). We contemplated with interest an outline of sharp dark peaks rising before us.

Close to us, on the east side of the Lera Elv, extended the glacier of the "Blaabræen." Beyond we could see the Tverbottenhornene. A short distance from our camp we found a deserted cabin occasionally used by reindeer hunters.

It is with much pleasure we are able to say that Noah and Esmeralda were not prevented, by results similar to those described in the paragraph referred to in the Appendix, from appearing at tea.

There was something so *hors de voyage ordinaire* in our wandering existence, so charming in the freshness of wild nature, so free from conventional restraint, lingering in regions not yet spoilt by so-called art, and disfigured by man's attempts at civilisation. All was so silent, as we looked from our camp fire in delighted contemplation of the great glacier of the "Smörstab," and the sharp-peaked mountains separating us, as it were, from other worlds. We had escaped for a time, the thousand and one cares, which beset us on every side in dense populations, and had left far behind those scenes, and voluptuous lures, which the poet saith

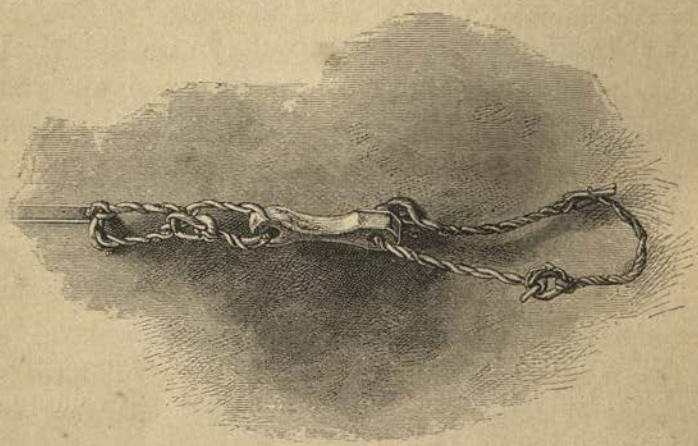
Meek Peace was ever wont to shun.

Tea was cleared away by our energetic hobbinengree. We often silently congratulated ourselves that the tea service was of tin, such was the rapidity with which they sometimes vanished into her kettle bag.

Mr. Rödsheim, as the gipsies generally called Ole, commenced the manufacture of birchwood cruppers for our animals, in anticipation of steep mountain ways, and he also engaged his time on some hobbles of the same wood, which we wished to take to England. Then, as

night came fast upon us, Ole selected his bed between two large rocks; with our spade he made with rough sods a sort of turf coffin, about a foot deep, over which he placed a large mass of heath roots, and moss which he had peeled off the ground, the moss being turned downwards; then our waterproof was placed over all. When his bed was ready, he proposed that we should start at five o'clock the next morning.

"I shan't get up at five o'clock!" shouted Esmeralda,



NORWEGIAN BIRCHWOOD CRUPPER.

in a shrill voice, which nearly broke the drum of Ole's right ear. "I don't care; I shan't get up to please anybody!"

Noah and Zachariah looked at one another, as much as to say, "Dawdy! she's up; may our good shorengero land safely on the other side."

"The next day's journey is a long one," suggested Ole, slowly recovering; and we promptly decided for half-past five. Ole screwed himself into his turf coffin, and, wrapping his head in his woollen shawl, we laid the

waterproof over him, and he was comfortable for the night.

"Well," said we to Esmeralda, being determined to maintain discipline, "you shall please yourself, but remember we move on in good time to-morrow." Our hobbenengree was at once a study, which would have made the fortune of an artist.

For a time we wrote up our notes, till the shadows of night descended on the dark peaks, and a chill air came from the Smörstab glacier, when we retired to rest.

Our sleep the next morning was disturbed by Ole asking for matches and paper to light a fire. Very shortly we joined him. "Now, Zachariah!'—vand! vand!' Zachariah and Noah were soon up. We had only made eight miles yesterday, and it was a long day's journey to reach the Utladal Stöl. The morning was windy, with a heavy dew, but we could see the sun creeping down the opposite mountain peaks, promising a hot day.

Tea was soon ready; a tin of potted meat was opened, and spread upon slices of bread. All four commenced breakfast with a good appetite.

When Esmeralda found that we did not attempt to disturb her, it is wonderful how quick she appeared, and the tents were immediately after packed up. Our camp was about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. We observed some cow-dung flies and spiders in our tent before it was packed up.

The rugged peaks of the Tverbottenhornene (signifying peaks of the pass from one valley to another) rose before us. What a line of dark peaks! The scenery of this valley is extremely wild.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"That the language of the Hindoos and that of the ancient Egyptians may have sprung from the same root is very probable; nay, it is almost certain. The language of the latter is a *lost* language, that of the gipsies a *found* one, claimed by and for no other people. All these things tend to confirm the surmise (may I say the fact?), that the gipsies are the long-dispersed Egyptians. To talk of their being Sondras (without showing a miraculous change of nature), would be as absurd as to affirm that they were expelled Esquimaux."

The Gipsies. By SAMUEL ROBERTS.

THE VIRGIN PEAK—ESMERALDA IN THE LERA—A DRIPPING NEREID—HEAVY CLOUDS—THE CHURCH MOUNTAIN—WILD REINDEER—WHERE'S THE TEA?—SINGULAR GLACIER—VALLEY OF RED SANDSTONE—THE HUNTER'S CAVE—THE UTLADAL STÖL—THE MUMPLY VALLEY—FLÖDSGRÖD—A MOUNTAIN STÖL—A ROUGH PATH—THE PURU RAWNEE'S ESCAPE—THE NARROW BRIDGE.

AT eight o'clock we were *en route* up the valley, and at length came in sight of the steep, dark, and pointed mountain called "Kirken," or "Church Mountain." This mountain reminded us very much of the "Trifaen Mountain," near the gloomy lake called Llyn Idwal, in North Wales, which we once ascended. Even the barren sterility of the "Trifaen," and the shores of Llyn Idwal, and the "Devil's Kitchen" above; the stony wastes of the glyders, and the rugged pass of Llanberis, have no scenes of extreme desolation, and absence of vegetable and animal life, similar to some of the wilder Norwegian valleys through which we wandered. "Kirken," we were told,

had never been ascended. Had time permitted, we should have been much tempted to have spent some days on the shores of the lake near.

Alas! the Norwegian summer is too fleeting. When we came up the valley, near the Leir Vand, which is 4736 feet above the sea, Ole proposed that the party should cross the Lera. It was a tolerably wide, rapid, broken stream, where the donkeys had to cross.

Ole and myself went some distance up the river, and Ole soon crossed. We were preparing to do so, when we saw Mephistopheles, mounted on the top of his loaded donkey, stemming the rapid waters of the Lera in the distance below.

The loaded Puru Rawnee was also bravely struggling in the rapid current of the river for the other bank.

Then, as we turned again, we saw Esmeralda's blue feather flaunting in the wind, as, mounted on the baggage of her loaded donkey, she was plunging across the rough bed of the river, when, oh! the Tarno Rye has made a false step! Our baggage gone—saturated and spoilt! Instantaneously, a fearful splash: Esmeralda is tumbled into the river, and the baggage saved.

Are those sounds of suppressed lamentation we hear from Ole and Mephistopheles, on the bank of the Lera? It seemed to us more like laughter than anything else we ever heard.

We were too far off to render assistance, before we saw the dripping form of our high-spirited gipsy girl rise from the cold icy waters of the Lera. Esmeralda looked like a beautiful Nereid—a wild water-nymph. Her long raven hair, now without a hat, glistened with the falling moisture of a thousand spangles in the sun. Will no one

plunge in to help her? Would we were there! Now she has reached the shore. Crossing the river we were soon with our party. Esmeralda was very wet. Although the stream was not very deep, falling in as she did, her clothes were completely soaked. The straw hat and blue feather, carried off by the stream, was recovered some distance below.

The cold waters of the Lera had not improved the temper of our hobbenengree. We offered her our best consolation, and at once proceeded *en route* as the best means of drying her clothes. Her *amour propre* had been touched by the laughter of Noah and Zachariah.

Ole, with his usual tact, went as far in advance as was compatible with his duties as guide.

Mephistopheles, in his most insinuating tones, said: "Dawdy, wouldn't the Rye have gone into the panee to save his Romany Juval? Wouldn't you, sir?"

"And why didn't he do so?" said Esmeralda, sharply. "Nobody stirred; I might have drowned over and over again for what they cared."

"Well, daughter, we were just agoin' in," said Noah, with a grim smile.

"Going!" shouted Esmeralda; "go to Gorsley, and see Lizzy. Ambrose can do it; can't he? What a state he makes himself over everybody else."

Now Noah was up. Esmeralda, by her allusion to Gorsley, had hit Noah in some vulnerable place.

The pretty little donkey, which had done its best with a heavy load, and the addition of Esmeralda's weight, was of course severely anathematized; but, strange to say, like the little jackdaw in the "Ingoldsby's Legends," it seemed 'never a penny the worse."

Indeed, Esmeralda was very angry; but at last she became more cheerful in proportion as her clothes became more dry. We were still in sight of the Leir Vand. There are no fish in it, or apparently in the Lera Elv. Kirken (Church) Mountain is extremely steep and picturesque. This view of Kirken (Church) Mountain,

KIRKEN MOUNTAIN, FROM GRAVDAL.

steep, dark, and escarpé, and of the Tverbottenhornene, the dark rocky mountain to the left, standing almost isolated and apart, as seen from a point of view in the Gravdal, we sketched during our mid-day halt.

We were not far from the Lang Vand and Visdal. Ole said that four valleys commence near Church Mountain: Visdal, Leirdal (Clay Valley), Gjendindal, and Gravdal

(Valley of the Grave). Four rivers have also their source here: Visa Elv, Lera Elv, Gjendin Elv, Gravdal Elv. We had to ford several smaller streams, and our route lay over a wild, sterile, stony tract, among picturesque, sharp, peaky mountains. We could see the peaks of Uledals Tinderne, one of which was soon afterwards ascended by Messrs. Browne. Coming at length to a small lake, we distinctly saw on a glacier below a mountain called by Ole the Hogvarden Tind (Peak of the High Pass), a herd of about forty-five wild reindeer. We were not very far from them. Under the shelter of scattered rocks we could have had a still closer view. Ole regretted he had not brought a rifle. They might have been stalked easily. The sun was also in our favour. Although for some time we were in view of the reindeer, they did not notice us, and when we went out of sight the herd were still on the glacier. It was a beautiful sight as we watched them on the sloping snow. Descending down the valley, we called a halt at a large rock near a small mountain stream. We had accomplished a distance of about eight or nine miles. It was about twelve o'clock. Not far from where we halted runs Simledal (Hart's Valley), and beyond us Ole pointed out the direction of the Raudal (Red Valley).

We were now in our element. How could we be unhappy in such picturesque scenes, pure nature, pure air, free existence? Even our gipsies were in keeping with the rough unhewn rocks and wild flowers of this unfrequented region. Just at this point of reflection Mephistopheles, who was boiling our can of water over a fire of heath roots and moss, called out in a melancholy screaming tone of voice, exactly imitating his sister at our camp

the evening before, "Where's the tea? Zachariah!! where's the tea?" It was so true to tone and manner that, braving Esmeralda's displeasure, even Ole joined in the laugh. All was immediately fun and merriment in our camp. Even Esmeralda deigned to laugh. The reindeer meat, boiled the day before, was fried with potatoes. This with tea formed an excellent meal — in fact, Ole said many in Lom never had such a dinner.

Our gipsies were full of fun. Zachariah put up an impromptu tent with two of our tent raniers and an Alpine stock, to shade Ole from the sun, and he at once fell asleep. Then Zachariah contrived one for himself, which was taken possession of by Noah, after a mimic battle. Esmeralda put the things away, and all took their siesta, while we made two sketches and entered up our diary. At twenty minutes to four our party were again *en route* down the valley.

The donkeys were quickly loaded. Over rough uneven ground we descended the valley until we were below the picturesque Storbeatind and its singular glacier.* Ole said it was so called, and that the Utladal Elv derived its source from the Gravdal Vand. The river from this singular glacier branched into many streams. Between two sterile steeps the glacier narrows in its course and falls abruptly into the valley.

Above the almost straight line of glacier wall we saw an isolated, lofty, peculiarly-shaped mass of ice, which put us in mind of one of the ice cliffs in the Glacier des Bossons at Mont Blanc, so well represented by Coleman in his "Scenes from the Snow Fields, or the Upper Ice

* This immense glacier is also called "Smörstabben."

World."* The glacier seemed to overhang the narrow valley. The approaching night added to its picturesque effect.†

Ole crossed the river at some rocks below. Noah, Zachariah, and Esmeralda crossed with the donkeys. They all had to stand a thorough drenching of their legs and feet in the ice cold-water fresh from the glacier. Esmeralda stood it manfully. We went a short distance below, and, taking off our trousers, boots, and stockings, waded through. The cold was intense. As we came up with our party, they had just seen a reindeer; it was coming towards them, and was quite close before it perceived

* "Scenes from the Snow Fields, or the Upper Ice World of Mont Blanc," by Edmund T. Coleman, was published, at the cost of three guineas each copy, by Messrs. Longman, in 1859. Mr. Coleman, who is still a member of the English Alpine Club, has since extended his travels to British Columbia and California. In 1868, in company with Messrs. Ogilvy, Stratton, and Tennent, he finally succeeded in making the first ascent of Mount Baker, and planting the American flag on its highest peak, which he named "Grant's Peak," in honour of the President of the United States. Mount Baker is 10,613 feet above the level of the sea, and is the most northerly of the great cones of the Cascade range, being only fourteen miles from the boundary line dividing America from English possessions. Like another "snowy Olympus," it towers above the rest, as the sentinel of a solitary land. The justly celebrated and successful American serial, "Harper's New Monthly Magazine," of November, 1869, page 793, contains a most interesting article, entitled "Mountaineering on the Pacific," by Mr. Coleman, with numerous engravings from Mr. Coleman's drawings, descriptive of his successful ascent. Illustrations and a paragraph referring to the ascent also appeared 29th June, 1872, in a number of the *Illustrated London News*.

† So singular was the appearance of the ice cliff, rising on the glacier and towering above us in the waning light of a Norwegian summer's eve, that after describing it to an Alpine traveller of much experience, we wrote to our guide, and the following extract from Ole's letter, dated 12th April, 1872, may be interesting:—"I am apt to think that the *Ice Cliff*, which I perfectly well remember, consists of rock on the side we did not see. I can hardly believe it to be entirely of ice. It certainly seemed so to us from the view we had at it; but there must be rock on the other side, I should think."

our party and turned again. Zachariah gave chase; but it slowly made its way among some loose rocks, and he lost sight of it.

The track was now extremely rugged, tortuous, and steep at times. We had several streams to cross, and

ICE CLIFF, STORBEATIND GLACIER.

made our way with difficulty. In crossing one narrow brook Zachariah's donkey, which was very sure footed, slipped back, and part of its load, containing Ole's things in a pig's bristle bag, and the pocket containing Noah's blankets, and our kettle bag, got slightly wet before we could get it out.

There was no time to lose; on we went, and at length

we came to a very interesting steep mountain way between red rocks. Here we had the Red Sandstone formation suddenly appearing near mountains of gneiss. The gipsies had hard work of it. Each of the donkeys had to be carefully led, and the loads steadied. Sometimes the loads, in going down a steep descent, would slip forwards, and in ascending would get nearly over the animal's tail; so that the load had to be readjusted. We did the best we could with Ole's impromptu cruppers. It was hard work for Esmeralda; but we relieved her as much as possible. Ole was ever at hand when a difficulty occurred.

We must say that our gipsies stuck to their work bravely. It was not long after we had come to the Red Sandstone rocks, that the Puru Rawnee slipped backwards into some deep boggy ground. It was impossible to avoid at times such mishaps. We had sometimes no choice, and on we must go. Noah, Ole, and Zachariah, at last, by pushing and lifting and dragging, got it out.

Mephistopheles, whose loud laugh rang amongst the rocks, was ever gay; but his laughter became wonderfully like poshavaben (gip., false laughter), when Ole said, in joke: "Master Zâkēē, we shall have to cross the river just now."

Night was rapidly drawing on, and we had not yet reached the Utladal Stöl. At last we came to a romantic reindeer hunter's cave. It had a narrow entrance in the rocks; no outlet for the smoke from the inside but the entrance. Traces of fire remained, and we noticed marks on a bank near where the hunters had tried their rifles. We had only time to explore it, and make a hasty sketch.

Shortly afterwards, just at dusk, we came to the open ground of the Utladal Stöl. It was a small melancholy valley. On a rise of ground, a short distance from us, we could see the stöl or sœter built of loose stones, one story high with one window. Somehow the stöl had a dismal deserted appearance. Some cows were grazing near.

We were close to the river, some hillocks covered with low bushes only intervening. The donkeys were very tired, and it was just nine o'clock. Even Noah was out of sorts. The cows rendered the camp ground far from desirable. There was no time for much choice, or we should have tried some other ground. The woman of the sœter was out, so that we could not have cream porridge as intended. A small boy represented the woman. Our tents were quickly put up. Noah said he liked places where you could see plenty of people. This was the only camp ground we had disliked through our wanderings. It seemed like a valley where a dozen suicides had been committed, supplemented by an undiscovered murder. Though the influences were dull and gloomy, we made an excellent meal of tea with fried ham, and Ole informed us that the woman had returned, and we could have "flödsgröd" the next morning.

Ole, in answer to our inquiries, said that there were no fish in the Utladals Elv, only newts, black-looking water lizards, sometimes called "asgals," in England "lacerta palustris." There were no birds; even the "philomela lascinia," or one-headed nightingale, usually considered a foolish bird and easily caught, was not fool enough to perch in this valley.

Ole retired as quickly as he could to occupy the bed at the stöl, where we were told Messrs. Boyson and Harrison had stayed one night—we do not say slept, for we are extremely uncertain whether they did so.

Notwithstanding the Romany chaff—for the gipsies were blowing great guns during tea, and pronounced the place in an impressive manner to be "mumply"—we got an excellent night's rest in our comfortable tent, lulled quickly to sleep by the rushing waters of the Utladal Elv.

At six o'clock we were performing our matutinal ablutions on the banks of the Utladals Elv, regardless of the newts, who might be staring at such an unusual visitor. Then we had a consultation with Ole about our future route. On reference to our maps and a calculation of the different routes to be followed, it seemed that we should reach Christiania with difficulty at the time we proposed. We sighed for a double summer in such a splendid country for mountaineering. At first we thought of giving up our visit to Mörkfos; then remembering Captain Campbell's description of this magnificent fall, we determined it must be visited, even if we pushed through the rest of the journey by forced marches.

Our breakfast of "flödsgröd" was prepared by the woman and ready at eight o'clock. For the information of our readers, we will describe how it is made. Two quarts and a half of beautiful cream were boiled by the sœter woman in an iron pot, to which we added some of our barley meal carried from Elvsœter. This was mixed together with the gröd-stick, and carried down to our tent. The flödsgröd was quite sufficient for the break-

fast of five persons, and is a dish highly prized by the Norwegians, being eaten without the addition of anything else. It is very rich; the butter from the cream floating about at the top in a melted state.

The two quarts and a half of cream cost us one mark twelve skillings, and we gave the woman four skillings, which Ole suggested as quite sufficient. All the party excepting perhaps Ole, preferred the ordinary gröd with milk.

UTLADAL STÖL, MUMPLY VALLEY.

The woman was a thick-set strong young person who lived alone at the sœter with her little boy. She had plenty of occupation; seventeen cows to milk every day, besides taking care of seventeen goats and twenty sheep.

The Utladal Stöl was built with loose granite stones, earth, and sods, forming one long low building, divided interiorly into three compartments, one opening into the other across the ground floor. They had hardened mud floors. The second room contained a fire hearth and

chimney and bed, and was lighted with one small window which did not open; the compartment was used as a dairy. There were three ventilators or holes in the roof, which, by the aid of a long stick attached to a square piece of board, could be lifted or closed at pleasure. The Utladal Stöl was roofed partly with turf and partly with flat stones. In the Bergen Stift we were told that the sœters are called "stöls." The Utladal Stöl was much like the dwelling-houses which were often met with formerly in the wild parts of Carnarvonshire and other counties in North Wales. In Norway the stöls are not used as dwellings like similar buildings were in former times in Wales. They are only occupied for a short period of the year in summer. Two guns, for shooting reindeer, hung from the roof of one of the rooms.

We were glad to leave, at ten o'clock, this melancholy part of the valley, which is between the Raudals Hö, or Hill of the Red Valley, and the Utladals Axelen. The donkeys were not very fresh, and ascended slowly the steep ascent from the stöl. Esmeralda's donkey, the Tarno Rye, was rather weak at starting. The Puru Rawnee was stronger, but its back was a little sore. Our cruppers were made of twisted birch twigs wrapped with a piece of carpet. Birch twigs are used for a variety of purposes in Norway—crates, net baskets, hobbles, cruppers, fastenings for sails, oars, withes for gates, &c.

Soon afterwards we descended the other side of the hill towards a stream called the Lille Utladals Elv. The gipsies called it a "slem drom." Our donkeys made their way with difficulty, and great care had to be used

to keep the loads in place and the donkeys on their legs.

Reaching the rapid waters of the torrent in order to avoid the deep boggy ground on its bank, we were obliged to go upon the loose stones and shelving rocks on the brink of the stream.

In reaching the river the Puru Rawnee had fallen twice, and the second time had broken our tent pole into two pieces. Ole and ourselves took some of the things and carried them to lighten the weight.

The Utladals Elv, by which we had camped the previous night, was roaring between some precipitous rocks just beyond, and flowed into the stream we were following. At the junction we had to cross a narrow bridge over the Utladals Elv.

Some sloping slippery shelving rocks at the brink of the Lille Utladals Elv, had to be crossed to reach the bridge over the other stream. The first attempt was made with the Puru Rawnee, whose legs slipped from under it, and sliding down the slippery rock on its side, was held back by Noah just in time to prevent its going into the river. One end of the pocket was already in the stream, and the Puru Rawnee and our baggage upon her in another minute would have probably been carried down the rapid torrent and lost. Noah succeeded in holding her on the rock till we got some of the baggage unloosed. She was at length recovered, and the other donkeys were afterwards safely guided over the same rock to the bridge.

There was no wading at this part of the Utladals Elv. We had a strong, deep, heavy current of waters rushing with wild impetuosity under the overhanging rocks.

High above the foaming waters, a narrow frail bridge, with a wicket and slight hand rail on each side, spanned the river. The Utladals Elv formed its junction just below with the Lille Utladals Elv. Ole stepped across the bridge with I don't know how many pounds of baggage, on his shoulder, as if he expected the whole cavalcade to follow *à pas de chasseurs de Vincennes.*

CHAPTER XXXIV.

> As Cadurcis approached, he observed some low tents, and in a few minutes he was in the centre of an encampment of gipsies. He was for a moment somewhat dismayed; for he had been brought up with the usual terror of these wild people; nevertheless, he was not unequal to the occasion. He was surrounded in an instant, but only with women and children; for gipsy men never immediately appear. They smiled with their bright eyes, and the flames of the watch fire threw a lurid glow over their dark and flashing countenances; they held out their practised hands; they uttered unintelligible, but not unfriendly sounds.
>
> DISRAELI'S *Venetia*.

A DIFFICULT CROSSING—AGAIN EN ROUTE——SKÖGADAL SŒTER—SŒTER ACCOMMODATION — SPLENDID SCENERY—THE SKÖGADALS ELV—THE MYSTERIOUS BONE—MOUNTAIN EXPLORATION—THE PACK HORSES—A SLIPPERY FLOOR—MUSIC IN THE SŒTER—FLŒSKEDAL STÖL—THE MÖRK FOS—MAGNIFICENT FALL—THE CLIFF'S EDGE—THE IRIS—ALL PAY AND NO COMFORT—A REINDEER SHOT—THE DESERTED FARM—A MOUNTAIN SHADOW.

THE three donkeys looked as if they much preferred remaining where they were. Esmeralda said we should never get over.

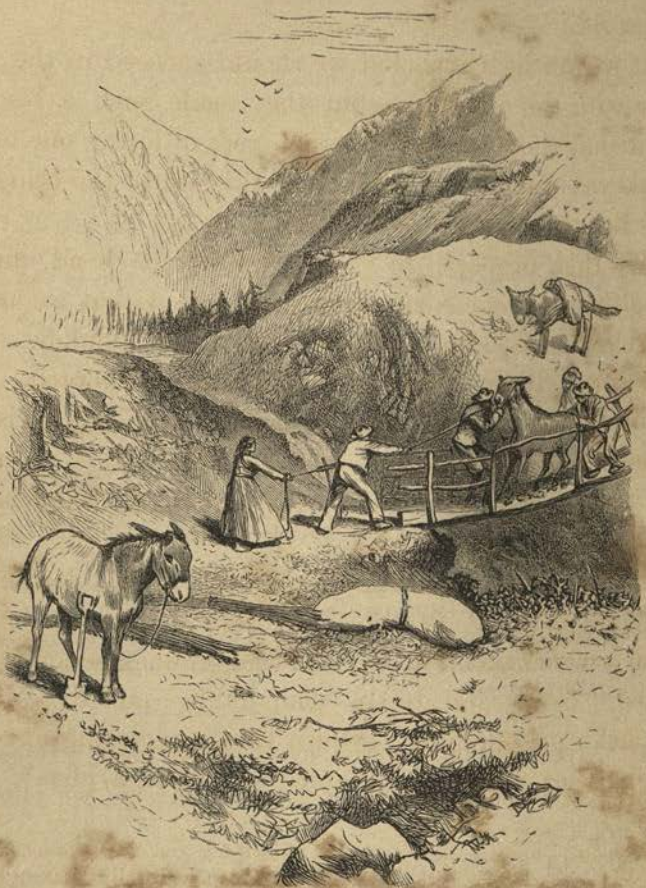
Noah said "No donkeys can go over such places as these, sir."

"What can we do in such ways?"

Even Mephistopheles had not quite shaken off the gloom of our last camp, and looked "mumply." We did not say much.

"There's the other side. They must go."

And without losing more time we all set to work and carried the baggage over. Then came the Tarno Rye's turn; Zachariah pulled at its head, whilst ourself and



LUSEHAUG BRO, UTLADAL.—RESTIVE DONKEYS.

Noah pushed behind, and forced it by main strength up the stones to the wicket. It was almost over the cliff once, but we both laid hold of a hind leg each, whilst Mephistopheles tugged at the donkey's head. As the frail

bridge shook it is lucky we did not all vanish into the chasm below. With main force the Tarno Rye was lifted on to the bridge, and finding itself there quietly allowed itself to be led by Zachariah and Ole to the other side.

It was rather expected we should succeed in the same way with the other two, but they made such a resolute fight that there was considerable risk of losing one of the donkeys through the handrail at the end of the bridge.

"Bring the tether rope, Noah."

We then proposed to noose them by the head, and so drag them over. Noah further suggested that we might double the rope and pass it round the donkeys hind quarters. It was a good idea immediately adopted. The Puru Rawnee was the first. Esmeralda and Zachariah at the ends of the doubled rope across the bridge. Ourself on the bridge steadying its head. Noah and Ole pushing behind.

Sharp was the contest, first at the stones leading to the bridge, then at the light rails at the end of the bridge which shook under our weight as the donkey resisted. Now and again Esmeralda pulled. Mephistopheles pulled, and the Puru Rawnee, at length, sorely against her will, was dragged over the bridge.* The

* Exposed to the heavy snows of winter and the storms of each changing season, some of the frail bridges which span the mountain torrent of many a deep and narrow gorge are very insecure. Many districts are remote, and the bridges seldom used. This danger to travellers has not escaped the attention of the Norske Turistforening. A melancholy accident occurred, just before we left Norway, to a young gentleman named Wright, travelling with his party in the north-west of Norway. All had safely passed across a wooden bridge but his sister. She was afraid to venture. Her brother was testing the stability of the bridge to remove her fears, when a portion gave way. The tourist fell with it into the

Puru Rye was also soon pulled over by the same method, amid much laughter from our gipsies. In a few minutes the donkeys were again loaded.

"What is the name of the bridge?" asked we.

"Lusehaug Bro," said Ole as we pushed along the Utladals Elv, and whilst we gradually ascended obliquely higher above the Utladals Elv, so the Utladals Elv seemed to sink deeper, and deeper, into the hidden recesses of a bottomless ravine. In a short time we entirely lost sight of its rapid waters.*

This river is ultimately joined by the waters from the Mörkfos. After winding along the hill side we reached a sort of upper plateau at the foot of the Skögadal.

Near the Skögadals Elv are two sœters some short distance apart, on the banks of the Elv, whose swift course is soon lost down the precipitous steeps which abruptly fall from the plateau to the dark narrow ravine below. Halting at a short distance from the Skögadal sœters, a fire was lighted, and we had fried bacon and potatoes and tea for dinner. Until we had another tent pole it was impossible to pitch our tent. Shortly after dinner it poured with rain, but our baggage was all safely covered with our siphonia waterproof. Ole showed his ready skill by cutting down a small birch tree in the wood just above us, which he shaped out with his hunting knife to the proper size and length, and then cut holes sufficiently large for our tent raniers. A very good substitute Ole made. We have it now, after all

torrent below, and lost his life. We were told he was afterwards buried at Bergen.

* The Norwegian word "Elv" signifies a river; and "Aa" means a rivulet.

the rough work of our remaining campaign. There was a slight cessation of rain, during which the tents were pitched. We were delighted with our camping ground. All were pleased with it. It was certainly a wild, secluded, and beautiful spot. There was the pleasing reflection that we were at home in our pleasant camp. No care, no trouble, no sleeping in sœter beds in a suffocating close atmosphere, or lying on mud floors, slimy with spilt milk and damp moisture. No anticipation of fleas, with the certainty of such anticipation being realized to the fullest extent of human endurance. Then there are floating visions as to the number and variety of people who have previously slept in those beds. Some idea may be formed of sœter life by the following extract of recent personal experience, related by Mr. Murray Browne:—"I prepared for the night by pulling on my second shirt and second pair of trousers over that which I was wearing at the time. I then lay down on the floor with a rug—a sort of horse-cloth—under me, and a rope for my pillow. My brother and Saunders slept on a sort of bench, with their legs stretched under a kind of shelf which served as the only table. The women and children occupied the only bed, and Hans and his son slept, like myself, on the floor. Before long it got very cold." *

On the right of the Utladals Elv a foaming torrent falls from an upper plateau of the Horungerne. On our left we could see the Skögadals Elv, and on the opposite side the Aurdals Axelen, forming the two sides of the valley out of which issues the Skögadals Elv, and falls down rocky steeps into the deep gorge of the Utladal.

* The "Alpine Club Journal," February, 1871.

A beautiful green, moss-covered, rocky, low hill, formed our foreground on the opposite side of the Skögadals Elv. As you look down the deep gorge beyond, two hills rise in picturesque outline, one with a very steep, dark summit. The white foam of a waterfall contrasts with the dark rocks of the mountain down which it falls. In the far distance a small pointed hill stands alone. It is far down the gorge, as far as the eye can reach. For our tea we had gröd and milk. Ole retired to the sœter at eight o'clock, and as it rained heavily we all went to bed. When we retired to rest on the mossy turf; we could not help expressing pity for the unfortunate people stoved up in the sœters. Ole said it would probably rain next day, but if fine it was arranged that he should call us up at three o'clock the next morning.

It rained heavily when we awoke about three o'clock so that we continued our repose. Ole called us at a much later hour. We gave him out of our tent, matches, and material for making the fire, and soon joined him. The gipsies also were up and stirring. Esmeralda soon managed the breakfast service from her kettle bag, which was quite equal to Pandora's box for the extraordinary quantity and variety of things it contained. The frokost consisted of fladbröd, butter and tea. The day was dull and cloudy. We could hear with greater distinctness the roar of the rising waters of the Skögadals Elv. This was pleasant, except that we had the prospect of having one or two of our donkeys drowned in crossing the rapid waters.

The morning gradually cleared, and we diligently wrote up our notes till one o'clock. Esmeralda then announced our mid-day meal. The hobbenengree had

boiled some of Ole's bacon with the unfortunate piece of dried meat from Holaker, which had persistently haunted our soup kettle for so many miles. There was no mistaking it as Noah pronged it out with a fork, and suddenly let it fall back into the soup, as if he had seen the ghost of his Uncle Elijah.

Although not in our arrangement Ole had always had his meals from our commissariat. Ole Rödsheim was worthy of our hospitality, and we had enough to spare. On this occasion Ole said he had shared all our meals, and we might as well consume the bacon, and three loaves of bread he had brought with him. As to our tea Ole had acquired such a taste for it, that we doubt whether he will ever again be able to do without it. Our meal consisted of soup, boiled bacon, the mysterious piece of dried meat, potatoes and fladbröd.

When we looked over the maps after dinner with Ole, we could not help being astonished at the *étendue* and wonderful extent of wild mountain terrain scarcely explored by the Alpine Club. What a network of deep gorges, glens, valleys, lakes, and glaciers, out of which rise hundreds of steep and rugged peaks; very many have never been ascended and are scarcely known. Three lakes were pointed out by Ole as having been purchased by English gentlemen; the Rus Vand, the Heimdals Vand, and the Sikkildals Vand. Some of the lakes are of considerable extent, as the Bygdin Vand, which Ole said was about seventeen and a half miles long. The Gjendin Vand and the Tyen Vand were also large lakes easily reached from near our tent. After a careful inspection of our maps, we decided to take Ole early the next morning and visit the Mörk Fos, leaving

the gipsies in care of the camp, and returning in the evening. A reconnaissance was made up the Skögadals valley above the sœters to find a crossing for our donkeys; the usual ford was too deep. Noah and Zachariah said no donkey could stand with water above his knees. The place, at last selected, was certainly better for our purpose, but we were not very sanguine. Ole said a carrier was expected at the sœter that evening, and some help might be obtained.

It was a beautiful evening after the rain. The view up the Skögadal (wooded valley) with Melkadalstinderne (the peaks of the Milk valley) in the distance, and across the river the Aurdals Axelen, which Ole said meant the shoulder of the stony valley, completed a scene long to be remembered; the sides of the Skögadal valley being covered in places with birch wood, has not the too sterile and desolate appearance of some valleys through which we had passed. About five o'clock, when we were having our grödand milk for tea, the expected carrier and his boy were seen coming up the mountain track below our tents. The horses shied at first at our camp, but Noah went down and led one, and they passed without difficulty. Each horse can carry about eight vaage, rather more than 3 cwt., each Norwegian vaage being 38 lbs. One of the carrier's horses was a powerful animal, larger than the Norwegian pony. Two strong wooden barrels, with lids, are slung on each side a wooden frame or saddle furnished with iron rings and a leather crupper. The barrels are two feet two inches long, by eleven and three-quarter inches wide, and one foot eight inches deep. The weight is well balanced, and the fastenings

very strong and well adapted to stand the rough stony tracks of the Norwegian fjelds. An arrangement was quickly made for the carrier to take Ole and ourself across the Skögadals Elv the next morning, and bring us back in the evening, for half a mark each. It rained heavily after tea. About nine o'clock, when it was over, we took Noah and Zachariah to the upper sœter to give the people some music. Ole was there, the carrier, and his son, and the sœter women. As we came in we made our début in the Skögadal world of music by slipping on the uneven mud floor of the first room, and falling down, nearly upsetting the sœter woman's bucket of milk, who was milking, and if we had not been very quick completely smashing our guitar. Our satisfaction at having rescued our guitar which had been carried without injury by Esmeralda so many miles, quite healed any bruises we sustained No bones broken; we were soon up, and in the second room. The violin, guitar, and tambourine, soon waked up the stillness of the night. We must say that no artistes of the greatest celebrity could have had a more pleased and admiring audience. As we retired we felt quite giddy from the extreme closeness of the atmosphere of the sœter. Noah had also carried off two fleas; so much the better for Ole. The night was damp and windy as we sought our camp and went to bed.

Early awake, we were completing our toilette to the music of snoring gipsies when Ole came. Half-past five, grödd and milk formed our breakfast, Ole adding to his own some myse ost, to qualify, as he said, the milk. The carrier came with one of his horses; we both mounted and forded the Skögadals Elv, and turning the

horse back he returned across riderless to his master. Commencing our expedition at seven o'clock, we made our way for some distance through a large birch wood, and at length descended into the valley called Aurdal.* This part of the narrow valley which we crossed is completely full of enormous stones piled one upon another in wild chaos. Ole called the valley Urdal or Aurdal. All was wild sterility, and the separate detached blocks of loose stone were often so enormous, that it was slowly, and with difficulty we made our way to the opposite side. A stream flowed far beneath the loose stones tossed and piled above its course in extraordinary masses. Its waters were at times obscured and hidden by the blocks of stone of all shapes and sizes, piled in heterogeneous confusion. When we left this stony valley we continued our route along the sloping sides of the mountain beyond, to the left of the deep gorge of the Utladals Elv. At about eleven o'clock in the forenoon we reached the "Fleskedal Sœter." The stöl is pleasantly situated on a rise of open mountain ground near a clear stream of water. Leaving our things with the sœter woman, we descended through a steep forest of birch and firs, and at last crossing a new bridge over a wild torrent soon afterwards reached another stöl or sœter which was closed. This was the Vettismark forest and sœter. Ole said that this forest was renowned for its large trees. Round the sœter the trees were partly cleared; some were left scattered here and there. The whole scene reminded us of a sheep station in an Australian forest. From this picturesque plateau we had splendid views of some of the summits of the

* Sometimes spelt "Uradal."

Horungerne mountains. The scene was beautiful in the sunshine of mid-day; it made us wish to linger there for ever. What a spot for a tent. Crossing the narrow stream near the sœter, and passing through a lovely forest view, we were soon near the edge of the hanging cliff, over which the narrow river we had crossed, falls in one straight and almost perpendicular column of water, not less than 800 feet—we thought it more. In a note to Captain Campbell's interesting article on the Mörkfos, published in the "Alpine Journal" of August 1870, it seems that the height of the fall is about 1000 feet.*

We refer our readers to this article for an excellent description of this waterfall, and especially to the engraving there given of the fall, which is from an original sketch by Captain Campbell.

The sun shone high; the sky was Italian blue. Ole produced his rope; carefully securing it round our body, he steadied himself at a small tree and held the other end of the rope. Then we advanced to the edge of the hanging cliff. The wild heath formed an arched and matted roof above the far distant rocks in the abyss below. As we cautiously leant over, Nature broke upon us in all the light of her splendid magnificence. Who can doubt the power of a great Creator who views such scenes? We could have stayed there never-tiring to eternity. As we seemed to catch as it were the broken ground with our legs, almost suspended in mid air, we could not divest ourselves of the thought that

* A description of this fall, with engraving, is also given in Captain Campbell's concise and useful work, "How to see Norway," published by Messrs. Longman and Co.

some of the finest scenes in Nature are often overlooked. Had the shelving cliff given way we were secured by a rope, but we must say our position would have been unpleasant. The cliffs on either side stand abruptly out and are overhanging, so that it is difficult to get a good view of the fall from above, except at the point we were looking over. The rocks below, which receive the waters of the fall, for some distance upwards are almost black.

When we retired from the cliff's edge, we roped Ole and he had a similar view. Notwithstanding all that had been said by Captain Campbell, the Mörkfos far surpassed our expectations in height, volume of water, and picturesque beauty. There is no drawback. All accessories are perfect. Mountain outline, rock, tree, forest—all that surround the fall, rival it in their several perfections of harmonious beauty. Reluctantly we must say, that even the Rjukan fos and its romantic association of the "Lovers" or "Marie stein" is scarcely equal to the Mörkfos.* Other lovers of nature who visit this wild scene may probably pass a decisive opinion either to con-

* When we visited the Rjukan fos some years since we were certainly under the impression that the name applied to a rock on the face of the precipice above the fall, where the lover slipped at the first-meeting after a long absence, and was lost in the abyss below. The name may probably be derived from the footpath, which at that time was very similar to a ladder, and Williams, in his work "Through Norway with a Knapsack," calls it "Marie Stige," saying in a note, "stige" is the Dansk and Norsk for ladder; and placing the article "en" at the end of the word, as is usual, it becomes stigen, the ladder, hence the local name, "Marie Stigen," the Mary's Ladder, which most English writers have misunderstood or Germanized into "Marie Stein," or Mary's Rock; others spell it "Marie Stegen," which, translated, signifies Mary's fry, Mary's roast meat. In Murray it is called Mari Stien. The legend has associated a romantic interest with the Rjukan fos.

firm or reverse ours. Both falls have their separate beauty.

The valley of the Aardal below, is all the most enthusiastic lover of nature could desire.* Opposite to us were the magnificent steeps of the Maradalstinder. The waterfall roaring down its sides, was only dwarfed, by its more splendid rival the Mörkfos. The fall opposite is the Maradals elv fos. As we watched it, a beautiful iris of red, yellow, and blue, hovered above the foaming waters, the only one, we had ever seen.

Before we left, we contemplated the deep valley of the Aardal, and its wooded sides. Trees covered the summit of the cliffs, on either side the Mörkfos. One mountain ash, had caught its roots in a cleft, and overhung in mid-air. Scotch firs crowned the rocks above.

We left at a quarter to one. Never shall we forget a small patch of golden moss, forming a miniature island in a small forest tarn; its resplendent colour in the glowing sun. Near the sœter in the Vettismark forest, a few large trees scattered near, were without bark, and dead. The Vettismark Sœter, and the Fleskedal Sœter, Ole said, belonged to the same owner. The ascent to the Fleskedal Sœter was very steep, but we reached it at five minutes past two o'clock.

Our middags mad, on the banks of the stream, near the Fleskedal Sœter, consisted of cold bacon, fladbröd, a box of sardines, and kage bröd, or ovens bröd (bread baked in an oven), which we had brought with us. Ole boiled our water at the sœter, and we had two pannikins of tea. The Fleskedal Sœter is a new sœter. One

* It may be well to note that the Utladal Elv and the Aardal Elv are the same river; and the Mörkfos is sometimes called the Vetje fos.

woman, and some children, were staying there. The sœter is built of wood, and of the usual size. We paid the woman four skillings, for allowing Ole to boil our water at the sœter.

It appears that Messrs. Boyson and Harrison stayed at the Fleskedal Sœter one night, with three other gentlemen going to Lyster. We were told that for one bed, for two of the party, the other three sleeping as they could, and for some fladbröd, butter, and milk, they were charged two specie dollars, or nine shillings English money, when they left. An English gentleman, accompanied by a reindeer hunter, came to the Fleskedal Sœter the day before we arrived, and stayed all night. Early in the morning he had shot a reindeer in the mountains.

The English sportsman returned to the sœter for a pony, but could not get one, and went to obtain one somewhere else. He said he should reserve the reindeer's skin for himself, and send the carcass to a friend at Bergen. Ole said he would probably have to pay two or three dollars, and if he had sent it down to Skögadals Sœter, the carrier would have met the steamer for Bergen, and it would have gone at a much cheaper rate.

Leaving Fleskedal Sœter at about four o'clock, we had a delightful walk along the mountain slopes. At one point, in the depths of the valley below, on the opposite bank of the Utladal Elv, we could see the Bondegaard of Vormelid. A deep dark shadow seemed to hang about it in the far distance below. What a solitary abode. Few footsteps would ever pass its threshold. Imagine the winter solitude of this homestead. The silence broken by the wolf's howl. Ole said the bears had destroyed the cattle of the former owner. He was nearly ruined. The

bridge across the torrent was broken down, and the house deserted. Ole signaled as we approached the Skögadals Elv. The gipsies were soon on the alert to give us welcome. The carrier brought two horses, and we crossed the river. Our tents were reached at seven o'clock.

The gipsies appeared to have slept most of the day. They had not even quarrelled. We began to think they must be ill, until we found they had diligently inspected nearly every single article we possessed, which were afterwards carefully arranged upside down. We decided to move very early the next day, and Ole had the gröd at once prepared for breakfast the next morning.

Before retiring to rest, we strolled on the turf near our tents, and watched the secluded valley by moonlight. Vast ranges of snowy mountains were before us silvered by the moon. As we looked down the valley, we could not help observing, a large shadowed outline, representing the figure of a woman, singularly distinct, and formed by the conformation of a hill above the ravine. It was Sunday, and no music was given at the sœters.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"That gipsy grandmother has all the appearance of a sowanee" (sorceress).—"All the appearance of one!" said Antonio; "and is she not really one? She knows more crabbed things, and crabbed words than all the errate betwixt here and Catalonia; she has been amongst the wild Moors, and can make more drows, poisons, and philtres than any one alive. She once made a kind of paste, and persuaded me to taste, and shortly after I had done so, my soul departed from my body, and wandered through horrid forests and mountains, amidst monsters and duendes, during one entire night. She learned many things amidst the Corahai, which I should be glad to know."

BORROW'S *Bible in Spain.*

THE MEISGRIE — WE CROSS A RIVER — THE SLIPPERY ROCK — AN ACTIVE GUIDE — THE CARRIER'S AID — THE LAME HORSE — MELKEDALSTINDERNE — THE STONY WAY — THE NEDREVAND — OLE'S NIGHT QUARTERS — THE LAKE BY MOONLIGHT — EARLY RISING — EISBOD ON THE BYGDIN LAKE — THE POET'S HOUSE — VINJE THE POET — THE POETICAL MORTGAGE — PLEASANT ACQUAINTANCE — OLD NORWEGIAN POETRY — THE REINDEER HUNTER — ESMERALDA CONDONED.

AT twenty minutes past two o'clock we were up. Calling Ole and our gipsies, we had our gröd and milk for breakfast. Our expenses at Skögadal amounted to nine marks eighteen skillings, as follows—

	m.	*s.*
2 lbs. butter	2	0
Cheese	0	6
36 cakes of fladbröd	2	6
5 cans milk, 9 skillings per can	1	21
8 lbs. barley meal	1	8
Sœter women	0	13
Carrier crossing river	1	0
	9	6

Some little delay occurred in getting the carrier and his horse. He was the husband of the woman of one of the sœters. She was a tall powerful woman, with a red face, and sharp temper, much older than himself. It was whispered that he had married her for her money. If he had, she had certainly the best of the bargain. Our tents and heavy baggage, were soon packed up in a meisgrie or crate, and slung up on the wooden packsaddle of the carrier's horse. The Norwegian meisgrie is a capital contrivance. It is a kind of network made of birch twigs, which laces up with a long tie, one foot eleven inches long. It is very strong and very light. Wishing the sœter women farewell, and they seemed sorry to lose us, especially the music, we soon reached the river.

Our people and baggage were soon forded across. We remained behind with our three donkeys, having a tether rope stretching across the river. Fastening it with a noose round the Puru Rawnee's neck, she was first pulled across, plunging and struggling to the other bank. The Tarno Rye was assisted through the stream in a similar manner. The Puro Rye saved us the trouble by jumping into the stream, to follow his companions. There was a loud outcry by the gipsies that he would be drowned, but he fought through the torrent famously, and reached the other bank in safety.

The view was beautiful as we looked up the Skögadal. The Melkadalstind towered above the mountain ranges, which closed the upper portion of the valley, leaving no outlet, but a stony col on the distant ridge. The occasional wooded sides of the valley, with firs, birch, and dark foliaged alder, relieved the valley from all appearance of desolation. The white foam of two torrents, and

occasional patches of snow, on the mountain sides, at the head of the valley, contrasted well with wooded slopes which margined the winding stream.

We had now crossed the river, and, following over the

VIEW OF MELKADALSTIND, FROM THE VALLEY OF SKÖGADAL, SKÖGADALS ELV.

broken ground of its right bank, we at length reached the head of the pleasant valley of Skögadal. Again we had to cross the Skögadals Elv, now a narrow impetuous torrent, rushing forth from a glacier, at some distance to our right.

The carrier with his strong horse, for which he wanted sixty dollars, crossed easily enough. Noah and Zachariah managed somehow to get to the other side with the donkeys. The Skögadals Elv was now not very wide, but rapid, and over our knees, in the middle of the stream, which was icy cold. Never shall we forget Ole in a narrow part of the stream, out of which rose two rocks, balancing on one, whilst he steadied Esmeralda, who had jumped on the other. The torrent narrowed in its course, swift, and impetuous, occasionally laved with its flowing waters Esmeralda's boots, as she stood on the slippery rock, preparing, with Ole's assistance, to make another jump. It was a question for some minutes whether Esmeralda would not lose her foothold, and drag Ole after her, into the foaming waters.

The scene was charming, the reindeer hunter on one rock, Esmeralda on the other, both hand in hand. Balanced above the flowing waters; sometimes we thought Esmeralda was slipping backwards, now with Ole's assistance she has recovered herself. Another jump across the foaming waters; Esmeralda hesitates. A word of encouragement, Esmeralda jumps. She has reached Ole's rock, she balances again; thanks to Ole, by another hasty spring, she is safe on the other side.

Soon joining our party, we ascended a winding stony track from the Skögadal, passing through a col, we reached a second long wild valley, wild and stony in the extreme, here and there a glacier above. The fine peak of the "Melkedals" above us. Sometimes we skirted the margin of small sheets of water, and lonely mountain tarns. Over this long reach of broken rock we made our way slowly; at last we again ascended towards

another col, to reach apparently another valley beyond. We had nearly reached the top of the ascent towards the next valley, when the carrier suddenly halted, and Ole said he wished to take something to eat. Our carrier was a quiet, spare, muscular, and not bad-looking man; we had noticed him when we crossed the river; no shouting, bustle, bewilderment, or gesticulation, he simply did quietly what he thought best. If it did not succeed, and we had all been drowned, it is doubtful whether he would have moved a muscle of his countenance. Yet he was not a man without feeling, and would probably have felt all the more. All was regulated to one steady pace for horse and man, and to save the world he would not have gone slower or faster. A fire was made with the roots of stunted juniper, and our water boiled for tea. Our carrier had only some fladbröd, and raw old bacon for his dinner. From our commissariat we supplemented it with tea, and brandy and water. It was soon found that when we had halted at twelve o'clock, he considered his bargain ended, and that he was entitled to his dollar, and an extra mark for his second horse, to cross the Skögadals river. It was thought we should have had his services for the best part of the day.

Ole asked our carrier to give us another hour which would make what he considered the value of the dollar, but the man would not go any farther; an extra mark would not tempt him. He had come eleven miles; one of his horse's shoes was loose. Our gipsies thought he should have continued until one o'clock. Lending the man our hammer, and axe, to fasten the horse shoe on, which was much too small, we paid him his six marks. Advancing towards us in a solemn manner, he shook

hands, and with his horse rather lame, he went off at the same regulated steady pace. If intelligence had been suddenly brought that the Skögadals sœter, had been burnt down, and his tall wife in it, we do not think he would have gone one step faster towards the scene of conflagration.

Noah! Zachariah! let the donkeys be loaded. Esmeralda clears our dinner service into the kettle bag. Ole is up and stirring; we are soon off at ten minutes past one o'clock. Our party was soon over the ridge; a long stony valley lay before us beneath the rugged steeps of the Melkedalstinderne. The donkeys did their best with their loads; the lift with the carrier's horse in the morning, had been very useful. Ole had evidently resolved to make a determined push towards Eisbod. Many swift, but shallow streams coming from the glaciers above, were crossed without difficulty. With some perseverance the Melkedals vand* is reached; it is called the œvre vand or upper lake. A still dark lake, nothing but masses of loose rocks for its shores. Ole said there were no fish in it. How we made our way over the loose masses of stone on the left bank, from one end to the other, is a marvel, sometimes up, sometimes down, with often nothing, but pointed rocks, for our loaded animals

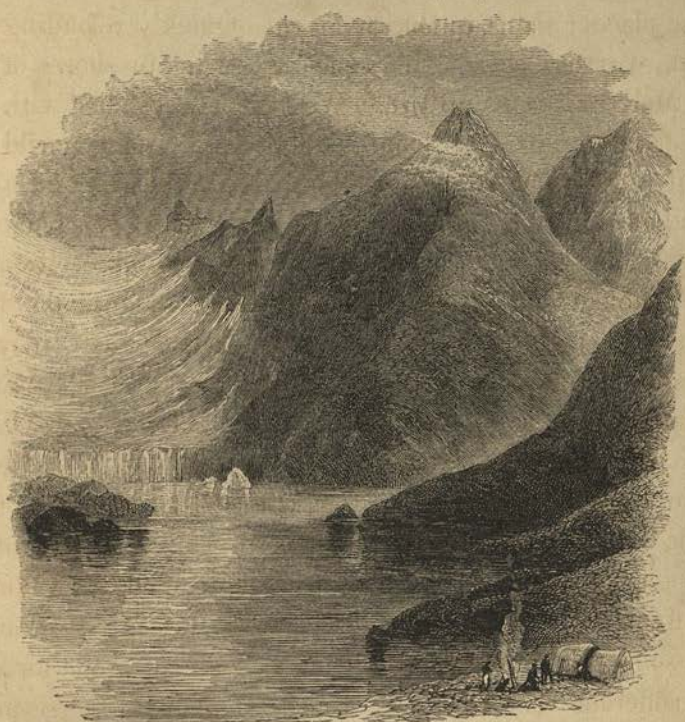
* Vand is the Norwegian for water in its general signification, though it is often used as a term for lake, in the same way that the English word "Water" is often used in Cumberland and Westmoreland instead of Lake. Thus we have Wastwater, Ulleswater, Derwentwater, Lowwater, Brotherswater, Devokewater, Crummockwater, Elterwater, Leverswater, Smallwater, and Rydalwater. The Norwegian word for lake is "söe" and "indsoe;" but "vand" (water) is most commonly used instead of lake, as Losna Vand, Lejevœrks Vand, Otta Vand, Leir Vand, Melkedals Vand, Tyen Vand, Rus Vand, Heimdals Vand, Vinster Vand, Espedals Vand, Rœv Vand, and many other instances too numerous to enumerate.

to stand upon. Noah did his best. At last the Puru Rawnee slipped with her load, and fell with her legs between the rocks. We were much afraid she would break or cut her legs all to pieces. She was quickly unloaded. By good fortune our handsome Puru Rawnee, had not broken any bones; the hair was bruised off in some places; she was able to go on. Quickly reloading again, we were thankful to leave the desolate shores of the Melkedals vand, still struggling on step, by step, with our tired animals; at length we reached a small wild mountain tarn. At one place we crossed the track of a reindeer; time was fast fleeting towards night, we could not very well camp where we were, nothing but rocky steeps, and loose masses of stone on every side, not a blade of grass to be seen for our donkeys. Leaving the lonely tarn we came to a mountain stream. Our route now became very steep, often down loose masses of rock. Ole and ourself had to lead the way, and occasionally form a rough road, or form steps with loose fragments of rock, to enable our animals to proceed. All the care of our gipsies was necessary. A false step by either of the donkeys would probably disable it for further exertion. At some places we had to pile up masses of stone for a considerable height, to enable the donkeys to descend the rough, and broken declivities of rock. Slowly and cheerfully we made our way, everyone doing his best. Now and then some small streams of water had to be crossed. Coming down a steep declivity we at length came in sight of the waters of the Melkedals, "Nedre Vand," or the Lower Lake.

As the shades of night were fast descending, we reached the lake, and making our way slowly along the left

bank, we halted on a slope, close to the shore of the lake. There was a semblance of green; just enough blades of grass, to enable us to fancy we were on turf. Seeing nothing but loose rocks beyond, we decided to stay.

"Well, sir," said the gipsies, "where's the fire?"



MELKEDALS, NEDRE VAND.

"Ah," said Ole, "perhaps you can do without one this evening, or we will go on if you like."

We determined to stay.

"It is uncertain," said Ole, "if we come to any better camping-ground."

Zachariah, who was always foremost in settling all

matters, had first to be extinguished before we could light our camp fire at the Nedre Vand.

"Fire," said we; "some fuel shall be found somewhere—warm tea we will have."

The donkeys were soon relieved of their burthens. It is astonishing how soon men accustomed to camp life in the mountains, quickly avail themselves of all material. With a few roots, and some dry turf, our water soon boiled over a camp fire. We had never failed during our campaign. There is, besides, something very cheerful in seeing your fire in the shades of evening, on the shore of a lake. Our spirits were soon as gay as usual. After our tea, fladbröd and butter, Ole made himself comfortable under a rock. First, putting up some sods with a spade; then placing a large flat piece of turf, and stunted juniper roots above, Ole slipped himself under, and wrapping a handkerchief, and his bag of pig's bristles round his neck and head, with our waterproof over all, was soon asleep.

Ole said we had travelled about seventeen miles from Skögadal sœter. At one time just before tea, Ole went up the ridge beyond our camp, to examine the way. He thought he heard a rifle shot, and might meet some reindeer hunters.

It was a beautiful moonlight night; we stood on the shores of the lake after all had gone to rest. There was our sleeping guide under his rock. There our sleeping gipsies 'neath their tents; near our camp our three gallant merles. They had indeed fought their way well for us; nor did we forget to caress them sometimes. The Puru Rawnee had to be bathed occasionally with a little weak brandy and water; sometimes to be

strengthened up with a little bruise mixture; biscuit, and now and then a piece of bread, also fell to their share.

Beyond a picturesque island on the other shore, we could see a large glacier stretching apparently into the very waters of the lake.* How beautiful in the moonlight below those wild peaks. There were some dark crevasses to be seen on the glacier's surface. At times, in the stillness of the night, we could hear that sound peculiar to glaciers, a loud cracking noise, which echoed across the waters to our camp.

Up at half-past three o'clock. Zachariah! Vand! water! yog! fire! now quick, Noah! Our gipsies are up. Ole is up, of course. We saw him to bed, or we should think he sat up over night to be ready. Tea, fladbröd, and our last tin of potted meat, for breakfast. Tents struck; all moving along the slope from the lake at seven o'clock.

We slowly make our way over loose stones, and a mountain ridge is soon gained. We commence our descent towards the Lake Bygdin far below us. Descending carefully down a snow slope, we crossed a wild torrent. Sometime afterwards we reached the left slopes of Melkedalen, between the Grava Fjeld and Slaataafjeld. Still continuing our descent of Melkedalen, we reached the shores of a lake.

As we came in sight of this long, and beautiful lake, Ole pointed out the "Poet's House" on a bold promontory. At the head of the lake we could perceive it. It has just the appearance of a newly-built châlet, or sœter; something lonely and picturesque in its position. Its association with poetry gave it a further charm.

* The Melkedals Brœen.

We were still at some distance from the "Poet's House." Ole signalled for a boat. In the distance we could see some figures near the house, apparently watching our party. They were probably puzzled, as to who we could be, issuing forth in early morning, from the wild recesses, of Melkedalstinderne.

Two boats came to the shore where we were. All our baggage was placed in one; we handed Esmeralda into the other. Ole, Noah, and Zachariah started off on the donkeys to ford the river, and round the upper bend of the lake to the "Poet's House."

The boats glided on the smooth water of the lake. The sun gilded the lofty mountains on either shore; all quietude, peace, and contentment. The Norwegian poet has well chosen, thought we, this charming seclusion from the world.

Our boats rounded the promontory past the "châlet." Two ladies, and three gentlemen were near it; some were seated, watching us as we came near. They were making use of a large telescope.

Our boatmen landed at some little distance past the "Poet's House" on the beach of the promontory,—a sort of inland bay. As we came to the shore, we noticed a man seated near a hut, whisking a leafy branch over some dark looking pieces of meat, hanging from a line. We afterwards found it was rein-deer meat, being dried in the sun. The man was keeping the flies off, while the meat was being dried for future consumption.

Our baggage was all safely deposited on a pleasant slope of ground, not far from the rein-deer hunter's hut. We had a good view of the "Poet's House." Ole, and Noah, and Zachariah soon joined us. Our boatmen were

well satisfied with one mark. Noah and Zachariah had got their legs wet in crossing the river, but Ole had the forethought to take off his stockings, before he rode into the stream.

The history of the "Poet's House" appeared to be as follows:—The wooden cottage, which consists of two small rooms only, cost 100 dollars, Norwegian money, or about 20*l.* English. The poet, Aasmund Olafsen Vinje, joined with others in the cost of erection. When the poet was required to pay 25 dollars, his stipulated share, he was unable to do so. He had certainly more than 25 pence, but he could only spare 5 dollars. This was certainly better than the man who owed 465*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, and offered his creditor the 4*s.* 6*d.* Poets, somehow, are seldom wealthy. We have occasionally bright exceptions. Vinje was not one. To release the poet from his difficulty, it was agreed that he should mortgage his interest in the house, and write a mortgage in poetry for the sum. Vinje did this. The mortgage deed in poetry, will ever remain, a curious, and interesting association, with the "Poet's House" on the Bygdin lake.*

Our experience does not enable us to give a single instance of any of the English lawyers writing a mortgage in poetry. The only instance we know of any legal document being written in poetry, in England, is the will of Sir Willoughby Dixon, of Bosworth Park, Leicestershire. It was written by himself. United to the refinement of the scholar, there is often a sharp, sound, practical hitting the-right-nail-on-the-head sort of ability, among the country gentry of England. A manly

* The poet's pantebrev, or mortgage, with a translation, is given in the appendix.

vigour of intellect, united to an intense love of honourable dealing, and fair play, in all the affairs of life.

A rein-deer hunter, a friend of Ole's, soon afterwards came to us. He was a tall, spare, keen man, and brought some rein-deer meat up in a small wooden tub. We were afraid to buy more than one piece; the weather was hot, and the meat would not keep long. Another reason for not buying more rein-deer meat was, our chance of obtaining fish at the Tyen Lake, which we expected to reach the same afternoon. Our fire was soon lighted. One of the gentlemen from the "Poet's House" came up. The gipsies were very busy preparing our dinner. A young Norwegian gentleman, who wore a uniform tunic and trousers of green cloth, came to our camp. He was fair and prepossessing. Amiability was written in his countenance, without looking in his hand. He spoke some English. After our meal, it was arranged we should pay himself and friends a visit at the "Poet's House," where they were staying. Tea, fried rein-deer, pickled walnuts, and fladbröd, formed our repast. A short man, in a leather jacket, trousers, and cap, came up, and we paid him sixteen skillings for the rein-deer meat.

Skeaker was before us. Resolving in our mind to go without our gipsies to the "Poet's House," we left them to pack up and load the donkeys, whilst we went with Ole to visit the poet's retreat.

The châlet is built of logs, on a rising point of land, at the head of the lake. The first of the two rooms it contained, had a fireplace for cooking, and two boarded bedsteads, not unlike "bunks," but more finished, and elaborate. The room had also one window, which would not open. A door gave entrance to the inner room, also

provided with two similar bedsteads. The inner chamber was occupied by the ladies, and had only one window, which apparently did not open for ventilation. A beautiful bouquet of wild flowers, stood upon the room table; all was order and neatness. How soon we distinguished the female hand, in domestic arrangement.

The view from the châlet was a scene of enchantment, as we looked in the glorious midday sun, over the distant expanse of lake. On the left shore of the lake, rise the mountains of the Grava Fjeld, Galdeberg, the lofty Sletmarkhö, and the Svartdalspiggne. Again, to our right, rise the wild mountain ranges of the Dryllenöset, Volaahornene, and Oxendalsnöset, the home of the rein-deer, the eagle, the wolf, and the bear.

The visitors at the "Poet's House" appeared to do everything for themselves. They had, no doubt, their commissariat, like ourselves. The young ladies were very agreeable, and good looking. We were told they were the daughters of a banker. The elder gentleman of the party, who spoke a little English, pointed out some old Norwegian poetry, written in pencil, on the inner room door. They had been staying at the châlet about eight days. Often, in after life, shall we remember our pleasant visit, to the "Poet's House," on the beautiful Lake Bygdin.

On our return to our party, we found Noah had broken his Alpine stock. Zachariah had commenced fishing in the lake, but was referred by some man to a stream near, which Zachariah alleged was destitute of fish. Esmeralda was short and chaffy.

One rein-deer hunter, made a start for the mountains

with the telescope. We were told that it belonged to Prœsten Halling, who seemed either in person, name, or belongings, to be everywhere. The rein-deer hunter swung off at a jaunty pace, as if he would make short work of the very steep mountain before him. Ole said he was going to look out for rein-deer.

The party from the "Poet's House" came up to see us off. They seemed interested in our equipment. We also showed the young ladies our guitar. A copy of our song, had previously been given to one of the party. With very little delay, we hastened away from this region of poetry. Esmeralda was getting impetuous. Even the donkeys, after all their mishaps during the previous day, were eager to proceed on the journey. With many adieux to the very pleasant visitors at the "Poet's House" we left Eisbod, and the Bygdin Lake.*

Esmeralda was very determined, stepping after the baggage, as only a gipsy can step. Ole, of course, leads the way. Three merles loaded, Noah and Zachariah, and then Esmeralda, and then ourselves.

Esmeralda had been very quick in movement, up and down, and everywhere, with now and then, something to say. We were thankful when we were removed, with this restless orbit of our wanderings, from the "Poet's

* Before we left the Bygdin Lake, a rumour reached us, that the poet Vinje was dead. His spirit had departed to some far-distant world. It was quite true: Aasmund Olafsen Vinje died 30th July, 1870, at Sjo, in the parish of Gran, Hadeland. He was born of poor parents, in the parish of Vinje, in Thelemarken, about 1818. The exact year of his birth appears to be doubtful. A soft and melancholy stillness seemed to pervade the air, as if the departed spirit of the poet lingered near his once favourite haunt. It glided silently over the Sletmarkhö, and was for ever gone.

House." Yet she said soon afterwards, she had only pretended to be offended, we must think nothing of it. We were on the eve of fresh scenes, why should we remember a slight ripple on the glittering surface of the waters of Lake Bygdin.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

> The guitar is part and parcel of the Spaniard and his ballads ; he slings it across his shoulder with a ribbon, as was depicted on the tombs of Egypt four thousand years ago. The performers seldom are very scientific musicians ; they content themselves with striking the chords, sweeping the whole hand over the strings, or flourishing, and tapping the board with the thumb, at which they are very expert.
>
> FORD'S *Spain.*

LAKE TYEN—THE TOURIST CLUB CHÂLET — LORTWICK SŒTER — LAKE DRIFTWOOD—A COLD MORNING—A CHEAP MEAL—THUNDER IN THE AIR — SUNSHINE AGAIN — THE SEPARATION — THE GALLANT OLE FAREWELL—TO CHRISTIANA—ENERGY ALWAYS—PUSH ON—THE BERGEN ROAD — THE VIOLINIST—ONE DOLLAR MORE — PICTURESQUE SCENE.

EISBOD, on Lake Bygdin, had been left at one o'clock. The Lake Tyen was soon reached. The Lake Bygdin is said to be 17½ English miles long, Lake Tyen about 12 miles. The evening was beautiful when we reached Lake Tyen. Our route lay along its left shore nearly the whole length of the lake.

After we had journeyed some short distance, following the narrow footpath or rough track, we reached Tvindehougen.

This is also a wooden châlet, on a rise of ground above the lake, erected, we were told, at the cost of the "Norwegian Tourist Club" for their accommodation in summer. The cost, we were told, was 100 dollars,

equivalent to about 20*l.* The sketch of the châlet we then made is given below, with a view of the lake, and the Koldedalstinderne (peaks of the cold valley).*

Ole shouted to some fishermen at "Fiskebod," on the other side of the lake. It was expected they would bring some fish. One man came in his boat after we had waited quite a quarter of an hour. Ole was disappointed to find

NORWEGIAN TOURIST CLUB CHÂLET.

he had brought no fish. It occurred to us we should have to pay him after calling him over: a glass of aquavitæ settled matters to his satisfaction. There were two men at the "Tourists' Châlet." One was a tall thin fellow, draped in leather, and nothing else — coat, breeches, stockings, and a sort of skin shoe. The châlet consists of two rooms, with superior kind of "bunks," or bed-

* This extensive mountain region, with its wild wilderness of peaks, rising in fantastic form and sharp outline, especially the Koldedalstind, Stölsnaastinder, Dryhaugtinden, Skagastölstinden, and Styggedalstinder of Horungerne and Fleskenaastind, and Melkedalstind, and others too numerous to mention, present a wide field of interest, and at present are little known and seldom explored by the Norwegian tourist.

steads, but no fittings of any kind. The windows are too low to obtain a pleasant view of the lake when standing up, and are not adapted for ventilation. Travellers staying at the châlet must take everything with them, including bedding, &c. There is a stove in one room. We must, of course, consider that this châlet of the Norwegian club, is only intended for summer residence. Travellers who avail themselves of its accommodation, must be mountaineers. It is a shelter from the storm, wind, and night-air, and is not intended for anything more. The evening was warm and sultry; at the same time we enjoyed the summer's sun, as we made our way, as best we could, along the narrow broken track.

Except ourself, all the party were very thirsty; even Ole, seldom troubled with thirst, made frequent visits to the clear rippling mountain streams, which often crossed our path.

At evening close, we reached a green, pleasant slope, below a rising bank, covered with juniper bushes, and very near a shingly beach on the lake.

We were within five or ten minutes of the time, Ole predicted we should reach the sœter of Lortwick. The name, Ole said, meant dirty. Not from the state of the sœter, but from the prevailing bad weather of that part of the lake. If we could judge from the outside of the sœter, it might also have suited the name.

At first the gipsies did not see any dry fire-wood. "Go to the shingly beach," said we, "you will find plenty." There is always some rough wood, drifted up by high winds on every beach. They found plenty, and we had a good fire.

What is that we hear, as Noah is putting up the tents? Esmeralda's voice to her brother Zachariah, in severe reproof—"Push it on, Highflyer.—What, pushing the prop the wrong way. Oh, Lucas! Lucas! you were always a mumper!"

We had tea, fladbröd, and butter, for our aftens-mad, Ole afterwards went to the sœter, and had their iron pot cleaned out for gröd in the morning.

Noah produced a meerschaum pipe, and began to smoke. What camp rules—smoking! Noah was, upon explanation, found to have picked it up at a spring, and said he was only drawing out the contents of the tobacco in it, to empty it. He very soon put it up. After reflection—Why are thoughtless tourists so careless, as to leave their pipes about, to the serious injury, and temptation of our gipsies?

Just as we were retiring to bed, Esmeralda thought she heard a toad croaking—didn't like it. As far as we could ascertain, it was her brother Zachariah, who was fast asleep in bed snoring.

Up at half-past three o'clock; a very cold morning; there is a wintry feeling about the air. To-day is Wednesday, the 10th August, yet, after all, we can stand without inconvenience, the chilliness of an early sunrise in the mountains. The view was beautiful, as the sun rose beyond the lake, over the sharp peaks of Koldedalstinderne. We went to the Lortwick sœter. Ole was of course up. Does he sit up all night? was a question, we again asked. He had got the iron pot full of water ready to boil. When we returned Noah was sent for the gröd. How we enjoyed, notwithstanding the extreme freshness of the morning, a summer's day iced, as we had

our matutinal splash in the lake. Noah soon brought the gröd to the tents; Ole joined us, and we had our breakfast. Gröd and milk is certainly a cheap meal, sufficient for five people scarcely exceeds the cost of ten skillings. We found the gröd very good for hard work; our cost at the Lortwick sœter was—

	m.	s.
2lbs. butter	2	0
Fladbröd	0	12
Milk	0	8
Sœter	0	4
Total cost	3	0

At six o'clock in the morning, we passed the Lortwick sœter on the Tyen Vand. Esmeralda and Noah had evidently got up on the wrong side the turf.

The Lake Tyen is picturesque, but not so wild as the Lake Bygdin. Time did not permit us to test the fishing. The view, especially from the "Tourist's Châlet," Tvindehougen, is very picturesque. On the opposite shore there are generally some Norwegian fishermen, at a place called Fiskebod.

As we left the shores of the lake, the gipsy storm rose higher; the hurricane of human intellect was even too great for Zachariah to swim in—Mephistopheles kept aloof with his donkey, as a mariner shuns a maëlstrom. Even Ole pushed ahead some yards farther than usual, not altogether out of reach of the wordy projectiles, which fell around.

We were used to it—ours was a kind of charmed life; it is marvellous how we sometimes escaped. Fancy the melancholy termination of our career, as a wandering gipsy, on the shores of the Tyen Vand.

The Birmingham bagman would have lost two copies

of this work. The fate of the English gipsies in Norway, would have remained an impenetrable mystery.

Esmeralda, as we passed the Lortwick sœter, would now and then advance rapidly from the rear, and fire a heavy broadside into Noah. The Romany chaff was very severe on both sides. "Isn't Ambrose a balloshero? Oh, yes, Ambrose is like varnon, when he rockers like a galdering gorgio. Ambrose can talk, can't he? The mumply dinlo! What a state he puts himself in, over everybody else."

Noah was by no means wanting in ammunition. When Esmeralda fell back to the rear, we did our best to keep her there. Noah kept a running fire all the time. The tall gipsy kept his temper very well, except when severely hit, by some more than usually sarcastic allusion.

Leaving the lake, we passed down a narrow gorge. At the head of this gorge, Esmeralda again brought up all her reserve of the Romany artillery. Uncle Elijah was brought up, knocked down, and killed ten times over.

How well we remember the tall active form of the gipsy girl, rapidly bringing up her merle and baggage from the rear, her eyes flashing with indignant fire—poor Noah—what will be his fate? The battle of Dorking was nothing to it. Noah stands firm. He takes advantage of the intricacy of the narrow pathway; the broken nature of the ground separates their forces. Ole, we see, is still alive; a stray shot is only heard now and then.

Again we had calm, and quiet, on the horizon. Shortly after coming forth from the defile, we halt. Our

donkeys are unloaded on the summit of a lofty slope. At a short distance from us there is a sœter. Below, at the bottom of the valley across a small river, we see the Bergen road. The gipsies had had their say. No one had any conception, or they themselves, what it was all about. An exhaustion of superabundant animal energy, and intense physical force. All was forgotten. A fire was quickly lighted in the now warm sunshine. Ole and ourselves were now to part. The middags-mad consisted of fried English ham, vinegar, fladbröd, butter, ovensbröd, and tea. Ole was delighted with our tea. He carefully measured the tin pannikin we had given him to use. Ole always had the same. Noah said he knew it by a dinge on the side. Our guide said he should have one made like it. All our camp arrangements had, apparently, much interested Ole. Mountaineers are naturally interested in the most portable, and convenient methods, of affording food and shelter, in those regions where accommodation is scanty and uncertain. There was very little that we had not provided; scarcely any addition necessary, beyond those things we had already brought. Such was the practical result of our camp experience.

After our middags-mad, slightly tinged perhaps with a shade of melancholy, we strolled aside with Ole. The cost of Ole's services amounted to eight specie dollars, calculated at the rate of four marks a day, and including his return allowance. Our coat, lost on the Galdhöpiggen, was to be sent by parcel post if found. The postage would be twelve skillings per pound, and we gave him one mark twelve skillings.

Ole said he hoped to see us again; we hoped so too.

With unfeigned regret we parted with our gallant Ole Halvorsen, of Rödsheim. Always punctual, even-tempered, and ever anxious to save us any unnecessary expense; possessed of much practical experience of a large region of wild country; ready to camp out on the mountain side without a tent; undaunted in the hour of difficulty; never at fault, quick in expedients, cool and calm; of few words, but full of information; we pay this parting tribute to our excellent Ole Halvorsen.

Ole said he had never fared so well in the mountains. It was a compliment to our cook and commissariat.

"Good-by, Mr. Ambrose, good-by, Miss daughter, and master Zâkēē," said Ole.

"Good-by, Mr. Rödsheim," said our gipsies as we shook hands, and with our parting farewell, and good wishes, Ole was soon far up the mountain side.

Our donkeys were already loaded. In a very short time we had crossed the river, and had reached the Bergen road. Our party came forth from the deep recesses of the Horungerne mountains with new energy; issuing forth, as it were, from the vast wilderness of peak, glacier, lake, and river, to the civilized world. The distance to Christiania was yet considerable; the time we could allow ourselves was short; the summer fast waning, yet we had gathered renewed energy. Our donkeys pricked their ears when they found themselves on the hard road. Nothing could exceed the health and spirits of our party. A few forced marches would accomplish all we required. Mephistopheles said it could not be done in the time, and was quickly snuffed out.

It is necessary to push on in this world. Splangy when he goes out to hunt, will always be in somewhere.

It is true his weight may be a stone or two more than his hunter can well carry. It is equally certain that Splangy's mare is disinclined to jump if it can bore through a fence. If she stumbles into the first ditch, Splangy tumbles into the second. Still Splangy never looses the reins; he pulls through, and is always in somewhere.

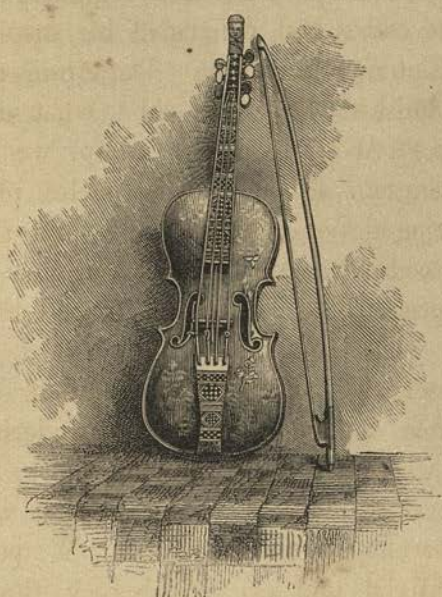
Then there are Johnson and Toboys, men of business. Johnson is said to sleep with one eye open, and Toboys never sleeps at all. They have business all over the world. For instance, when an order is given, it is sent in to the day. It is pushed through. The set of chairs are in the drawing-room, never mind if the owner, a few days afterwards, sits on one with a defective leg, and is flat on the floor, with the chair upon him. He is painfully reminded of Johnson and Toboys' address. Well, after all, says he, they were delivered in time for me to receive the Prussian Ambassador. With many other firms, says the owner, I should have had to wait two years, when the chintz would be faded, and the fashion gone. Johnson and Toboys, of course, get the order for his dining-room. The furniture van dashes up; all is delivered on the day. What matter if one chair is afterwards discovered legless. Ah! says the owner, holding it up, it is well cushioned, and comfortable. What matter if, forgetting the legs, he sits down, turning an acrobatic back-somersault in the air? Carpets are thick now-a-days; no bones are broken. The owner is only painfully reminded of Johnson and Toboys' address. Never mind, says the owner, after all, they were in time for me to receive my friend Fitful and his wife from India. It soon turns out the workman who had the legs,

had no head; they were only forgotten. Johnson and Toboys have made their fortune, whilst some firms are thinking about it. Let us push on.

The Bergen road was reached by our party, at a point between Nystuen and Skogstad. The trout of Nystuen are said to be exceedingly good. We were at the foot of the Fille Fjeld. The scenery was charming as we followed the road down to Skogstad; all down hill, and an excellent road. Groves of birch, mountain willow, and alder trees, alternating with rock scenes, and fir wood. The Findal's Horn rises to our right. Allons donc! How gaily the Puru Rawnee, with her jingling bells stepped out; ever leading; head well up, as if in her pride, she knew she was always admired. We shall never see another donkey like her; such fine long legs, clean, and admirably shaped, stepping under her heavy load, as if it was nothing. *Allons donc!* as we rapidly followed the winding road, and our party soon reached Skogstad Station. We had parted from Ole at the sœter, at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, and reached Skogstad at half-past one. In we went to get some fladbröd. Whilst the pige was getting the fladbröd, we went into a very small comfortable side room. Seeing a curiously inlaid violin hanging up, we asked the pige the price. She brought the master of the station; he called the ostler. It now appeared the ostler was a fabricator of violins; a musical genius. The short old man, who wore breeches on very bow legs, reached out another violin from a cupboard. This was of more recent manufacture, and far better tone. The station-master, who was a very pleasant obliging man, prevailed on the ostler to play a tune. "An ancient Norwegian air," said

the station-master. We can only say the composer must have been far from lively at the time of composition. The old man sawed away in a slow methodical manner. As contrasted with our camp music, it was lugubrious. How delighted Ole Bull, the celebrated Norwegian violinist, would have been with his countryman's performance. Mephistopheles was nearly in a fit. We ordered a bottle of excellent ale, and gave the ostler a glass to drink gamle norge. The ostler had exhausted his inspiration, and the ale had no reviving effect. The gipsies and myself, therefore, finished the rest. Ah! what about strict camp rules? We are not in camp, we are in the Skogstad Station. Then Mephistopheles played some rather stirring airs on the new violin and the old one. We understood it was one of the Hardanger violins, and asked the price. The station-master and the two pige stood by, whilst Mephistopheles played. Then the station-master said; "English," and smiled. The ostler wanted three dollars. We were considering, trying, discussing, when up drove some carrioles to the station; English travellers in knickerbockers. Out went the old ostler; out went the station-master. We paid the pige for the fladbröd and öl. Noah took the Hardanger violin, if it was one, under his arm. The ostler was outside, standing by the pony of the first carriole just put in. We handed three paper dollars to the old man. "Fire," said the old fellow, showing four fingers. "Nei! Nei!" said Noah. "No," said we, finding the old man had suddenly raised his price. "Tre," and we put out our hand with our three dollars. The two young girls were close by him with anxious countenances, evidently expecting we should give up the purchase.

The scene was famous, Skogstad Station, and its picturesque scenery. Carrioles before the entrance with ponies just put in, and ponies just taken out. Jolly station-master; English travellers in knickerbockers just getting into carrioles. Two rather pretty Norwegian girls standing beside the old ostler; old ostler, the picture of irresolution. His melancholy countenance,



THE NORWEGIAN VIOLIN.

expressing anxiety to get one dollar more. Esmeralda at our elbow, telling us not to let the gorgio do Mandy. Her tall gipsy brother waiting for the ancient violin, Mephistopheles saying: "Maw kin the Bosh, sir, if he don't lel the three dollars."* We were just going off; the old man suddenly clutched the three dollar notes. Noah

* Don't buy the fiddle, sir, if he does not take three dollars.

quickly placed the ancient violin and bow under his arm. Away we went from the road side scene, and soon joined our animals and baggage.

The violin as represented still remains a souvenir of Skogstad.

Scarcely had we left, when a tall powerful man, in breeches, came running after us in breathless haste; taking off his hat, we found he wished to see the donkeys; staying a few moments to gratify his curiosity, he exclaimed many times Peen gicere!!! peen gicere!! "Ya, ya," said Noah, and we again continued our journey, wishing him god morgen.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The gipsies are not destitute of good qualities. They have a species of honour ; so that, if trusted, they will not deceive or betray you.
The Gipsies. By SAMUEL ROBERTS.

CAMP ON LILLE MJÖSEN—THE SKJYRI FJELD—AN ACQUAINTANCE FROM EISBOD—CAMP RULES CONFIRMED — OUR GIPSY NOAH — ENGLISH SPOKEN — SINGULAR STONE— ILOE STATION—OUR FRIEND FROM EISBOD—ARTIST SOUVENIRS—ZACHARIAH'S SPORT—FAST TRAVELLING —HARVEST TIME—SECLUDED CAMP—ABLE PLEADING—THE STEE STATION — OBLIGING HOSTESS—TETHER ROPE LOST—THE KINDLY WELCOME—AN ENGLISHMAN'S WISH—AN OPEN AIR CONCERT— ESMERALDA'S FLOWERS—ADIEU, BUT REMEMBERED—A MID-DAY REST.

A WILD river on the left of the road soon found its outlet in a small lake. A man and woman, in a boat upon the lake, were fishing with a net ; soon afterwards we came to Oye on the "Lille Mjösen Vand." We purchased five eggs at a house near the road, for five skillings ; and the young Norwegian girl showed us a curious violin they had in the house. The Lille Mjösen is a very beautiful and picturesque lake ; the road lay through wooded slopes, on the right bank, steep rocky cliffs towered above us. Before reaching Tune, we came to a charming grassy knoll, immediately above the road ; the small stony gully, on one side, was convenient for the donkeys to graze. A large forest of spruce fir surrounded the knoll on all sides, except towards the road, below

which the stony shingly shore of the lake extended; above the forest slope were some lofty picturesque rocks. From the knoll, we had a delightful view across the lake, which was not very broad at this part. On the opposite shore, the Skjyri Fjeld rose in very lofty steeps, almost immediately from the waters of the lake. We noticed also, on the other side, one small gaard, lonely by itself, on a narrow slip of reclaimed land, a few acres, between the water, and the base of the precipice, which rose almost straight to lofty summits, covered here and there by fir wood.

Our knoll was delightfully shut in and secluded; the lofty trees of the spruce fir stretched to the base of the cliff above. So steep were they, that verdure could not exist. Although only four o'clock, the camp ground was so tempting, we determined to halt. Noah and Zachariah fished in the lake without success. The evening was very warm and sunny. Our aftens-mad consisted of tea, fladbröd, eggs, and butter.

At the Skogstad Station, we had had one mark's worth of fladbröd, and the bottle of ale cost twelve skillings, the usual price. Our violin three dollars, the price at first asked. A few carrioles passed underneath during the evening, but the travellers did not observe us. Our music in the stillness of evening sounded across the lake. In the dim light, we could see a fire on the other shore. The evenings now get more damp, night begins sooner. Quite late, as Noah was putting up our tent, a Stolkjœre came by; the traveller pulled up, and, to our surprise, we again met our acquaintance of the Bygdin Lake, the young gentleman who wore the uniform tunic. We welcomed him as an old friend; he said he had come to a

certain point on the route with the ladies, and they had met Ole. Our friend said he had parted from the other visitors we met at the "Poet's House," and hoped to be in Christiania on Sunday. We gave him one of our best cigars, which he said were not often met with in the mountains. A short chat, of course, about the war, and we parted, probably to meet again in Christiania.

Near our tents there was an exceedingly large nest of creas (gip., ants), as my people called them. Their communistic ideas were at once apparent; they swarmed about our camp, taking away all they could carry.

They had three large tracks diverging from their nest to the road, down which thousands were hastily hurrying to and fro; it was very interesting to watch them. Nature has an ever-varied, and instructive page to set before you at every step.

Going out of our tents the last thing, we were astounded at what we saw by the camp fire. The appearance of a Huldre (fairy), or a Jotul (giant), could not have astonished us more. Noah was seated, and actually smoking a pipe; it was as the French say, "un peu trop fort," camp rules infringed, laws broken, what next? we of course spoke upon the subject.

We shall not trouble our readers with our Nicotian lecture. It was in vain Noah advanced that smoking was better than chewing; we were firm. He had given his word, knew the camp rules, and we could not have any future confidence in any man who broke his word with us. Noah, with a melancholy look, slowly put out his pipe, and it disappeared. "You shall not say I am a liar, sir; I shall keep my word, as I have promised." After all, Noah, in his wild way, is not a bad fellow; he has

been thrown into all kinds of temptation, without care, or instruction of any sort, leading a wild wandering life, yet, throughout our campaign, we never heard him once utter an oath. It is more than we can say with regard to many others we have met, persons more educated, and with better opportunities. Yes, Noah is tolerably steady; notwithstanding, a few cigars, and a little brandy, might be much imperilled if placed in his way. We must however give Noah his due, to us he was ever ready to do his share in the rough work of our Norwegian wanderings. We must ever take an interest in Noah's fate.

It is Thursday the 11th of August, the morning is very fine, our party up at twenty minutes past four o'clock. Our fladbröd was exhausted; nineteen college biscuits were allowed to each, with butter and tea for breakfast. The morning was cold till we had the sun upon the valley. The Lille Mjösen is a charming lake. Our party were soon off.

We had not long left our camp, when we met a gentleman carrying an umbrella to shade himself from the morning sun. He was a Norwegian clergyman, who spoke English very well, and had been staying with an English family in Christiania. Evincing much interest in our expedition, he kindly gave us some very useful suggestions with regard to our future route. The route he suggested as best suited for camping purposes, and as also being very picturesque, was *viâ* Krœmmermoen, the Spirilen Lake and the Krogkleven. When he left us to continue his walk, we immediately afterwards reached an inn, which appeared very comfortable; several travellers were staying there. They were attired in their best wearing apparel, and were evidently enjoying a

summer tour. We tried to get some Kagebröd; all they could offer us were some very seedy pieces of bread, rather mouldy, and one piece of fladbröd, which Noah could have demolished at a mouthful. The bread we left, but a pound of fresh butter, at twenty-two skillings, we took with us.

Soon afterwards a man came running after us in breathless haste; our donkeys were the object of attraction; great was his admiration before he left us.

In a roadside churchyard we soon after passed, we believe it was Vang, there is a singular stone, carved with an interesting relief, and an inscription.

In some churchyards we passed in Norway, a mere cross of wood marks the grave. Now and then we observed a railing round a grave, and occasionally, but very seldom, a marble head-stone, with an inscription. Then we came to birch woods, and a beautiful road along the side of the lake. Sometimes, as we journeyed close to the water edge, shaded by lofty rocks, our gipsies, as they caught sight of the large trout, would exclaim—"Dawdy, what a borrieck matcho!"*

In the Lille Mjösen, we observed nets set with floats. Spruce fir is the predominant tree of this district. The scenery is very beautiful; wood, mountain, rock, and water in great perfection.

Our gipsies pushed the donkeys on rapidly; sometimes on the trot. About one o'clock we saw to the right of the road "Öiloe Station."

* Meaning in Romany a large fish. "Borrieck" is evidently derived from "boro," great. It is spelt "baro" in the Turkish gipsy. The word "borrieck," as used by our gipsies, meaning great, we have never met with before.

We were delighted with the scenery of this place. Sending Esmeralda and Zachariah on with the baggage, with instructions to halt at the first convenient place, we went with Noah up the road to the station.

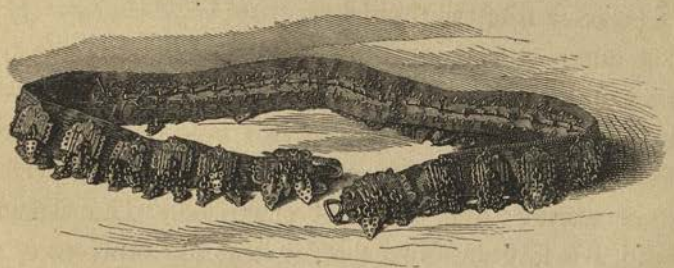
We had to forage for bread. The mistress of the station, a portly good-natured woman, looked out of an upstairs window, as we came up. When we entered the old house, we were surprised to meet our friend, from the "Poet's House," at the Bydgin Lake. It seems he was waiting for a carriole to take him on. Through his kind assistance, the mistress spared us part of a loaf, six eggs, and some fladbröd, for sixteen skillings. Noah at once took possession of the provisions.

The mistress, who was a fine-looking woman, possessing some remains of former beauty, took us upstairs. It was a sort of large guest room, with two windows, and three or four beds. The station seemed to have been a perfect nest of artists. We were not surprised. The scenery around was lovely. Not that it was as impressive, as that we had lately left; but all the elements which entrance, and captivate the mind, of those who seek nature, were there. The artists had left their marks. One artist of the name of Lorck, had, on the morning of his departure, painted his watch on the wall, above the head of his bed. When he had left, the pige, thinking he had forgotten it, attempted to take it down. Another had painted a key on the wall, almost, if not quite equal to the one on the wall of Wiertz's celebrated, and singular Musée at Bruxelles. There was also a landscape scene painted on the wall, of another part of the room, over one of the beds.

Of course the pencil of an industrious countryman was

busy—" W. J. Phillips, Prestwich, 20-7-70." Then we were shown a small likeness of Eckersberg the artist, which represented him as dressed in a red coat; the portrait had been painted by himself. We were told he had died three weeks before our visit, and the artist would never again visit the scenes which had afforded so many subjects for his pencil.

Then the hostess produced two girdles for sale, the owners being poor and wanting money. We at last bought one of the girdles as a souvenir—a Norwegian maiden's girdle.



NORWEGIAN MAIDEN'S BELT, ÖILOE.

An engraving is now given of the belt. The ornaments and fastening are all in brass. The only similar belt we saw in Norway, was worn by the little dark woman, who visited our tents at Laurgaard.

The hostess afterwards brought us some milk, for which she would not make any charge. In fact, our Bygdin friend, the hostess, ourself, and Noah, had quite a delightful conversazione. Vague news was of course given about the war.

When we had just descended the extremely primitive stairs, and were going out of the door, the husband met

us. He gave a sort of suppressed shriek, when he saw Noah with the provisions. Our friend from the Bygdin Lake, and the man's tall wife, said some words to him. Noah had certainly not taken the watch and key painted on the guest-room wall. Whatever they said, the effect was magical; the husband disappeared. With kindly salutations, we left the abode of artists.

What a charming spot Esmeralda had selected for the mid-day's halt, at a short distance from the station, where the road traversed some new-mown, parky-looking ground, open to the road; they had unloaded near a clump of trees.

The river from the Lille Mjösen Lake, broken into picturesque rapids, was close to us. Esmeralda was seated midst the baggage, and the donkeys were grazing near. Zachariah was at once started to fish for the commissariat, and afterwards returned with seven delicious trout; one was a very fine one, one foot three inches long; beautifully pink. For our middags-mad, we had eggs, potatoes, fladbröd, and cheese. Our friend from the Bygdin Lake, soon after passed along the road, *en route* to Christiania, and waved his *adieux*. Several carrioles and carriages passed along the road towards Bergen. Some were apparently English travellers, and seemed rather astonished to see a party of gipsies near the roadside.

Occasionally the travellers looked with curious interest, as they contemplated, *en passant*, our mode of travelling. It was a glorious warm sun, and we enjoyed our halt amid the lovely scene.

The animals are reloaded, and we are off at half-past three o'clock. Shortly afterwards we were overtaken by

a German smoking in his stolkjœrre. Very much interested he seemed in our cavalcade, and evidently took us for strolling players and musicians. He passed, and then pulled up; stared, lingered, and ultimately offered Esmeralda a seat in his stolkjœrre. She declined his offer. Then he pressed it. We then came up, and told him our party always preferred walking. He asked us what we performed, and begged our pardon when he was told we travelled for our pleasure, with our tent, and baggage, to see the country.

The German said—"You are looking well; it agrees with you. I prefer to travel faster. I do fourteen Norsk miles a day (ninety-eight English). Wish you all a pleasant journey." And he drove off towards Christiania.

The road was very pleasant. Sometimes through forest, sometimes through the cultivated enclosure of a gaard. A young Norwegian passed us at one place, who spoke English. In passing through a forest, Noah picked up a small spruce fir which was uprooted, and was lying by the way. This replaced his broken alpenstock. It was carefully peeled, and made into a respectable walking staff.

At a short distance from Stee, we came in sight of the river, and a fall of water, near some saw-mills, apparently closed during the absence of the workmen at the harvest. All were now busy in the fields. In Norway the summer is short. To harvest quickly is a matter of pressing necessity. Everything gives place to the harvest. A tolerably quick man on a farm, we were told, earned about twenty dollars a year wages—rather more than four pounds English—his food lodging, two

pairs of shoes and two pairs of stockings, and two shirts. Men engaged by the day receive, we were told, about one mark twelve skillings.

Near the mills, a stream of water crossed the road from a thick wood on the left. The stream afterwards joined the river near the mills. Through the wood, there was a pathway leading to some open broken ground surrounded by trees. It was a pleasant secluded spot, not far from the road. Here we camped. Our aftens-mad consisted of fried trout, tea, and barley-meal cakes made in the frying pan. Zachariah caught seven trout, and Noah three trout, in the river. We went after tea to fish, but it was almost dark, and we returned to our camp.

In the early morning, at twenty minutes to four o'clock, when we got up, the air was rather cold. Our fire being lighted, we had for breakfast fried trout, fladbröd, and tea. Zachariah went fishing, whilst Noah was having his matutinal wash. Esmeralda, seated near the fire, commenced. She was sorely grieved to think we should part with the donkeys. The poor animals would be left to be ill used in a strange country. She did not like to part with things she was used to, after they had gone with us so many miles. She looked as if we were going to have them shot immediately after we arrived at Christiania.

She pleaded so earnestly on their behalf, that she would have won the heart of any one of the members of the Humane Society, if he had been present.

What could we do? One, of course, was promised to our friend the chevalier; but the other two? These were not promised. We, of course, took what our hobbenengree had said into consideration.

It was a lovely morning, when the sun was up. In the first burst of its splendour, we watched its broken rays, gild the waters of the shaded stream, near our camp. How rich in colouring, the tinted moss on the broken rocks. We could have lingered long in contemplation. Yet our party must quickly move. Our tents are struck, and we are again *en route.*

Zachariah tried with his rod and line, as we went along the road, but without success, and at last he put up his tackle.

Shortly afterwards we arrived at the Stee Station. The house was not far from the road on our left. Taking Noah with us, we went up to purchase for our commissariat.

The guest-chamber is tolerably large, and well lighted, but not very lofty. All the furniture was in the old Norwegian style. On the walls we noticed likenesses of Prindsesse Alexandra og Prindsen af Wales; also Eugenie Keiserinde and Napoleon 3rd Keiser af Frankrig.

Two travellers appeared below with carrioles. The very civil and obliging mistress, we supposed her to be, of the Stee Station, soon provided us with a beautifully cooked pink trout from the Slidre Fjord, fladbröd, eggs and potatoes and butter, for which we paid—

	m.	*s.*
Fladbröd	1	0
Fiske	0	12
12 eggs	0	12
1 lb butter	1	0
Potatoes	1	0
	4	0

Then our young Norwegian hostess came down to the

road, with one or two piges of the house, to see our donkeys, and have a chat with us, each knowing very little of what the other said. Yet it is astonishing how we managed to make ourselves understood, with our small vocabulary of Norwegian words. They wanted us to play, but Zachariah's violin was out of order, and time pressed. Bidding them all farewell, we were once more *en route.*

The Stee Station is pleasantly situated, not far from the Slidre Fjord. Bears and game are said to be in plenty in the neighbourhood; and we are able to say that the trout are excellent. Those caught by Mephistopheles in the river, a short distance before we came to Stee, at our last camp, were delicious. Very shortly after we had left Stee, the melancholy discovery was made, that our donkey's tether-rope, and neck-strap, had been left behind at the last camp.

General recrimination among our gipsies. Esmeralda had unloosed the Puru Rawnee the first thing in the morning, to give it more liberty, and the rope was left on the ground. Noah thought it was put up. Well, after all, it may be of some use to those who found it. They had no chance of restoring it, and we managed without, during the rest of our travels.

Now we were again in enclosures. The road lay along the left shore, and a short distance along the length of "Slidre Fjord." It is a long, and considerable extent of water.

Our party had not gone very far, when we passed an excellent house on the right of the road—much better than those generally seen. Soon after, when we had partly passed down the short descent beyond the house,

a gentleman came after us. As he came up and addressed us, we at once called a halt.

Two ladies then joined him. The gentleman was a pale, and exceedingly intellectual-looking man. We understood him to say that he had seen some account of us in the *Times*. Afterwards, we heard him addressed as Doctor.

Directly after, some more ladies came down the hill from the opposite direction, accompanied by one or two young gentlemen. One, a tall, gentlemanly, amiable, young Norwegian, is especially selected to converse with us in English, and act as interpreter.

In very good English he said, "I pray you, sir, speak slowly, and I can understand you." We did so, and managed exceedingly well.

Our visitors had now increased to quite a large party of ladies and gentlemen, all surrounding our gipsies and donkeys, talking, discussing, asking questions, all in one breath. It was quite a roadside scene, as we almost blocked up the narrow part of the way at the foot of two short ascents. The sun was exceedingly hot, fiery, and bright.

Just at this moment, a lady in a carriole, driven by her skydskarl, came down the rather steep descent towards us. She was of English *distinguée* type of beauty, and did not appear either comfortable, or delighted with her mode of travelling. There was a pallor on her countenance; she seemed nervous and delicate.

Another carriole, coming immediately behind, was driven by a nice, good-humoured, handsome fellow, we judged to be her husband. His wife, who did not speak, had, like many who journey through life, a care-worn

impress written on every line of her thoughtful countenance.

They had scarcely gone past, when the English traveller suddenly pulled up, and we had a few minutes' converse. We thought he seemed, half to envy our independent mode of travelling, for at parting he said, "Just the thing I should like," and, smiling, wished us a pleasant journey.

After our English travellers had left us, we found our visitors still interested in our gipsies, animals, and baggage. Noah soon unpacked our tin box, and we presented one of our songs to the Doctor, one to the young gentleman who spoke English, and one to a very pleasant, kind, amiable lady of the party.

Whilst Noah was rearranging our baggage, the young gentleman who spoke English said, "Come further, where there is ombre." Very shortly we came to another exceedingly comfortable, good-sized house, standing in its nice pleasant garden, with an approach from the road. The "Slidre Fjord" was below it, and the situation was delightful. There they pressed us to remain, and take rest; we would find shade and convenience. Finding we could not stay, one of the ladies ordered her servants to bring out bottled Baiersk öl and glasses, and a large jug of excellent draught beer, which at last we consented to have. We halted 'neath the shade of a tree which overhung the road. Our gipsies were very thirsty; we were obliged to be very firm as to quantity. Our kind friends pressed us much to stay with our tents, but our time was limited.

Then our guitar, and Zachariah's violin were tuned up: the heat and knocking about had not improved their

tone. We sang for our kind entertainers our gipsy song. Afterwards, three of the young ladies (and they were very good-looking), joined by one of the young gentlemen, sang for us. Very nicely they sang; one held a small book of Norwegian songs, to assist the memory. Noah and Zachariah afterwards gave them some music, with their violin and tambourine.

The lady had fruit brought out. In all our wanderings they were amongst those whose acquaintance—alas! too short—will always be remembered with pleasure.

Time passes rapidly. The gipsies' instruments are put up. The kind Norwegian lady gave Esmeralda a bouquet of flowers from her garden. There was much in this present, which drew us still closer, in our appreciation of her friendly thought. The heroine of our book receives a bouquet of flowers! It is not thrown down at her feet, with the grandiose air of "There, take it!" It is given her by one whose amiable spirit had our sympathy, and for whom we felt at that moment we could have risked much. She had given the bouquet to the heroine of our wanderings—Esmeralda, the true, not the fictitious, heroine of this book!

The young gentleman who spoke English expressed in English terms their good wishes. They were thoroughly good people, with all the refinement, and gentleness of those best feelings, which should predominate in our nature. As we went out of sight, in passing a turn of the road, we saw them in the distance, waving their handkerchiefs in parting adieux.

It was now midday; the sun was intensely hot. Our animals, who could stand almost anything, seemed oppressed with the heat. We had, we believe, just left

"Lomen." There were enclosures on both sides the road; no convenient place to give us shade and rest. We must push on. Each day, as we wandered on, we never knew where we should dine or sleep.

The district we now passed through was well cultivated. Many gaards on each side the road. The peasants were busy with their harvest. Even their anxiety to make provision for the winter of life did not prevent them from running, at times, with excited and unwonted energy, to the road fences to see us go by.

At one place, we observed a tall peasant running down a steep declivity; in his hurry he had left one of his shoes behind, one on and the other off. "Here comes neck or nothing," said Esmeralda, as he nearly took a header down a steep rock.

Still we had to keep on. Small patches of hops, we noticed at some of the gaards, perhaps a few perches; never, we remember, more than a rood. Yet they seemed to grow luxuriantly. Trailing in their rich foliage, and blossoms, they are always an interesting feature in any scene. Now and then, we noticed hemp. There was a well-to-do appearance in this district.

We had gone some distance in the heat of the sun, travel-worn, and dusty; at last we descended a steep declivity, and on our left we perceived a rough piece of open ground, covered with scattered trees and bushes, sloping to a dingle. A cool, clear stream, rippled near an old mill, and crossed the road. The road descended, and again as rapidly ascended. All was secluded.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Now, where is the kettle? so hungry are we,
Surely our supper the next thing must be;
The fire already is blazing up high,
And asking for rashers of bacon to fry;
The damper is perfect, the pannikin's found,
And all laid out on the banqueting-ground;
When everything's ready, I have not a doubt
A monarch might envy our "camping out."

Bush Flowers from Australia.

AN ENGLISH FISHERMAN—THE HAUNTED MILL—THE TOURIST'S PURCHASE—NOAH'S GOOD FORTUNE—THE STRAND FJORD—A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY—THE HEROINE OF OUR BOOK—A NORWEGIAN SEAMAN—THE MISTAKEN MANSION—THE AURDAL CHURCH—FRYDENLAND STATION—A ROADSIDE HALT—THE APPRECIATED GIFT—THE SEVERE YOUNG LADY—THE KIND-HEARTED PEASANT—KRŒMMERMOEN—IMPULSE AND REASON.

WHAT delicious shade. Our water was soon boiling near the old mill. Our readers must not suppose the mill was a large one; it was about four times as large as a good-sized sentry-box. We may have even exaggerated the size. Norwegian mills are not on the ponderous scale of English ones.

The middags-mad consisted of our Stee trout cold. It was a fine trout, either steamed or boiled. In the heat of the day, the trout was pronounced by our gourmand gipsies excellent; some vinegar was allowed with it, besides tea, fladbröd, butter, and fried eggs.

The time had marked two o'clock when we arrived. The pleasant slope of green turf where we sat commanded the road. Whilst we were taking our midday meal, two Englishmen, one having a fishing-basket slung over his shoulder, passed in a stolkjœrre. Then we saw two young Norwegian tourists, in their high laced-up boots, one of whom carried a skin knapsack; they were pushing on at a swinging pace. Noah and Zachariah of course fell asleep. Esmeralda went to the old mill, and fancied she heard a curious moaning sound, something like groaning in it. We did not investigate it; besides, the mill was fastened; neither had we any permission from the owner to go into his mill —sit up in a haunted mill a few feet square! If the wheel should be turned by the ghost, where should we be? Ground to flour, eaten by a Norwegian for his middags-mad—made into fladbröd, and eaten by some English tourist. If we are to see ghosts, let it be in an old castle, family mansion, or the ruins of an abbey; but a mill;—besides, where was the owner?

As we sat on the green slope, we observed a wooded promontory, stretching into the fjord, below the road, and sent Noah to reconnoitre for camping ground. The Tarno Rye, we found, had a sore back; our bruise-mixture was applied. Noah reported unfavourably for remaining. The donkeys were loaded, and we quickly left the dingle, and the haunted mill. Somehow we had lingered, and lounged, in the pleasant shade, till after five o'clock. *En avant* was the word; away went tall Noah in advance, with the Puru Rawnee before him, the rest following, bag and baggage, as hard as the

party could go, Noah with his coat off and his trowsers tucked up.

In the distance we could see Ulnœs church, near the "Strand Fjord." Now we met a party of English tourists, bent upon enjoying themselves. Donkeys are drawn up in line for them to pass as we push on, with Noah in front. One said "Hvor meget," pointing to Noah's stick; probably he took us for Norwegian gipsies. Noah made no demur. The fir staff was in the Englishman's hands in two seconds, whilst the gipsy pocketed two coins, which, we believe, made him one mark two skillings richer. Our passing was so hasty, that nothing more was said, as the jovial party, with much glee, carried with them Noah's staff, as a souvenir of the incidents of travel.

Noah was well chaffed by Zachariah and Esmeralda. Noah was in high glee; he had sold the stick he had picked up yesterday, for one mark two skillings. Mephistopheles was miserable with vexation, that he had not a fir stick, to sell at one mark two skillings, to some English tourist. A division was even suggested. As the shorengro of the party, we should have come in for the lion's share. Nay, there is a precedent in Isaac Walton, where the gipsies divide a sovereign. Esmeralda supported the idea, but the suggestion was without result.

Very shortly after we had passed Ulnœs church, we saw a peasant standing on the roadside. His gaard was not far from the road. At first, when we asked him, he said he had no fladbröd, but afterwards said "Ya." Esmeralda and ourself went down to his house. First, he brought down two very large rounds of fladbröd. When

we gave him a mark, he gave us half a mark back, and brought four more large rounds down. One large round of fladbröd generally costs two skillings.

It is difficult to purchase, even fladbröd, in harvest time: most of the peasants are away from their houses. If we had not been provided with a good commissariat, and had trusted to what provisions we could purchase, our party would have, indeed, fared very badly during their wanderings.

It was now getting dusk. We were near the shores of the Strand Fjord; nothing but inclosures met our view on either side the road; we must soon camp somewhere. It was nearly nine o'clock, when we came to a steep, barren, stony bank above the road. The upper portion was scantily wooded with birch trees and bushes. Hobson's choice. The donkeys were unloaded, a fire lighted, and our baggage put on the only available ground, behind a low rock, just above the road.

Our aftens-mad was not lively. Midges and musketos attacked us on every side. Esmeralda got the water for tea from the fjord; she had to go from the road, across some enclosure, belonging to a cottage near. The woman shortly after came up to the road fence. Mephistopheles was interrogated in Norsk. Mephistopheles did not understand a word the woman said. Mephistopheles was extremely civil, saying "Ya, ya," to every question she asked. At length she wound up with "Hvor fra" (where from?). To which Mephistopheles answered, "Coryadreadaminch." The woman immediately left.

Very soon after we had halted, the loss was announced of the brass fishing-reel, from the fishing-rod, Zachariah

had been using. Zachariah had forgotten to take it off the rod in the morning.

Notwithstanding our tent was pitched on the only available spot, consisting of loose angular stones, in spite of midges and musketos, we were soon sound asleep. The English gipsies in Norway, were long past that deplorable state of modern effeminacy, when you are unable to sleep comfortably on a gorse bush, with a bundle of thorns for a pillow.

It had thundered, and lightened, and rained heavily in the night. We were all fearfully bitten with musketos. Noah had been unable to sleep; Esmeralda not much better. Mephistopheles slept the best.

Being Saturday, the 13th August, we were anxious to secure a good camping-ground for our Sunday's rest, and another day of quiet and repose. At three o'clock in the morning our gipsies struck the tents. The frokost consisted of tea, bacon, potatoes, cheese, and fladbröd. Esmeralda was rather bilious, with a sore lip. Our anxiety was great for the health of our Hobbenengree. Supposing anything happened to Esmeralda, the heroine of this book would be lost; and what is a book without a heroine? The Birmingham bagman would at once decline the work, as not according to contract. It would have been utterly impossible to supply her loss. There is no second Esmeralda — none like her. In truth, with all her tempers, all her faults, Esmeralda was the spirit of our wanderings. The pure Romnechal of our expedition.

Our donkeys were nearly loaded, when we were surprised by the apparition of a tall seaman, standing in the road close by. He informed us he had stayed the

night at the house near—the same, probably, where our friend, the woman of the previous evening, lived. His ship had been lost near Throndhjem, and he was now going to Bergen. Had been in America; spoke English very well, with a strong American accent. We gave him a dram of brandy, and two skillings; whereupon he said, "It's d—d bad for you not speaking Norsk," and wishing us a good voyage, departed.

Before six o'clock we were *en route*. The rain had laid the dust; the morning was cloudy. There were two fishermen's boats on the Strand Fjord. We passed the Strand Kirke. The scenery was very picturesque, rocks towering above us on our left, the Strand Fjord on our right. Some goats were racing and jumping on the narrow crags of a steep precipice above us.

Coming to some saw-mills, we crossed a wild ravine. Shortly after passing through a fir wood, we came in sight of the Fagernœs station. A shop is said to be attached to it. Upon inquiry, we found they had no shop, and we could not purchase anything. Some people came out to look at our donkeys, and we were soon *en route*.

The district through which we now passed seemed more populated, and is called North Aurdal. Two English tourists overtook us; one had a fishing-basket, and said he had not had much sport. He shortly after changed horses with a post-man, opposite a large building to our right. At first we took it for a gentleman's mansion. It was the second building of stone, we had seen, since we left Lillehammer. All was neatness, with a drive to it from the road. When the English tourist changed horses in the road, opposite the entrance, we thought it might be a very first-class station. When

we came up, and had some conversation with a very pleasant, well-dressed Norwegian, who was standing at the entrance, we found it was the gaol of the North Aurdal. He spoke English well, and had been in America. It is very probable he was the governor. They have a nice church at Aurdal, and a pleasant grave-yard, close to the road. The wooden crosses were in the usual style. There was one simple marble monument, bearing an inscription; we notice it, for its brevity—

Christopher Rogge
Tödt 21 April, 1863,
Død Nov., 1865.

As we came towards the Frydenland station, there were many houses along the roadside; some, apparently, for private residence. Two well-dressed young ladies passed us, and one smiled so pleasantly, that we could not omit the politeness of lifting our hat.

The Frydenland station is close to the road, and seemed very comfortable. They have a good-sized sitting-room, with a sofa, and all is exceedingly clean. The mistress was very civil and attentive. Whilst she provided us with three loaves of excellent bread, and a pound of good butter, we discussed a bottle of baiersk öl in the sitting-room. Noah and Zachariah came in for their share. Esmeralda took charge of our baggage outside. Our bread, butter, and bottle of öl cost two marks twelve skillings. As we came out into the road, the donkeys had found their admirers. A tall old gentleman with an immense hat, a stout lady, and a young lady, from a neighbouring house, and several people, were inspecting our animals and baggage. As we left, we exchanged

good-humoured salutations, and their looks implied their best wishes for our *bon voyage*.

About twelve o'clock we approached to very nearly the turn from the main road towards "Krœmmermoen." Coming to a large wooden trough on the roadside, supplied with clear water by a wooden spout from the rocks above, we called a halt. On the opposite side the road, a convenient space had been left, with a long wooden bench for travellers to sit upon. This is an excellent provision for the convenience of the wayfarer, which might be copied with advantage in England. Below the stone wall, along the roadside, the ground sloped to a valley.

Our baggage was all heaped behind the bench against the wall. A fire was lighted in the rocks above the road, and our water soon boiled for tea. A peasant, who lived at a house near, soon came down the road. He was a strong, powerful, intelligent-looking man, dressed in leather knee-breeches, woollen stockings, large shoes, one brace, and a spotted woollen shirt. The man was soon joined, by two comely, young, good-humoured females, probably his daughters. Then a peasant woman came from another house; soon after, a tall man came from we don't know where. Peen gicere! Peen gicere! they all exclaimed, as they gazed in bewildered admiration at our donkeys. Out came the flask. We like to have our things admired. Out came the tobacco, and the man in leather breeches, borrowed a pipe from the tall man, and began to smoke. We were evidently looked upon as strolling actors of the better sort; yet the donkeys were their chief delight. Then they were much interested in our mode of making our tea in the Australian fashion,

putting the tea into the boiling water, and reversing the usual mode. At length all, except one woman, and one or two children, left us. After the sardines were gone we presented the woman with the empty sardine box, whereupon she seized us by the hand, and shook hands, and immediately afterwards left, probably to place it in the strong armoire of her salle-à manger.

Then, as we were at our middags-mad, a carriage and pair came in view, *en route* towards Bergen. Our Tarno Rye stood in the road. Noah was detached, but the Tarno Rye took himself off to the roadside, as soon as he saw the carriage.

The skydskarl was driving. A young lady was seated in front by the driver. An old gentleman and lady, probably her parents, were behind. Never shall we forget the young lady as the carriage came near our Tarno Rye. With desperate eagerness she suddenly snatched the whip from the boy. Then she dealt with all her might one vigorous stroke at our Tarno Rye, who was quietly standing on the roadside. We were amused at the expression of determination, and serious earnestness her countenance assumed. It is dreadful to think that our gallant Tarno Rye, after all his wanderings, was so nearly annihilated. What would Esmeralda have done? Fortunately our Tarno Rye, like the little jackdaw, in the Ingoldsby legend, was never a penny the worse.

Immediately after the carriage passed us, we saw what we at once knew before, that she was English. A heavy shower of rain came on soon afterwards, and, covering our baggage with the waterproof, we all availed ourselves of the same shelter. Our friend, the Norwegian farmer, came down the road through the pouring rain, and asked

us to take shelter in his house. We explained that our covering was waterproof. He said something about our being wanderers, pointing good-naturedly towards his house, and then left. He had come through the rain himself, to offer us shelter and hospitality.

The rain cleared a little at half-past four o'clock, and we left at five. The farmer came down again. We gave him one of our gipsy songs as a souvenir, and he seemed much pleased. Afterwards, he came and showed us the turn from the Bergen and "Gjövig" road to Krœmmermoen. Shaking hands, he left us, with many wishes for our prosperous journey.

The road towards Krœmmermoen was similar to one of our English country lanes, very pleasant, and picturesque. At times we passed through thick fir woods open to the road. It soon rained heavily. Noah and Zachariah had no overcoats or change, and were obliged to take their wetting philosophically. At some places we tried for fladbröd, but in vain. One woman came across a field, with wild fruit to sell us. We did not take the fruit; but as she stood in the wet, we could not help giving her some recompense. Ultimately, we came to the edge of a tremendous declivity. If you make a zigzag road down the outside of St. Paul's, you have got it. A very small piece of broken ground lay on our right, at the edge of the steep precipitous descent. On this we drove the donkeys. Just then, up drove a carriole, and we recognised one of the young gentlemen from Lomen. The carriole was one of the best we had seen, and was drawn by a beautiful Norwegian pony. Directly the pony caught sight of our donkeys, out got our friend, with the inevitable p-r-r-rh p-r-r-r-rh. The

pony, with Noah's assistance, was safely led past. Then our Norwegian friend came to us, and we conversed, as well as our knowledge of each other's language would allow. When he was gone, Noah and Zachariah were dispatched to seek a camp-ground, lower down the hill, nearer to Krœmmermoen. We were now above the deep and charming valley of Lille Bang. The rain drizzled down occasionally, as we stood on the broken ground, at the edge of a deep, wooded steep. One donkey lay down with its load. Esmeralda in her long cloak, paced the wet turf, hot, and fiery. Our beautiful Puru Rawnee had given her some offence. It seldom rains but it pours. The Tarno Rye had escaped a young English lady, and now our Puru Rawnee, was to be knocked down by the heroine of our book. Very likely! Supposing our Puru Rawnee killed! what then? The Birmingham bagman will refuse his two copies. "You've fallen short. Don't find the Puru Rawnee at the end; contract not complete." Esmeralda makes a dash at our beautiful donkey; her dark eyes flash fire. The spirit of the young English lady pales before her. If the young English lady had been there, it is probable she would have learned a lesson in humanity. We interposed. Fancy a studious, thoughtful, wanderer of nature, staying, for the moment, the torrent of impetuous feeling of the tall handsome gipsy-girl, Esmeralda, about to overwhelm the beautiful Puru Rawnee, at the edge of a wooded steep, in the mizzling rain, of a Norwegian summer's eve! Gipsies are creatures of impulse. Few words said we. Strong, and impetuous as were the passions of our heroine, she had a heart—at times, could deeply feel. The Puru Rawnee escaped unhurt.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Helpe me wonder, her's a booke
Where I would for ever looke.
Never did a gipsie trace
Smoother lines in hands or face;
Venus here doth Saturne move,
That you should be the Queene of Love.

Masque of Gipsies. BEN JONSON.*

THE GIPSY SIGNAL—OUR AUSTRALIAN MEAT—THE FAIR POETESS—OUR FRIEND FROM EISBOD ILL—THE RYE'S UNWELL—THE LEHNSMŒND OF BANG—THE FERRYMAN AND SON—WE CROSS THE BEINA—TATERSPROG—A KIND FAMILY—STORSVEEN STATION—SECLUDED VALLEY—A TOURIST LELS US—ESMERALDA'S ADVENTURE—THE PEASANT WOMEN'S SONG—SORUM STATION—TENTS PITCHED BY A LAGOON—NŒS—NO HORSEBOAT—IMPROMPTU HORSEBOAT—HOW WE GOT ACROSS—A RIVER SCENE.

IN a short time, Esmeralda and ourself slowly descended the steep winding road towards Krœmmermoen, as we heard the gipsy's whistle in the distance. Evening was fast closing. The road wound zigzag round the head of a deep gorge. Soon afterwards, to our left above the road, we saw Noah, with a fire blazing in the rocks.

* This author, by many ranked second to Shakspeare, was born 1574, and rising by his own perseverance, and energy of mind, became, in 1619, Poet Laureate. Many of the dramatic pieces of Jonson were masques performed before the King and Court. Jonson, when he was appointed Poet Laureate, made a journey on foot from London to Scotland. When met, it is said, by Drummond of Hawthornden (to whom, amongst other friends, he paid a visit), Drummond said, "Welcome, welcome, royal Ben!" to which

It was a retired nook of the road, which had been almost made on purpose. The last of our Cheddar cheese was brought out for our evening meal. The cheese had kept good through all our wanderings. We had also tea, broiled ham, and what remained of our fladbröd. A few people passing down the road, came up to our tents. Night closed in, and the wanderers, after their long day's journey, were soon soundly asleep.

Heavy rain fell in the night. We were up in good time next morning. For frokost, we had biscuits, and butter and tea. The morning was showery; but many visitors came to see us. Then the Lehnsmœnd, a brother, we think, of the Prœst of Bang, came to our tents. The herre had a young lady, we believe a niece, with him. He was a pleasant, gentlemanly man, who spoke English very well. After we had shown him our tents, he said, if we stayed the next day, he should be happy to introduce us to his brother. As he left our camp, we presented him with our gipsy song, as a souvenir.

A tin of preserved Australian meat was opened. Really this meat is excellent. What could be better? Even our gipsies were perfectly satisfied, and thoroughly enjoyed it. With some boiled potatoes, we made an excellent middags-mad.

At five o'clock we sent Noah and Zachariah down to Krœmmermoen to buy bread. They met with our

Jonson aptly replied, "Thank you! thank you, Hawthornden!" "The Masque of Matamorphosd Gypsies" was presented to King James at "Burleigh," "Belvoir," and Windsor. A printed copy we have is dated 1621. Jonson wrote to the last; but, after some years of great literary success, and prosperity, he died, 1637, in needy circumstances, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, the only inscription on the poet's tomb being "O rare Ben Jonson!"

friend from Eisbod, on the Bygdin Lake. He had been taken ill, and could not proceed on his journey.

Whilst they were away, some young ladies came to our camp, and sat on the rocks near. At last one bowed to Esmeralda, who spoke to her, and asked her to take a seat in our tent; but she hesitated. We went to them. They seemed much interested in our tent life. The young lady, who spoke English, said she was merely a visitor at Bang. She expatiated on the beauties of the valley, and then she asked us, if we would kindly give her one of our songs. She said she had written some verses herself, and begged our acceptance of them. The young Norwegian lady had very pleasing manners—something winning and charming. Perhaps she had not the highest type of beauty; still there was a power to fascinate, such as we had not often met with, even in those of a more perfect mould—a softness, a gentleness of manner, always accompanied with goodness of disposition, and kindness of heart. Poetry! Yes; it vibrated in every word she spoke. Could we refuse her anything? Two copies of our songs were brought forth from the recesses of our tin box. We presented one, to our fair visitor, and the other, to one of her friends. There was a third; but unfortunately we had forgotten there were three lady-visitors. The verses presented to us we shall prize. Reader, we must give them place in this account of our wanderings. Our book would be incomplete without them.

The following are the Norwegian verses. The translation we have had made, is also given with them. Our readers will not now be surprised that we admired the beautiful scenery of Lille Bang.

1.

Hvor deiligt er det lille Bang
Naturen mig indbyder,
Til ret at stemme i en Sang
Som udaf Hjertet lyder.

2.

Hvad er det dog som mangler her?
Alt i en skjön Forening,
Naturens Kræfter i sig bier
Derom er kun een Mening.

3.

Sig Fjeldet slynger i en Krands
Om Dalens Yndigheder;
Hvor Elven i en lang Runddands,
Let gjennem denne swœver.

4.

Ved Siden af den stille Elv,
Sig frem med Bulder trœnger,
Det rige store Fossevœld,
Og Klippens Masser spranger.

5.

Ei heller Skovens Dunkelhed,
Man blandt det Andet savner,
Thi Fjeldet prydet er dermed,
Og Dalens Skyöd den favner.

6.

Hvad staaer der da tilbage som,
Det lille Bang ei eier?
Hvis du det kan saa Kom o Kom
Naturen alt opveier.

Sweet lille Bang, delightful spot;
Nature herself, impelling,
Bids me pour forth such tuneful song,
That now my heart's o'erwelling.

What now, then, may be wanting?
All Nature's powers combine,
With order and with harmony,
To perfect the design.

The Fjeld-slopes' flowery garlands
  Enwreath the little dale ;
And, winding in and outwards,
  The rippling streams prevail.

Yet, 'twixt the banks so stilly,
  The murmuring waters flow,
Till down a rapid torrent,
  Restless, on they go.

Nor wanting from the gloam-land,
  'Mid the grove's secluded alley,
Is the eider duck to give some life
  To hill-side and to valley.

What charm is there yet wanting,
  Which lille Bang has not ?
Her voice invites all Nature
  To show a fairer spot.

Noah and Zachariah returned with the kagebröd, dark, heavy bread, with carraway seeds in it.* Our friend from Eisbod had sent to say, he would come up to our camp, if well enough. They had also made acquaintance, with an old Norwegian, who resided near the village. He showed them his violin, for which he wanted four dollars.

After we had finished our tea, bread, and butter, more visitors arrived. One peasant was an important representative of royalty. He wore a large waistcoat; on every button he had a photograph of some potentate. The King and Queen of Sweden, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the King of Sardinia, were among the number. His waistcoat, in fact, included nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. After tea, we sat in the rocks

* Not unlike coarse rye bread, we have eaten in Germany, called "Pumpernickel," but whence the derivation of the name, we could never ascertain.

above our camp The evening was very damp, and showery. When we returned, our visitors were still sitting by our tents. Notwithstanding heavy rain, they continued until about nine o'clock.

It was three o'clock in the morning when we were stirring. The Tarno Rye's back was much chafed. The donkeys had eaten the best part of one of our pocket handkerchiefs, the day before. For frokost we had tea, black-bread, and cheese.

The morning was cloudy, as we left our camp at half-past six o'clock. We did not feel so well as usual. Our health had been excellent throughout. As we passed a cottage, the gipsies pointed out the old man's house, with its flag, and large stone, with a photograph let into it, of his majesty Carl John.*

When we came to the Krœmmermoen station soon afterwards, Noah and Zachariah were sent to buy bread, and wire at the shop. The station is apparently exceedingly comfortable. Esmeralda went on with the baggage. Going up stairs, we were shown into our friend's bed-room. Our friend from Eisbod was in bed looking very pale and unwell. Something had disagreed with him, and he had not been well since he left Skogstad. Apparently he had a severe attack of diarrhœa. Our bread cost us one mark, potatoes four skillings, and wire ten skillings.

As we left our friend, he said he should try and

* Bernadotte ascended the throne of Norway in 1818, as Carl John XIV.; died 8th of March, 1844; was succeeded by his son, Oscar I., who died 1859. His son ascended the throne as King Carl XV., who died 18th September, 1872, and was succeeded by his brother, Oscar II., the present king of Norway.

continue his journey the same morning. It seemed as if we were ever destined to pass, and repass, and meet continually.

When we overtook our baggage shortly after, near the village church of Bang, we found our lady visitors of the previous day, and the Lehnsmœnd, and their friends, assembled, to give us their parting good wishes. Much we regretted, that our time did not permit us to stay another day. Bang is delightfully situated. However powerful the description, there is much that the poet's pen, will fail to convey.

The Lehnsmœnd, our agreeable visitor of the previous day, the young gentleman we had seen at Lomen on the Slidre Fjord, the ladies, especially our fair visitor, who had given us the verses, were as charming as before. All united to say to us "*Bon voyage,*" as we left the lovely dale of Lille Bang.*

After we had left Bang, the road reached the river's bank. Fortunately there was a horse-boat, with a landing and all complete. The ferry-house was on the other side; the river Beina was before us. The old man at the ferry wore breeches and stockings, and very large shoes. He was heavy, stooping, and slow, and was followed by his son, who was his duplicate, in large baggy trousers, and immense shoes, and a shade slower still. They were a perfect study. A draper's assistant would have measured up their time, at five minutes the yard. Both had a sparkle of comicality in their eyes, as they helped our gipsies to carry our baggage from the donkeys into the boat. Strange to say, the donkeys

* Little Bang.

walked on to the horse-boat, without a moment's hesitation. The old man rowed with two very large oars, whilst his son slowly used a shaft.

The boat reached the opposite bank, and the donkeys were safely landed. Two females, we took for his wife and daughter, came to a fence to look at our donkeys. The old man began to assist in taking our baggage on shore. Presently Mephistopheles rushed on deck. The old man was slowly dragging at a heavy pocket, which generally took the strength of Noah, and ourself, to lift on to the Puru Rawnee. Suddenly Mephistopheles, spinning the old man almost round, like a tee-to-tum, swung it over his shoulder like a feather, and in two seconds deposited it on shore. We shall never forget the old man's look of amazement, and his son's sudden pause to take another look at Mephistopheles. Then Mephistopheles in his hurry tumbled headlong over some bags, to the amusement of the two ferrymen.

It was found that a rope had been left on the other side the river. Mephistopheles jumped into a light pram, and by his rapidity, almost tumbled the man's son into the bottom of the boat. Away went Mephistopheles, with two oars, splashing across the river. Now they are coming back, the old man's son sprawling in the stern, as he holds on, with astonished look; whilst Mephistopheles, with fearful irregularity, is sending the waters of the Beina in all directions.

Our gipsies are screaming with laughter. "Ha, ha! Uncle Sam coming from Bosbury, a seaport town in England! Dik the Balo-Shero. Look at Elijah! Why, he's got a square nose."

We were exceedingly thankful that our gipsies'

tatersprog and English slang was never understood. "Coming from Bosbury," had reference to a question, a countryman once asked one of the tribe, "Where's Bosbury?" "Bosbury? why, it's a seaport town in the middle of England, with lots of ships!" "Well," said the rustic, "I never heerd on it afore."

Whilst the ferryman's son was enjoying his rapid transit, his father, mother, and sister, as we supposed them to be, were enjoying our brandy. Of course, the son, when he did land, drank "gamle norge" to his happy escape. It was not the first aquavit he had taken. Energy is catching; they began to look quite sharp. Our transit cost twelve skillings. Mephistopheles played them a tune on his violin. The ferryman and family seemed highly delighted. We left with their good wishes, to continue our journey.

Still we became more and more unwell. Slowly we went on, until we came to a large gaard, of superior size, and comfort.

The road passed through a large open meadow, shut in by gates, on the banks of the river. Near the river the grass had been newly mown. The farmer, and some of his family, came to see the donkeys, which the gipsies halted for their inspection. The farmer's wife asked if they stood on their hind legs. The people seemed so kindly; the meadow so charmingly situate, on the banks of the broad river, that we decided to stay. We made the farmer, and his wife, understand that we wanted a mark of fladbröd, and six skillings' worth of milk. Esmeralda went to the gaard for it. They nearly filled one large can full of milk. Noah in the meantime lighted a fire, and made the gröd. The donkeys were driven

across a dry portion of the shingly bed of the river, to a green island for rest and shade.

The farmer and his wife sat down near us. It was astonishing the kindly interest they took. We fancy we looked ill and worn. At first we said nothing to our gipsies. It may probably pass away, thought we. "Du courage." Esmeralda soon discovered that something was the matter with the Rye, and we told her. Still we sat on the beautiful new mown turf, gazing on the rapid broad flowing river, the farmer, and his wife and family near. Then the donkeys were driven back for us to go. Some of the family brought green corn, and green peas, for the donkeys to eat. Then we gave the farmer's wife a song, for, somehow, we seemed to have established a friendship with them. The farmer's wife seemed anxious to know our name; so we wrote it on the back of the song, with the date. Then she asked, whose wife Esmeralda was, and if we worked in metals. They did not quite seem to understand, when we said we travelled for pleasure. So we parted from the friendly farmer, and his wife, and family, at about twelve o'clock, and continued our journey.

Passing the Höler Elv, we came towards Storsveen. Once a man came out of a wood, hastily put up his scythe, and followed us. He wanted to see our donkeys. The grain is stacked up in the fields, sheaf upon sheaf, round poles, six feet high. Zachariah tried the river, but could not catch any fish. It did not appear there were many.

Near Storsveen, we saw a pig with a broken nose. Soon after we had passed the turn down to the Storsveen Station, we noticed behind us a traveller. It was our

friend from Eisbod, walking after us with his knapsack. We had met again. Our friend said he was much better, and was going to Storsveen; but seeing us before him, he had overtaken us. After a pleasant converse, he returned to Storsveen Station to get a conveyance, and said he should overtake us again.

Struggle as we would, we got worse. Our gipsies noticed it. They became more silent. We told Noah to camp, at the first convenient spot. About two o'clock we came to a beautiful part of the valley. All that we could desire. The road passed through an amphitheatre of green turf, closed in by rising rocks, covered with dense, and thickly hanging woods. In front we had the broad river. A dry, level, shingly beach, stretched out, to nearly the middle of the stream. On the opposite bank, to our right, there was a magnificent cliff, above the river, clothed with wood. The scene was well suited for a rest. Our gipsies quickly drove the donkeys to a rising hillock, beneath the wood, a short distance from the road, and pitched our tents. Our friend from Eisbod, came soon after in a conveyance. Paying a short visit to our camp, he had one of our cigars, a pleasant converse, and had almost recovered.

As he was leaving in his conveyance, two smart young tourists came along the road; they were on foot. Their whole equipment was neatness, even to the umbrella. As, very far from well, we sat near our tent, we could see them in conference, with our friend from Eisbod. Immediately afterwards, one produced a sketch-book, and apparently sketched the donkeys. Then he appeared to be taking a sketch of our camp,

and Esmeralda, and ourself. Noah got up, and in an earnest tone said, "They are 'lelling' you, sir," and vanished off to the river, where Zachariah was disporting himself on the shingly beach, with nothing on but his shirt.* They at last appeared to have completed the sketch of our donkeys, and camp, for suddenly the book was shut. They took off their hats; we, of course returned the salute, and they continued their excursion. If we had not been so unwell, we should have sought their acquaintance.

Very quietly we rested in our camp. Esmeralda did what she could. No one came. It was just such a spot one could wish to die in. Yes; but who is to write "Tent Life with the English Gipsies in Norway"? Where are the Birmingham bagman's two copies? Where will be the many others required, including that for the officer with the Roman fever? Are they to be disappointed? No: we shall not fail them, in the closing scenes of our nomad wanderings.

Noah came back before our aftensmad, with thirteen minnows, and Zachariah three, which were fried for tea, with fladbröd and butter. The afternoon was beautiful, and at nine o'clock we retired to rest.

It is Tuesday, 16th August. *En route* Zachariah, "Vand" "Yog." We are all up at half-past three o'clock. It rained a little, and was very cloudy. One carriole passed on the road in the night, and another early in the morning. Noah lighted a fire, and we had

* Some gipsies have an idea that if they have their likenesses taken, it does them an injury. We have known one gipsy who would not be taken. On one occasion, when a gipsy had allowed his photograph to be taken to oblige us, he said, "Well, sir, don't you lose something from you, and are never so well afterwards?"

Australian preserved meat, and fladbröd, and tea for breakfast.

When the gipsies were packing up, a man and a boy came across the river in a boat, to look at the donkeys. Whilst they were absent from their boat, Esmeralda went to the river to wash, and getting into the boat to amuse herself, it got detached from the side, and she was floating away, without oars, into the middle of the river, when she jumped out nearly up to her middle. This incident, she did not relate until afterwards, thinking we might be angry with her, for getting into the boat.

The tents are struck, the donkeys loaded, and we are off at eight o'clock. The rest and repose at our beautiful camping ground, had given us renewed spirit. We were decidedly better. The weather cleared. The road winds, through a diversified scene, of thick fir woods, and occasional enclosures. One very large gaard on the opposite side the river, before we reached Sorum, was admirably arranged for comfort and convenience. It was pleasantly placed above the river. We noticed a pigeon-box against a large granary, the only one we saw in Norway.

Coming to a delightful spot, near a stream of water, in a wood, not far from the road, we halted. There were some houses on the other side the road. One woman was singing, who had an excellent voice. We seldom heard any singing in Norway. Singing birds, and singing women, were scarce. We were pleased with this woman's voice.

Our middag's-mad consisted of Australian meat, fladbröd and butter, and cheese and tea. We had also

chocolate. An altercation took place between Noah and Zachariah. Mephistopheles shouted so loud, we gave him a bang on the head, which effectually laid his spirit low.

At half-past three o'clock, the party were again *en route*. The country was very pleasing; the weather delightful. Zachariah played, from time to time, his violin, as we slowly journeyed along. The Sorum Station is a quaint old place. The road passes through a sort of court surrounded by wooden buildings. It is kept by very respectable people. We purchased twenty-two skillings' worth of fladbröd and butter. All the *gens de la maison* assembled to see us, including the traveller, who had passed in his carriole.

With mutual salutations, we again left, Zachariah playing his violin, as we passed through a thick forest. Then we had more enclosures, and some pretty rural lanes. At last, towards the close of evening, when the road passed through an open fir wood, we noticed a large lagoon, or open arm of the river, to our left, on the margin of the wood.

A halt was called, and we camped on the edge of the wood, below the road. Our tents were pitched near two tall Scotch firs, standing outside the wood, with a pleasant view across the lagoon. It was from six to seven o'clock, when we halted. Noah and Zachariah went fishing, but without success. Our aftens-mad consisted of tea, ham, fladbröd, butter, and chocolate. Esmeralda and ourself practised Romany. Our health was fast returning—in fact, we were almost as well as usual.

Up at four o'clock. Now, Noah! Zachariah! Noah got the water, and our fire was lighted. We were just going

to breakfast at five o'clock, when three men, and a peasant woman came by. They were going harvesting. Loud were their exclamations of "peen giære" (fine beauty), "meget peen," "nei, nei." They looked curiously at our preparations for breakfast, and then left.

When Noah was loading our donkeys, three men and a girl came to see the donkeys, and were surprised at the weight they carried. It appeared we were at a place pronounced like Helgst, about one furlong from Nœs.

At seven o'clock, pushing onwards along a pleasant forest road, we again came to enclosures. Then a church appeared to view and a rifle range. The range appeared a very short one, having a booth, apparently used as a shelter for the marksmen.* We had now left the Valders, and had seen some of the beauties of the Aadalen. Nœs was at the upper shore of the Spirilen Lake, and it would be necessary to cross the Beina at its outfall to the lake.

The Nœs Station is large, and in a wooden building near, we found a shop containing a variety of goods of all sorts, and sizes. First we bought wooden spoons, and soap, for twenty-two skillings, and then some fladbröd for one mark. Noah had gone beyond the house, to the ferry-boat, on the lake shore. Esmeralda and ourself were leaving the shop, when we met Noah, with a gloomy countenance. He informed us there was no horse-boat, and the donkeys could not possibly cross.

Saying we should soon see whether we could cross, we all went down with a civil man, who seemed the owner

* We were informed that the Remington rifle was generally used in Norway.

of the ferry, and premises. After much talking, he explained that the steamer left at seven o'clock in the morning, and it was now nine o'clock, and we were too late.

Looking at the two small boats, we explained to the ferryman, that we must get across somehow. He seemed to catch our meaning; but our gipsies shook their heads, and said the poor donkeys would be drowned.

To continue our journey, we were determined. The obstacle of a river was not to be thought of, for a moment. A day would be lost, by camping at Nœs until the next morning. Although we might probably make up lost time in the steamer, still we preferred going on by land, if possible.

Returning to the shop, we bought a pound of white sugar for 20 skillings. The old man in the meantime appeared with two men, and poles, and a strong tether rope, and an axe. Again we returned to the sandy beach. Noah and Zachariah were very desponding at the sight. It looked very much as if they were going to erect a scaffold, and behead the donkeys on the spot. The owner of the ferry shortened one of the poles, and in a few minutes, the two small boats were securely lashed to the two poles, extending over them crossways. Our gipsies were still unable to disconnect the donkeys, with anything short of drowning.

A small crowd of peasants now collected to view the passage of the Beina by the English gipsies in Norway, with their animals and baggage. Most of the men, who chewed tobacco, were dressed in light jumpers, patched trowsers, and large heavy boots, without stockings; the kind-looking stout female, who sold us the fladbröd, was

there, and young peasant girls, with handkerchiefs tied over their heads.

The Tarno Rye was first bridled, and led to the boats by Zachariah. There it decidedly refused to go any further. Zachariah pulled, Noah lifted at its hind legs, ourself and two men lifted at the fore legs. The struggle ended, in our fairly carrying the donkey into the one boat, at the risk of all coming down into the water, together with one tremendous splash; the other boat was turned sideways, and we forced the Puro Rye into it, whilst a man held its head. The boats were quickly rowed off by another man, and the animals safely landed.

One man was bold enough to ride one of the donkeys to a wood close to the sandy beach. Zachariah rowed back. All were highly pleased at the success. The Puru Rawnee made a tremendous fight. Zachariah tugged, and the Puru Rawnee got one hind leg over the boat's side; but a stout fellow, who ultimately nearly pushed it over Zachariah, placed its leg safe in the boat. The baggage was put in the other boat, to balance the donkey, and then they crossed the river.

The boats returned. We paid the man fifteen skillings, which seemed to satisfy all, and with our gipsies, and the rest of our baggage, soon reached the other side. Several were collected, when we landed: one gentlemanly, well-dressed Norwegian, looked at our maps, and pointed out the route. Esmeralda immediately began to castigate her donkey, then scolded Zachariah, and was in her turn scolded by ourself, whilst the boatmen drank "gamle norge" in our aquavit.

CHAPTER XL.

They played on the guitar until the warm day had given place to the starry night. I sat on my balcony, and looked on with pleasure at the gaiety of youth.

With castanets they danced,
Their only music this ;
Their eyes into each other's glanced,
Quaffing sweet draughts of bliss.
In Spain. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

WE LEAVE THE BEINA—THE LILLE PIGE—ANY PORT IN A STORM—THE FAIRIES' VISIT—THE SPIRILEN—YTRE AADALEN VAL—LARGE BONDEGAARD—HEEN WOODLAND CAMP—EVENING VISITORS—THE HÖNEFOS —INTELLIGENT POSTMASTER — NORDERHOUG CHURCH — HALT NEAR VIK—THE GIPSIES' POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY—NOAH AND THE PHILANTHROPIST—STEENS FJORD—THE KROGKLEVEN—BEAUTIFUL GORGE— —CAMP NEAR THE KING'S VIEW.

NOAH and Zachariah quickly loaded the donkeys ;* one of the boatmen showed us the way. We followed a track from the river through the wood. An old boat near the river, in the wood, turned on one side, with the

* Shelley, the poet, during his tour in 1814, being at Paris, purchased a donkey to carry his baggage, and, by turns, his two *companions de voyage*, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, and her relation, a lady friend. They all proceeded towards Charenton, when Shelley, who had, probably, made an indifferent purchase, discarded the donkey, and bought a mule for ten napoleons. With many adventures, the party at length reached Troyes, and Shelley, having sprained his ancle, the party accomplished the rest of the journey in an open carriage.—"Shelley and his Writings," by Middleton. 1858. Shelley was born 1792, and was drowned, 8th July, 1823.

marks of a fire having been lighted before it, showed that it had been used as a bivouac.

Passing through the court of a large house, near the wood, we shortly afterwards, entered by a gate into a pleasant shady way, leading along the left shore of the Spirilen Lake. A large crowd were still watching our cavalcade from the house.

It was about twenty minutes past ten o'clock, when we left the river Beina ;* a halt was called at eleven, in a wood, on the shores of the Spirilen.

Our middags-mad consisted of soup, made of potatoes, ham, bacon, and Liebig's essence, with addition of some gröd.

Zachariah went fishing, but was unsuccessful. The rain commenced, and we either slept, or wrote our notes from about two o'clock until four o'clock.

Again we were all on the move. Following the rough track through the fir-forest, we had pleasing vistas of the lake. Then we came to where some men were making a new road, and sometimes, we had to change from the old road, on to the new portion, lately opened for traffic ; passing Bjönvicken to Engordden the road had enclosures, and farms on either side. About six o'clock we noticed the steamer going up the lake to Nœs. At one place, we passed a new house, which appeared to have a shop. Soon after, a little girl followed us with something wrapped in a white napkin. It occurred to us, to send Noah back, and see if he could get bread. The little girl at once guessed what we wanted, and told us bread could

* Spelt Bœgna Elv in the Kristians ampt map. Much difficulty occurs with regard to the orthography of Norwegian names, which are very often spelt differently, according to the map or guide-book in which they appear.

be purchased, at six skillings a loaf. She was a neatly dressed, intelligent little girl, and we gave her 3 skillings for her information; she at once seized our hand, and said tak; soon afterwards she went into a house on the roadside.

There were nothing but inclosures for some distance. The evening was rapidly closing; on we pushed: no camp ground; still we hurried along. We were now on a part of the road recently made, and must shortly sleep somewhere. At last, just at dark, a small driftway was noticed, to a narrow strip of new-mown turf, between the road, and the lake. No time for hesitation; the donkeys were quickly driven down to the turf. Some high bushes formed a screen from the road, and a shelter for ourselves. A boat was moored on the sandy beach near. The donkeys were at once unloaded in a quiet corner, a fire was lighted on the shore, and our water quickly boiled.* Zachariah was on the look-out for Noah, who soon came with three loaves of bread, which had cost a mark. The tents were at once pitched. Our gipsies made short work of tea, bread and cheese. "Let's gell to our wood-rus,"† said Noah. "Cushty ratti,"‡ said we; and they were soon asleep. It was a dark murky night, as we sat by the

* The tea-pot and kettle are both called by our gipsies "piri;" and it is interesting to note that the Norwegian gipsies, according to Prœsten Sundt, use piri to mean pot, and the Turkish gipsies also use the same word piri, with the same signification.

† "Let us go to bed." The French gipsies use "Wuddress," bed.

‡ Good-night. "Cooshko," "Cooshto" "Kosko" also used by the English gipsies. "Cushty" is not used by the gipsies of some countries to signify good; for instance, the French gipsies use "ladscho" and "mischdo." The Turkish gipsies use "latcho," good, and the Norwegian gipsies "lattjo," good. Borrow, in his work, "The Zincali; or, an Account of the Gypsies of Spain," gives "kosko" as the English gipsy for "good." Colonel Harriot has given "kashto" and "kashko"; and for "good-night," "kashko rati," as used by the gipsies of North Hampshire.

dying embers of our fire. Gradually the rain increased, and we retired to our tent. The turf had been newly mown, and was delicious to rest upon. We listened to the boat rising and falling on the waves, as they dashed in the night wind, on the sandy shore. It had rained heavily during the night, accompanied by lightning. Between two and three o'clock in the morning we were up, the morning was dark and cloudy, with misty rain. Fire was lighted; Noah warmed up some simmin (gip., soup),* saved from yesterday's middags-mad; we had also tea, and bread and cheese—an odd combination—which was hastily disposed of. The top of a house could be seen on the other side the road, close above us: the inhabitants little thought they had visitors sleeping just below them. It is probable that they would be sorely puzzled, when they went for the boat's paddles, in the bushes behind our tent, to see the impression on the turf—the impression left by our sleeping forms. Perhaps they might think, some Huldre or fairy had been there: at any rate, we did not wait to elucidate the occurrence, which may be involved in mystery to this day. At five o'clock, animals, baggage, and gipsies were well on the road towards Finsand.

There was something exciting in our wanderings. Our animals still continued quite equal to their work, and every day decreased the weight of the commissariat; the weight they had to carry was now much lighter. At eight o'clock we halted on the margin of an open bay of the Spirilen Lake, near some houses. As we were having another meal of cold bacon, meat, and bread and cheese, and tea, we saw the steamer pass down the

* The Norwegian gipsies use nearly the same word for soup, namely summin."

lake from Nœs. A woman and a man came and wanted to buy one of the donkeys.

At nine o'clock, we were again on the move towards Somdalen. Then we came to a narrow channel of the lake, through which the steamers pass to the Aadals Elv. The road, after passing through Somdalen, continued through fir-forests, and pleasant scenes. At one part of the forest, we saw some wood pigeons, and at another, a jackdaw. When we had passed Somdalen, we halted again; our rest was on a greensward surrounded by a stream, in an open space below the road, surrounded by a wood. It was a nice secluded spot. We halted at a quarter to twelve; the sun was warm and pleasant; we had tea, fried ham, and bread. Esmeralda's spirits were in the ascendant. We left at twenty-five minutes to two o'clock. Our way was through beautiful forests, which reminded us of some of the wild scenes of Australia. As to Mephistopheles, he was buzzing about like a butterfly; we nearly crushed him once or twice.

At last we came to a large farm on the borders of the forest, by Ytre Aadalen Val. The road led from the forest, over a rise of open cultivated ground, near a large and convenient gaard. We had lingered behind. As we again came up with our gipsies, they were passing over the cultivated land near the gaard. The master of the Bondegaard, a stout man, and apparently his wife and two daughters, and a large retinue of dependants, were grouped to see us pass. They surveyed us with curiosity, but did not speak. Scarcely had our gipsies got out of hearing, than one of the dependants was the subject of severe criticism.

"Look at that country gorgio," said Mephistopheles.

"Ha, ha!" said Esmeralda; "why, he's a kok-y-yock" (cock-eye).

"No," said Noah; "that's our varnon."*

"O nei! O nei!" said Mephistopheles; "peen giære, peen giære!"

Somebody was extinguished, and order was restored. Gipsies, as a rule, not being educated, and having a great amount of gaiety, and physical energy, in default, occasionally, of rational conversation, seize upon circumstances, and things, of the most minor importance, to occupy their attention, in a warfare of Romany chaff against everyone, and everything, with singular expression, tempered with strange energy, and lively spirit.

The master of the Bondegaard was exceedingly stout, and we reasoned afterwards, upon the inconvenience of being so stout, and the advantage of a gipsy life, in keeping the body, in its proper symmetrical proportions.

Now we are in the forest again, and this portion of our route, is much more beautiful than we expected. The Spirilen does not rival many of the Norwegian lakes, though there are many pleasant scenes along its shores.

At this part of our route we saw some of the most lofty spruce-fir we had seen during our wanderings in Norway.

We were now fast coming towards Heen, where the steamer meets, we were told, the railway to the Rands Fjord.

Through the forest we went. Esmeralda, who was so

* Vernon is a tall, powerful gipsy, in the prime of life, six feet two inches high, who travels England and Wales with his tent. His name was generally pronounced "Varnon" by our gipsy, Noah.

lively at our last halt, seemed getting tired, and wanted to ride, but our camp rule did not allow it. Again, we hoped soon to halt: the heroine of our book was not to be neglected, and lost by the way, for the want of care and proper attention.

Soon after we descended a steep declivity in the forest, and came upon a charming glade on a stream, which, we believe, is called the Vœls Elv. At the foot of the declivity, flowed its shallow stream of water. On the left of the forest-way, before we reached the stream, we saw some open green turf, secluded by clumps of forest trees, and beyond, and on all sides, a woodland of apparently interminable forest, as far as the eye could reach. 'Twas a lovely spot for the tired Esmeralda to repose.

The tents were put up at once in the open glade, near the flowing stream. We were soon engaged writing letters. Esmeralda was washing at a fire near a clump of trees, not far from the stream. Noah was making a basket. A tall blacksmith, as we supposed him to be, carrying a rifle, came to our tents. He told us there were wolves, and bears in the forest. Then we had afterwards, a party of three gentlemen, and a lady; they were very nice people. One dark, good-looking young gentleman, spoke English. We were pleased to see them at our tents. They inspected our camp, Russian lamp, cooking apparatus, and our donkeys. They seemed much pleased. It would have given us pleasure to have known more of them.

It was, indeed, a beautiful camping-ground, in a large wild forest. Our fourth meal this day—for we had crowded on considerable sail—consisted of tea, sardines, bread and cheese. At nine o'clock, all were resting in

our tents. It is noted in our impressions, that the evenings get colder and shorter, chilly and damp.

Friday, the 19th of August; we are again stirring at twenty minutes past three o'clock. Up rise our three gipsies, in the wild Norwegian forest: *en avant* is the word.

As we were standing by our camp-fire, we heard footsteps; a man and a boy appeared at that early hour, to see our donkeys. They were astonished to find anyone already up and moving.

The frokost consisted of tea, biscuits, and cheese. Our donkeys loaded, we moved off at six o'clock. Noah left his unfinished basket on our camp-ground, as a souvenir. Soon we passed under the arch of the Rands Fjord Railway. Then the road lay through enclosures, and we came in sight of Hönefos.

Before we entered the town of Hönefos, we cautioned Mephistopheles, as to propriety of conduct. It was, perhaps, about nine o'clock; many people came out of their houses, and anxiously inquired what the donkeys were. Mephistopheles called for a glass of sherry, and imitated a drunken man, until he was called to attention. A civil Norwegian coming up, we inquired for the Postaabneri and a krambod.

Keeping Noah with us, we sent the donkeys and baggage through the town, in care of Esmeralda and Zachariah. Coming into a sort of square, our first visit was the post-office; we went into a court-yard, and entering the back of a house, we soon found ourselves in a small room, with a kind of bank counter, behind which sat a respectable-looking, pale, intelligent man. By his side, he had an ear-trumpet, for he was

deaf; behind him, he had shelves, filled with books; on his long table, he had writing materials, documents, and papers relating to his duties. He spoke in English with a very good accent; we wrote our answers, for he was deaf. The postage of our English letter, was sixteen skillings, and four skillings each for our letters to Christiania. Readily giving us some information, about the steamers with mails from Christiania, we left our civil postmaster. The war seemed the all-engrossing topic of the time, and we had, of course, some converse on the subject.

Our next visit was to the shop, where we bought five pounds of sugar, for three marks eight skillings; five loaves of bread, for one mark six skillings; and, at a baker's, we bought two loaves of bread, for eight skillings and six cakes for six skillings.

Hönefos is a spirited town, and a pretty one. Crossing the Hönefos Bridge we soon rejoined our baggage. As we ascended a hill, and continued our route along the new road, which is being made, we had a beautiful view of the town.

A French gentleman, who was driving towards the Hönefos, had asked Esmeralda and Zachariah, if they were French.

Soon afterwards we came to an iron mile-stone, marked five miles to Christiania og Dramen (thirty-five English miles).

Then we saw Norderhoug church. It is large, as compared with many of the Norwegian churches we had seen. The parsonage and village have an air of substantial comfort. Geese and ducks, and cherry-trees were seen for the first time during our wanderings in

Norway. This village is noted for the destruction of a small Swedish force, which was quartered at the Parsonage House in 1716.

Still following onwards along our route, we came to enclosed lands, which appeared quite as fertile as any we had seen. Here and there, the harvest people would hurry towards the road fence, to catch a sight of our donkeys, as they passed. Some asked one question, some another. Our gipsies answered wildly any Norwegian word at hand, or ya! ya! Now we meet a carriage and pair, and the gentleman takes off his hat, which we of course acknowledge.

At length we halt on the right of the road on the hill above "Vik Station," on some rocky open ground.

It was twelve o'clock. Our gipsies obtained some water for our tea at the Vik Station from their private supply. A servant girl, and man, with some children from the station, brought our donkeys some grass. It was a kindly thought. The sun was warm as we sat amid the rocks and heath. Whatever faults our gipsies have they are not tainted with Fenianism or Communistic ideas. They have ever held for Monarchy, and even among themselves, they have from time to time, their kings and queens. Our gipsies are extremely ignorant of political philosophy. They do know that her Majesty Queen Victoria, is the Queen of England. The names of Disraeli and Gladstone had not yet reached them.* They have no Romany words for political

* In 1873, tall Noah had never heard of the name of Disraeli, the author and the statesman. Noah thought he had heard of the name of Gladstone, but did not know who he was. He had heard of Dickens; for he kept a post-office in a country village, near which they sometimes camped. We did not pursue our interrogatories any further!!

regeneration; they take no interest in the rights of man. Let them follow their wild nomadic life, they are satisfied. The Queen has worse subjects than our gipsies. It is possible that tall Noah, would answer a political philanthropist, much in the words of the "needy knife-grinder,"—"I shall be glad to drink your honour's health, in a pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence, but, for my part, I never love to meddle with politics, sir."

It is probable that tall Noah might be answered in the well-known words of the philanthropist,—"Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance; sordid, unfeeling reprobate, degraded, spiritless outcast!"

Then we can only say it would be very inconvenient for the philanthropist, if he was within a mile of tall Noah's tent.

Our middags-mad consisted of tea, bread, butter, and cheese.* At half-past three o'clock we were once more *en route* for the Krogkleven. Descending the hill by the Vik Station, the master of the station came out. We halted the donkeys for him to see them. He is a very pleasant man. The station seems very comfortable. It is mentioned, that there is good fishing near.

Reaching the shore of the Steens Fjord, a storm seemed to be gathering. Then, as we came to a fisherman's house, and saw him leave with his boat, and nets, we deemed it a sure harbinger of calm weather. Soon after the threatened storm cleared away. We crossed the bridge over the Steens Fjord to Sundvolden.

* Besides the Norwegian cheese, called "Myse Ost," before described, they have a very old, decayed kind of cheese, called "Gammel Ost," which is much esteemed in Norway.

The magnificent cliffs of the Krogkleven were now above us. A man pointed out the Kongen's Udsigt or King's view. At Sundvolden they accommodate travellers. The house seems large and commodious. They have a pleasure garden, with a small fountain, but we observed that the garden lacked taste in arrangement, and freshness, and beauty in flowers.

When our cavalcade passed the large open space in front of the station, a tall, pale, young Norwegian, apparently belonging to the house, said to Noah, with some authority, "Hvor fra reisen de."* Noah, who was in advance, probably did not understand, or as usual, did not answer every inquisitive question, and kept pushing on. Immediately after we commenced the steep ascent to the heights of the Krogkleven. It is generally said, that the ascent to the Kongen's Udsigt takes about an hour. Very shortly afterwards, we were overtaken by the pale young Norwegian, with an elder companion, who took off his hat, and bowed. He said, in excellent English, that he had seen an account of us in the newspapers. He owned a farm in the neighbourhood, and wished to buy one of our donkeys. Explaining that we had already promised one as a present, and that we should probably take the other two to England, after a short conversation he left. The road was most picturesque. It would have been a sad omission, had we left Norway, without returning by this route. In about three-quarters of an hour, we reached the house at the top of the gorge. A woman lives in the house, which being near the King and Queen's View, is used for the temporary reception of travellers, and

* Where do you travel from ?

pic-nic parties. From the large open space, at the summit of the ascent, the main road, now level and flat, passes through the forest towards Christiania. A track leads through the woods on one side to the Kongens Udsigt,* and on the other to the Dronning's Udsigt.† At the summit of the ascent near the house, a large board is fixed up, upon which is painted the figure of a navvy, with his spade; an iron box is placed under, with a narrow slit, to receive money, for the benefit of the men who made the road. We read *de haute voix,* for the satisfaction of Esmeralda, the following inscription :—

> Oh, I have roamed o'er many lands, but never yet have seen
> Nature's face so grand and fair, as in this land, I ween.
> And from this cleft, how calmly grand, the varied beauties vie—
> The nestling hamlet, glassy lake, and mountain towering high.
> 'Tis true! 'tis worth a pilgrimage; but why not smooth the way?
> Help us, my friend; yon box, your mite, it shall be, as you may.

We gave a mark. The inscription is also written in Danish and German.

From this point we were now only twenty-one English miles from Christiania.

As we were copying the inscription, Noah and Zachariah, had proceeded onwards, along the road towards Christiania.

After following them about a mile, we returned back in a heavy shower of rain, to camp on the open space at the head of the Krogkleven gorge.

* King's View. † Queen's View.

CHAPTER XLI.

"I fear, Colonel," I replied, "that I must plead guilty to having been an associate of these gipsy vagabonds, and I may as well add that I have spent nearly all the summer with them, and found them pleasant, healthy, and instructive companions. I like the gipsies, and the wild life they live; and it is a pleasant occupation for me to study their manners, customs, traditions, and language."

GEORGE S. PHILLIPS (January Searle).

SUMMER WANING—NORWEGIAN SCENERY—SPLENDID VIEWS—THE CROSS FIRE—SORTE DÖD—ROMANTIC CAMP—MANDY'S A RYE—THE TOURIST'S DOG—THE HOBBENENGREE'S SURPRISE—THE BARON AT BŒRUMS VERK—SNAKE KILLED NEAR OUR TENT—OUR LAST NIGHT IN CAMP—ADIEU, CAMP LIFE.

ON the open space near the road, our donkeys were unloaded. The spot was surrounded by forest. It was convenient for an early visit to the King and Queen's views next morning. A can of milk was procured from the house near, for nine skillings, and with some barley-meal, we had our aftens-mad, which consisted of gröd. It was rather thin, but Noah pronounced it meget godt. Whilst the tents were being pitched, the pale young Norwegian from Sundvolden passed by our camp, and conversed for a short time, and then continued his route. We retired to rest at eight o'clock. The nights were now getting cold, and damp, with heavy dews, and the air had a wintry feeling. Night draws on quickly, and the ferns are already changing tint.

It is Saturday, the 20th of August. We rise at five o'clock. Noah obtained water; a fire was lighted, and we had tea, bread, butter and cheese for our breakfast. First we took Noah with us up a broken, rough track, through the forest to the Kongen's Udsigt. It was not far from our camp. A lady and gentleman had preceded us on horseback. The morning was dull, and cloudy. In twenty minutes we were at the top of the cliff, and standing on a kind of large balcony of rough boards.

An old man suddenly appeared from the rocks near, as a spider would pounce on two flies. He pointed out different fjelds, and told many of their names. What a magnificent extent of wild mountain, wood, and water lay before us! The Gousta we could distinctly see, although said to be distant seventy English miles. It recalled to mind a period of former travel, when we once ascended its wild, and narrow ridge, of loose rocks, to its highest point.

Far below us, we could see the smooth waters of the Tyri Fjord, the Steens Fjord and the Holz Fjord.

As to the wooden frame-work, it was covered with names—the pencilled autographs of numerous travellers; many now dead and gone. Yet, amongst the many, we saw the name of "B. Disraeli."

Half a mark as we left made it indispensably necessary that we should shake hands with the old man of the Krogkleven.

In a short time we reached the Dronning's Udsigt. The plateau is at a somewhat lower elevation, between two cliffs wooded with birch and fir; whilst we sat on the wooden seat, Noah quite agreed with ourself, that the

view, though very beautiful and extensive, did not equal the Kongen's Udsigt.

As we returned to our camp, we observed on a gate the name of Luk Grindon. At the house, the woman showed us a horn of birch wood, about a yard long, which she sounded for us, and ultimately Esmeralda succeeded in blowing it.

When we came to our camp, Zachariah had struck our tents, and packed the things up ready for loading. The pale young Norwegian again passed along the road; speaking in Norwegian, he said, "It must be very cold." Esmeralda got out our tin box, and we presented him with our gipsy song. Esmeralda was full of energy and fire. Our visitor seemed much astonished, as she flung the things about, and occasionally we had a cross-fire of English, and Romany, which he did not understand. Our visitor, apparently, did not know what to make of it as he left, but Esmeralda meant no harm. The superabundant energy must be exhausted, and, occasionally, like other people, she got up on the wrong side the turf.

Away we all go at ten o'clock, through the charming wild forest towards Christiania. The sky has cleared, and it is a sunny day.

During our route from Stee by Lomen, Slidre, and other places in the district of the Valders, until we reached Aurdal, we had looked in vain for anyone resembling a gipsy. The gipsies who visited the fairs at Veblungsnoes generally stated they came from the Valders, so that we had some hope, that in passing through the district, we might meet with some of this people.

As we now refer to the Valders, it was this district that suffered so severely in the 14th century from the *Sorte Död* (black death).

It is said that a foreign vessel stranded on the Norwegian coast with a dead crew. In a short time a kind of plague, called the "black death," depopulated many districts, so that not a single inhabitant remained.*

We soon came near a Bondegaard in the forest, and met a young Norwegian lady; she smiled as she passed us. "Ah, sir!" said Zachariah, "you diks as if you would like the cova juval for your Rawnee."

Again we came to open ground in the forest, and halted at twelve o'clock. Our middags-mad consisted of tea, sardines, bread and cheese. The oil from the sardines had a most soothing effect on Esmeralda's temper, she became the perfection of amiability, and politeness.

Again we were moving, at three o'clock in the afternoon; our wanderings seemed somehow coming to a close. "Upmyderydowno," said Noah, as he lifted the heavy pocket on our Puru Rawnee.

* In a work, entitled "The Black Death in the Fourteenth Century," translated by Dr. Babbington from the German of Dr. Hecker, published in 1833 by A. Schloss, 109, Strand, London, it is stated that the contagion was carried from England to Bergen, where the plague broke out in the most frightful form, and throughout the country, not more than a third of the inhabitants being spared. The sailors found no refuge in their ships, and vessels were often seen, driven about, on the ocean, and drifting on shore, whose crews had perished to the last man. This reminds us of the skeleton crew of the "Glenalvon," bound from Charleston to Sydney, met with by Captain Martin, of the "Lancaster," an account of which appeared in the newspapers of last October. Such tales of the sea, dreadful in their reality, are closely associated with the Phantom ship said to sail the stormy seas near the Cape of Good Hope, which has often furnished an interesting subject for the sailors' night-watch yarns of spectral fancy.

Mephistopheles soon after took his violin. The echoes of the forest were awakened with wild gipsy music, as we tramped along at a swinging pace. Sometimes Noah with the tambourine—sometimes Esmeralda, even the Rye, we believe, took it occasionally, to the astonishment of one or two stray peasants.

It was a sunny evening; except at one place, near a sheet of water, we scarcely saw a house. After crossing a picturesque river in a deep ravine, we reached the borders of the forest, at a less distance than a mile. An extensive view of cultivated country, and enclosures, towards Bœrum, decided us to return to the ravine.

We had noticed a steep, and lofty wooded knoll on our left, above the broken river of the ravine. On our return to it, we found an open space on its summit to pitch our tents. It was a beautiful camp-ground; a thicket of firs secluded us; we had bilberry bushes and juniper, heath and moss in luxuriance. A steep and lofty bank of loose stones, covered with moss, sloped steeply to the river. From our camp we could command a view of the road crossing the river. At the side of the stream, on the opposite side the forest road, some green turf gave excellent pasture for our donkeys. The river wound its broken course round our camp, and was lost in the deep and tangled thickets. Esmeralda at once went down to the river, near where the road crossed, to wash. Noah had only one shirt, and he did not like to take it off to be washed, and be without one. At last we gave him one of our old white shirts.

Noah was delighted—"Dawdy!" said Noah, skipping

about, when he had put it on, and had given his own for his sister to wash. "Dawdy! mandy's a Rye."*

Presently two tourists crossed the river below, with their knapsacks and dogs; one traveller was tall, the other short, with sandy hair. The dogs commenced barking at the donkeys. They seemed surprised to see Esmeralda, apparently alone. Whilst calling their dogs away from our donkeys, they spoke to Esmeralda; as they looked up, they saw us looking down, from our camp.

Immediately after they came up, and we found them very agreeable; one spoke French. They had come from Christiania, and were going to the Krogkleven. They told us some news of the war. The tall tourist's English dog sat up with a pipe in his mouth, and his master's hat on. This formed an exception to our rule—no smoking in camp.

Before they left, Noah pitched our tents. Then Esmeralda came from her washing. They were much pleased with two copies of our songs, and, as they left, they said they should call on their return, but we never saw them again.

The aftens-mad consisted of soup, made of our last ham bones, Liebig's essence, pea-flour, rice, and bread.

There is something delightful in the closing evening of the wild forest; the murmuring waters are below us; Esmeralda has gone into our tent; our visitors are gone. As we linger near, we can perceive that our Hobbenengree is surprised at the confusion in which we have left our things; she has turned aside our blue curtain, with its zig-zag braid, as she enters. Soon we hear an

* Mandy—me, myself.

exclamation,—"Well, now, I'll be blessed! Dableau! If the Rye hasn't pulled out everything, and put nothing in! My word, I will warm somebody's listner just now!"

Reader, we must plead to being rather absent. Our campaign is nearly ended; we are going to rest. Mephistopheles comes in. "Sir, I have just seen an adder in the stones below the tent."

"Let the sapeau alone, Zachariah," said we, not wishing to hear more about adders.

Our camp was soon buried in sleep.

On Sunday, 21st August, it was a beautiful morning, when we rose at four o'clock. Our breakfast consisted of cold ham bones, biscuits, and English cheese. About half-past ten o'clock we took Noah with us to Sandviken. Our route lay through Bœrums Verk. It is an interesting spot as belonging to one of the last Barons of Norway. A fine chateau stands upon the crest of a hill above the village, something in the style of Oscars-hall.

The Baron is a courteous and polite man. We at once noticed the influence and effect of such a mind upon the manners of his dependants. The Baron possesses large iron works at Bœrums Verk. The church near is built of bricks, and, for the first time in Norway, we heard bells. There is something about bells which reminds us of prayer, of peace, and contentment. At the inn at Sandviken we found every attention we could wish. They must have been somewhat astonished at tall Noah, my Sancho Panza, his trowsers being patched to the utmost extent human ingenuity could devise; they included the best part of a coat, amongst other additions.

At the inn at Sandviken there is a sort of travellers' room. Our middags-mad consisted of a beefsteak each, at one mark six skillings the steak, and one bottle of Baiersk öl at twelve skillings; we gave the pige four skillings. Sandviken is a pleasant village, about nine miles from Christiania. We arranged for a carriole, from Sandviken to Christiania the next day, and, leaving, we reached our camp, at seven o'clock.

Esmeralda and Zachariah had not taken any dinner, but had waited our return. Mephistopheles had actually killed a snake in the stones near our tent. It measured one foot eight inches long, having a brown back, and black belly. It was the only one we saw in Norway; it was no myth; Mephistopheles said there were more.

Two tourists, when we returned, were looking at our tents, and talking to Esmeralda; they were going to take the steamer, at nine o'clock that night, from Sandviken, and were obliged to leave at once. They were very nice young fellows. As we sat in our tents, taking our tea, biscuits, and cheese, another party of tourists came, and bowed to us. When we had finished, a number of peasants congregated round our camp fire. They did not seem disposed to leave, although we were anxious to retire for the night. Mephistopheles at length approached the fire in a mysterious manner, and throwing into it some crumpled paper, walked away. They thought it explosive, for they quickly left.

Now the closing scenes of summer had come, we were told that the nights in Norway were cold, and frosty, from the 20th to the 23rd of August. No one will ever know our feelings as we paced, up and down,

on this last evening of our camp wanderings. It was the last night of our tent life in Norway. Somehow even our donkeys seemed to take an enlarged sphere, in the region of our affections, as we viewed them, quietly grazing, in the picturesque ravine. A clinging affection seemed to return, now that we were about to bid adieu to our tents, equipage, to our gipsies, even to our donkeys; we were now to end our camp life, with our English gipsies, in this wild Norwegian forest.

We had for a time escaped from our books, which are as whetstones to the human understanding; yet, occasionally, they wear away the intellect, until it has nothing left to sharpen. Is it necessary to bestow so much time in classical study? There was a time when it entered largely into our necessities. Now there is a great change. Our intercourse with all parts of the world requires a knowledge of many modern languages. Life is short. One often doubts if competitive examinations are useful. Some individuals, all mind, and no energy, occasionally attain to positions, requiring more physical energy than mind, to the country's disadvantage, and their own misery. Camp life is the obverse of book study; whilst it fosters the physical energy, it develops, and strengthens, the nervous system, and gives a self-reliance, which cannot be comprehended by the Kairengro, of what is called civilized life.

It is our last morning; we are up at four o'clock. Our breakfast consisted of bread and cheese, and tea. Noah was presented with another pair of trowsers, to appear at Christiania. Taking our courier bag, and a few books, and clothes, we left; reluctantly, we must say. More than once, we turned, as we saw our tents

above the ravine. More than once, as we turned, we saw our beautiful Puru Rawnee on the greensward near the river; we had reached the top of the ascent. As we left the ravine, once more, we saw the form of some one coming after us—it was Esmeralda. Our camp life in Norway has ended.

ESMERALDA.

CHAPTER XLII.

"The King of the Gipsies, or El Capitan as he is called, is a fine musician, and we invited him to come up to the hotel one evening to play to us. Captain Antonio's company is not to be had for the asking. . . . . It was a wretchedly poor instrument, and we began to wonder what sort of torments were about to be inflicted upon us, when on a sudden the tuning ceased, and the music seized hold of us like galvanism; for it was such music as one had never dreamed of before."

MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS' *Through Spain.**

CHRISTIANIA—GENEROUS OFFER—ADVICE WE DO NOT TAKE—THE PAPER-VIKEN FISHERMEN — CHRISTOPHERSON'S — NORWAY FAREWELL — DONKEYS' ACCOMMODATION—WANT OF FEELING—OUR STEWARD—THE GIPSIES' FRIENDS—THE SPANISH COURIER—THE LITERARY AMERICAN —THE GIPSIES' MAL DE MER—THE DONKEYS IN A SMOKE ROOM—THE LOST NECKLACE—ENGLAND'S SHORE—TO OUR READERS.

VERY lightly shall we touch upon the remaining portion of our journey. A carriole from the Skyds Station at Sandviken conveyed us to the *Victoria Hotel* at Christiania. We had dined there on our first landing; we went there on our return. Every attention, and comfort, is to be found at the Victoria.

Our friend the Chevalier gave our gipsies a beautiful camp ground for the tents, on a wooded knoll, near the Christiania Fjord.

They were to follow us to Christiania the next morning after we left them.

* "Through Spain to the Sahara," by Matilda Betham Edwards (the authoress of "A Winter with the Swallows"), published 1868.

About noon on the following day after our arrival, we strolled out of the city to meet them. Our gipsies had halted in the shade of some trees. A young officer had stepped down from his carriage, and was speaking to Esmeralda. The lady in the carriage had kindly offered them camping-ground on her property. It was kindly meant, but we had already arranged. The same evening, our gipsies were encamped near Christiania Fjord—the last camp of the English gipsies in Norway.

It seemed as if we had left the Bendigo, or the Goulborn gold-diggings, or some scenes of the boundless Bush forest of Australia, and had just come down to Melbourne. Australian readers will understand the feeling.

Our steamer would leave on Friday afternoon. It is the "Hero," under command of Captain Nicholson.

We call at H. Heitman's office, and showed our return ticket, and informed him that two of our donkeys would return with our party. H. Heitman made some objection about finding accommodation for the donkeys, and suggested leaving them behind. Either, said he, they must be on *full* deck, or go below. The full amount for their return passage had been paid as for horses, and they were entitled to proper accommodation. We said we had quite determined to take them with us.

The time passed quickly from Monday until Friday the 26th August. It is not our intention to give any description of Christiania. Excellent descriptions of all worth seeing in this beautifully situated capital, have been given by many English writers, and in Murray's Guide Book. We like Christiania, for the home-like feeling we experienced, as we wandered through its streets, and conversed with its people. The city has nearly, if not quite,

doubled, its population, within the last twenty years, Norway must advance.* It is a country where one breathes a true spirit of freedom. Norway exhibits an instance of the greatest amount of liberty being quite compatible with a monarchical form of government.

Sometimes we lounged at Paperviken, watching the anglers, as we waited for the steamer, when we were going to visit our friend the Chevalier.

The hospitality of the Chevalier and his agreeable wife was boundless.

We believe we only slept once in our room, at the Victoria. Then our host had friends, and very pleasant hours we spent with them.

One clergyman knew something of the *Romany* language, and was much interested in our gipsies. Then we had Norwegian souvenirs to purchase for our friends in England.

A camp kettle was purchased for tall Noah, exactly of similar pattern to that used by Ole Halvorsen. It was the one great wish of Noah's existence. Esmeralda was not forgotten.

Then there was the usual lounge at that quaint old place 17 Store Strandgade, where you are sure to find Mr. Bennett, and some English tourists whose heads are full of carrioles, forbuds, fast and slow stations, routes, provisions for their Tine,† and a bewildering amount of small money of all sorts and sizes.

* Lieutenant Breton, R.N., in his "Scandinavian Sketches; or, A Tour in Norway," published, 1835, by J. Bohn, King William Street, Strand, says, at page 50, with reference to Christiania, "Fifty-six English visited the city last year." The annual number of tourists since that period have wonderfully increased.

† Pronounced "Teena," a small wooden box, often used in Norway to carry provisions.

Then we met with our friend from the Poet's House at Eisbod, who had quite recovered. He dined with us, and whiffed his cigar in the charming smoking, and lounging-room of the Victoria.

Nor did we forget to look into Christopherson's dining-room, or take our cup of coffee under the verandah there, with its trees before it, and the small tables and chairs under it, reminding us of the Paris boulevards.

The weather was so sunny, the atmosphere so pure and clear, and our visit rendered so pleasant by kind friends, that with much reluctance we ordered our things to be taken from the Victoria to the steamer.

Christiania, with its palace, Storthing House, Library, Museum of Northern Antiquities and zoological collection; its Oscarshall with Tiedman's paintings, the old castle of the Agershuus, must now be left.

Our gipsies left their last camp on the Christiania Fjord that morning. The wooded knoll above the Fjord to the left of our engraving was the last camp of the English gipsies in Norway.

Parting souvenirs had been given them by our friends which showed the interest they had taken in them. All our baggage was safe on board the steamer, and our Puru Rawnee and Puro Rye were on deck.

The steam is up. We say farewell to our valued friend the Chevalier. The view of Scandinavian scenery he left in our hands, as a parting gift from his lovely young wife and himself, will always be prized. Adieu, also, to our friend from the "Poet's House" at Eisbod. Adieu, Norway, adieu !!!

Esmeralda's and Noah's tambourines may never again be heard in the Norwegian valleys. Zachariah's violin is

silent. Our guitar is put up. Once more we say farewell !!!

We had our usual complement of passengers, officers, tourists, and fishermen, including our former fellow passengers, the officer and his handsome wife, with the Tyrolese hat and feather, and the portly gentleman, whom we had also met at Christiania. The Birmingham bag-

THE LAST CAMP OF THE ENGLISH GIPSIES IN NORWAY.

man had, somehow, not found his way out of the Horungerne mountains, or wherever he might be.

The vessel was well ventilated, but we preferred the "Albion;" the "Hero" being full-decked from stem to stern, there was very little shelter, except in the smoke-room.

We had a number of Norwegian emigrants, going to America, in the second-class cabins.

No accommodation had been provided for our donkeys. They were left to take their chance on deck, in a cold, damp night, at sea. When we went to see them, our Puru Rawnee looked as if she could have kicked H. Heitman overboard. Captain Nicholson did what he could for us, when we spoke to him about them. No agent of common feeling would have left them thus to take their chance. As God is to man, so man is to animals. Kindness is required from man to those living creatures created for his use.

We could not help liking Captain Nicholson. There was a manly spirit about him, and at the same time we saw he possessed a kindly heart. The sailors put up by his directions afterwards, a sort of rude tent of sails, under which our donkeys had to balance themselves, on the wet deck, looking exceedingly uncomfortable, and out of place. They had been exposed all the Friday night near the fore-hatchway, without the slightest shelter.

It so happened that by good fortune John Smith was our steward, his wife the stewardess. They are wonderful people. John Smith is slightly past the meridian of age; a little bald, but active and stirring, and of such energy! Always on his legs. He could far surpass the most distinguished, and eminent acrobat, in the way he balanced plates, dishes of fowl, bottles of champagne, anchovy sauce, wine glasses, and dozens of other things besides.

"Coming, sir. Iced champagne, if you please; who said seltzer water and brandy? Mange tak. Eating sir! nothing but eating!"

Impatient tourist.—"John Smith, you have not given me any sauce with my fish."

"Caper, sir, or Worstershire? Coming, captain. Oh,

dear! what are they about up there? Oh, here it is, all hot. That's right," says John Smith, balancing hot plates, on the tips of his fingers, as if he expected a round of applause from the passengers. "Here you are—hot plates, sir. Perry for you. Did you say tea? ver so artig. Sugar and cream—Tak skal de have. The year's over—bang, bang. Thank goodness, here are some empty bottles broken—I did not know what to do with them. How could I find a father for so many dead men? Ah, pease pudding for you, sir—half a pound? No, not for you, sir. You, sir? Here it is on a smaller plate, so that you should not think it was the same. I wish I could change my name; I'm tired of hearing it. Have you everything you want, sir?" as he looked across the table at us. "More bread? here it is, sir," and the identical John Smith still pushed about without assistance, but every finger, was worth its weight in gold.

On Saturday morning we came to Christiansand, and on going ashore received two letters from the post-office, paying eighteen skillings. They were both from some English gipsies, who expected we should be all killed in the war. Their ideas of geography were very loose.

Our gipsies are quite *hors de combat*, and wretchedly seasick and helpless. On Sunday, our last day at sea, the weather was rough, wet, and excessively disagreeable. We were up at five o'clock. Only four passengers, and Captain Nicholson, appeared at breakfast when we sat down.

A Mr. McG——, an old veteran fishing-tackle maker, was never sea-sick, and particularly hardy. The Honourable Mr. V——, who had camped out in America, with his tent, and the tall owner of the Rus Vand, were

amongst the passengers, who seem quite at home during the voyage.

The Honourable Mr. V—— was a fine-looking, handsome fellow, who had been fishing between Christiansand and Throndjem.

Amongst other passengers we had an American gentleman, and his wife, and courier. His courier was apparently Spanish, and was much interested in our gipsies. He expatiated on the El Capitano of the gipsies at Granada. The tall, intelligent American gentleman, and his wife, we had observed at the table-d'hôte at the Victoria Hotel.

Before landing, he told several of us he was going to Ireland to examine for himself, and ascertain how it was possible so many uneducated, bigoted, quarrelsome, discontented, drunken people could be annually sent to the American shores, from any country supposed to be civilized, and under a good government.

Some passenger suggested, he would see the bright side of society when he reached Ireland, the Irish being extremely kind and hospitable.

The American passenger, said he would see the dark side also. He was a tall, intelligent-looking man, and evidently a man of observation.

Few of the passengers escaped sea-sickness. The captain told our gipsies that we stood the sea exceedingly well; our appetite was very good, and we were never unwell all the voyage.

Land was announced about eight o'clock. John Smith began lighting the saloon lamps; when they did not light readily, he said, "God bless the Queen and all the Royal Family!" which fervent, and loyal ejacula-

tion seemed to facilitate amazingly the undertaking on hand.

When the saloon was lighted up, we could enjoy the views on the saloon panels, of Windsor Castle, and the King of Sweden's palace at Stockholm, until John Smith suddenly said we had twenty-five miles of river before landing, which apparently dulled most of the passengers' appreciation of the beautiful.

Several passengers were determined to go on shore when they had the opportunity, at any early hour in the night. Our donkeys were put near the engine boiler for warmth. The gipsies were dreadfully sea-sick, as we went to bed.

We were told that some time afterwards *John Smith*, who was at any hour, night and day, here, there, and everywhere, had been suddenly called to the smoke-room on deck. Some of the passengers, possibly belonging to the Humane Society, had placed our donkeys in the smoke-room. The biscuits on the table had rapidly disappeared.

Fancy John Smith in the dim light of the deserted smoke-room, with his head whirling round from his attendance on passengers, politely inquiring at the door what the gentlemen pleased to want.

Getting no answer, it seems he went in to see if the gentlemen were hopelessly sea-sick, and some jovial passenger, we were told, locked him in with his strange companions.*

By some means our steward was released, for he sup-

* We have since been informed that, with the joint assistance of some of the passengers, he was actually lifted upon one of the donkeys, and left to enjoy a solitary steeplechase in the darkness of the smoking saloon. It is also told that on this occasion John Smith, for once in his life, lost his

plied us with tea in the early morning, when we also settled our expenses, for the gipsies, and ourselves, at £3 9*s*. Nor did we forget John Smith's and the second steward's fee.

We had another item for corn, for our donkeys from Christiania—3 marks 16 skillings. We are afraid our faithful animals had a miserable voyage.

Our gipsies would require the donkeys before they reached their friends, and they ultimately found them somewhere in Gloucestershire. The Tarno Rye was left as a souvenir with the Chevalier, the only donkey we believe in Norway.*

Before we left the vessel, Esmeralda discovered that her necklace of blue and white beads, and Norwegian coins, had been stolen. Captain Nicholson, and the stewards, did all they could to recover it. Although not of much intrinsic value, it was a gipsy relic, which Esmeralda prized. We offered a reward, which was afterwards increased to £10, but without result.

Fortunately, another similar necklace was in the possession of the family. This was given to her, and we supplied other Norwegian coins in the place of those stolen.

As we left the Hero, and landed on England's shore, John Smith was still on the wing, for a thousand different requirements. "Coming, sir! there is no peace for the

temper; but this seems so impossible, the statement must be received with considerable doubt.

* Some interest may be felt in the fate of our gallant and beautiful Puru Rawnee. She has since died in one of the green lanes of England. She was in foal. Our gipsies did all they could to save her. A neighbouring farmer permitted the gipsies to bury her in a quiet corner of a field on hi farm. She is now no more.

wicked; I must be very wicked, I know I must." Would that all discharged their duty as faithfully as John Smith!

Reader, I gently take you by the hand. We have met, but in the pages of this book. Yet, if you have followed us in our wanderings, we have made some sort of acquaintance. Perhaps we may meet again—perhaps not;—farewell.

CHAPTER XLIII.

So farewell,
The students' wandering life! Sweet serenades
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
And all that makes vacation beautiful!—
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,
To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
Written in books, but here surpassed by truth.

LONGFELLOW'S *Spanish Student.*

ALLURING PROMISES—COMPLIMENT TO ENGLISHMEN—TRUE SKETCHES OF GIPSY LIFE—THE GIPSIES' ORIGIN—YET A MYSTERY—ESMERALDA—NOAH AND ZACHARIA—BEFORE THE CURTAIN—THE END.

WE have felt that the alluring promises of our fellow voyageurs must not be neglected. So many copies of this record of our wanderings already ordered. Even the Birmingham Bagman, of far-seeing speculative mind, had ordered two copies; this in itself would give confidence. What became of him we do not know. We trust he did not see fit to follow us, and so get lost in the wild recesses of the Horungerne. Again, much curiosity has been evinced by friends, to know the incidents of our expedition. Only a short time since, we received the following letter, from a French gentleman, who, although he has never been in England, is a devoted student of

* Horungerne.—In the Norwegian language "er," placed at the end of of a word, makes the plural, and the further addition of "ne" gives the article "the." We have used the article "the" before Horungerne, though not necessary, because, to English readers, the sound is better.

the English language. We know our friend will not be offended if we give the letter. There is so much genuineness of feeling about it, that the reader will not be surprised, if it added another reason to those mentioned:—

"I learn always English, but I am a dull learner. I not plod on, but I work on—gift comes by nature. I am steady, and I am not cast down by unsuccessfulness.

"You are upon a journey; doubtless you shall climb up some hill covered with snow, or you shall go into some country which the sun dry or dries up; or you will go into some old castle haunted by the ghosts, but you cannot light upon such buildings, amongst the Norwegians or in Australia.

"If you relate, or you give forth, which you saw, send me that writing. Write a letter, is a hard work to me, but translate, or read, is more facil.

"I am much pleased by reading the book you have presented me, I read it over. It affords illustrations of English character — daring, patience, energy, are the qualities of the Englishmen.

"I remain, &c."

Again, our intention has been to give some truthful sketches of gipsy character, divested of any imaginary fiction.

Esmeralda, Noah, and Zachariah are, we believe, a fair average type of the true tenting gipsy. There has been a scrupulous avoidance of anything tending to gloss their faults. They are presented to the reader, rough as they are, surrounded with only such romantic interest as they

derive from the real occurrences, incidents, and adventures, which occurred in every-day life. We did not leave them any the worse than we found them; indeed, we trust that some influences may not be lost on their future. In utilising their rough gipsy energy, no attempt was made to struggle against the established instincts and traditions of their race. Past experience shows the inutility of all hope of much practical result in trying to do so. For some purpose we know not of, they have fulfilled, and now fulfil, a singular destiny. The facts before us, as given by the research of many authors, in various parts of Europe, leave no doubt as to the inscrutable hand of Providence, in their mission upon earth. Not before that is accomplished, will they, like other races, be blotted out.

Even to the present time, their origin is a mystery, not yet solved.* Their language, to which they have clung, as the drowning man clutches the straw, links them undoubtedly to a very early date, a bygone past, far remote in the history of men and nations.

Esmeralda! Oh, yes, my readers; the Rye has had painful experience of the Rawnee's temper. She is now seventeen years of age, five feet eight inches high, and dark to the extreme gipsy eyes and hair. Yet she is honest, energetic, and kindly in disposition; which covers a multitude of faults, in these nomads of the world. She can sing, and she likes to dance. Yet she has much tact, control, and common sense. Few girls at Esmeralda's

* Monsieur Bataillard, at the conclusion of his clever work, "Nouvelles Recherches sur l'Apparition et la Dispersion des Bohémiens en Europe," inclines to the belief, that, for the complete solution of the question of the origin of the gipsies, it is necessary to extend investigations to Africa.

age would have ventured with the Rye, and her brothers, over the sea to a distant land. She followed them through all their wild wanderings.* No! Esmeralda has something of the Cleopatra blood, which is not quite used up.

Well, readers, after all, Noah is not a bad young fellow, six feet high, without his boots, about which so

OLE HALVORSEN, OUR GUIDE.

much trouble had been taken, and which cost so much. He is in want of a wife. In camp, and out of camp, his temper is excellent. Noah at times is chaffy—Noah likes dancing. Noah is honest, and Noah likes his beer, when camp rules, which are very stringent, permit it. Noah can pack and pitch tents—can you doubt it? He packed our donkeys through Norway, and unceasingly

* Nearly 2,000 miles.

rockered his brother and sister, to use a mild term, whilst they did their share in that interesting department, and failed to hit his rigid regulations to a shade.

Well, readers, Zachariah, Mephistopheles, after all is a nice dark young fellow when you don't put him out of temper, and then—we won't say what. He can fish, go for vand, and light the yog.* He is honest—we hope he won't be hung; at the same time our experience

LAST GROUP. FAREWELL!

shows he cannot be drowned. If you attend our camp, he can play the violin.

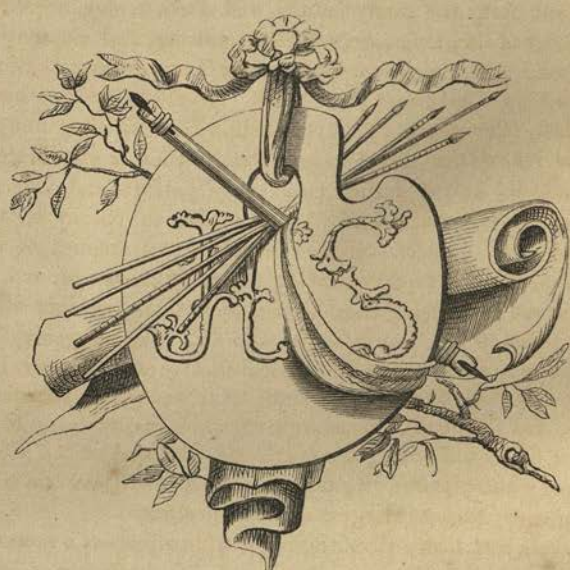
As we are about to make our parting adieux, do we not hear some call for Uncle Elijah—Ezekiel—Uncle Sam of Bosbury—the beaux of the village, the Reindeer hunters, more than all, the pretty girl of Skeaker, and our many peasant friends. No one answers; where is our guide to

* "Yog," the English gipsy word for fire; the Norwegian gipsy being "jag."

lead the way? Ever ready, our gallant Ole Halvorsen, steps to the front, and for himself and them bids you all good-by.

Nor shall our gipsy band be wanting at the last. Come, Esmeralda, Noah and Zachariah—quick! Mephistopheles, to the front. Kind readers, we bid you all farewell.

And now, adieu! we must leave you,
To wander o'er forest and fell,
Our blessing for ever attend you,
And echo our parting farewell!



APPENDIX.

SUNDT'S WORKS ON THE NORWEGIAN GIPSIES.

THE very important works relating to the Norwegian gipsies which have been compiled and published for the Norwegian Government, by Prœsten Eilert Sundt, are peculiarly interesting, not only as affording the most recent and reliable information regarding this singular people, but from the many details and facts which are noted, as to their modes of life, language, religion, customs, and occupations. The first work, "Beretning om Fante-eller Landstrygerfolket i Norge,' published in Christiania in 1850, followed by another edition, published, Christiania, 1852,* contain the results, and the most reliable information that Prœsten Sundt, then a candidate for holy orders, could collect during two years' patient and persevering research. During this period, he was able to obtain with tolerable accuracy, their probable number, and a great amount of reliable information, relating to their habits, means of existence, and, above all, the prospect of inducing them to abandon their ordinary mode of life. Prœsten Sundt had many facilities to aid him in accomplishing this undertaking, with the sanction and authority of the Norwegian Government. He had free access to all local and public records and documents, and thus had unusual opportunities of satisfying himself, from time to time, and testing the truth and falsehood of the accounts given to him by the gipsies. Again, his clerical character was a ready passport to every village clergyman and Prœstgaard.

Prœsten Sundt describes the Norwegian gipsies as a race of yellowish-brown, black-haired people, having dark, piercing eyes, and who are of foreign and suspicious aspect. Wandering incessantly, up and down the country, they frequent the most devious and solitary roads and ways between Stavanger and Agershuus, and, northwards, away to Throndjhem and Finmark.

* "An account of the Gipsies of Norway," both editions, of 1850 and 1852, are exactly the same in title, number of pages, and contents. We had not seen the first edition of 1850 until after page 13 of this work was printed.

Their bands vary in number, and consist of men, women, and children, provided, sometimes, with horses, carts, and some few domestic animals, particularly pigs. They assume the most varied characters, and some of them are tinkers, sievemakers, horsedealers, and horse-doctors, and, in fact, follow many of those occupations generally adopted by the gipsies of every country, as most compatible with a roving life. Prœsten Sundt also states that many are plunderers and robbers, and our own experience has clearly shown, that the gipsies, deservedly or otherwise, have acquired a very indifferent reputation in Norway.* They are clearly regarded with far less favour than in England, where the romantic life they lead has furnished endless incidents for the novel, the drama, and the feuilleton of the press. This, and their strange, wandering life, and mysterious origin, may account in some degree for the passing interest they at times create and obtains for them, here and there, *par souffrance* though it be, occasional shelter and protection. The earliest mention, according to Prœsten Sundt, of the gipsies in Norway, is to be found in an Ordinance of 1589, and he is of opinion that they did not enter by way of Denmark and South Sweden, but through the north of Sweden, and Duchy of Finland; in fact, through North Russia.

Another reason stated by Prœsten Sundt, why the gipsies are re-

* We have been told that the Norwegian gipsy is sometimes called an "earth-digger." Possibly at times, in winter, they may shelter themselves in holes as some of the gipsies do in Transylvania. We have only been able to ascertain one instance of "gipsy earth dwellings" in England. Our informant, now advanced in life, remembers, when shooting in the winter, about the year 1818, on Finchley common, near London, to have seen excavations in the common used as dwellings by gipsies. One kind of earth-dwelling, he remembers, was formed by sinking a deep hole, from the bottom of which an excavation made at right angles served the gipsies for sleeping purposes. Another kind of earth-dwelling he then remembers was an oblong excavation, at no very great depth, below the surface of the soil, having an arched covering above ground formed with branches cut from the pollard oaks near, and covered with turf. In a paper read before the Anthropological Society of London, by Dr. R. S. Charnock, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., on the 4th May, 1866, entitled "The peoples of Transylvania," an interesting account is given of the gipsies inhabiting that country. Dr. Charnock says that the gipsies of Transylvania ordinarily dwell in tents in the summer, and their winter habitation are holes in the earth which they excavate for the purpose. The holes are usually from eight to twelve feet deep. Dr. Charnock also says that many of the gipsies have fixed habitations in Transylvania, and keep wine shops and public-houses. The dwellings are usually situate on the outskirts of a town or village. Some dwell in the suburb of the capital of Vásárhely. A little hill outside the town of Klausenberg is covered with gipsy dwellings. The located gipsies are generally honest, and their females virtuous. Many of the located gipsies are skilled in music. Dr. Charnock states that the number of gipsies in Transylvania is variously estimated at 78,923 and 60,000.

garded with a mixed feeling of fear and aversion, is on account of a belief, of which the Norwegian peasant cannot altogether divest himself, that the foreign-looking "Fanter" has power to bewitch both man and beast.

They invest these wanderers with supernatural powers, a power which has occasionally been attributed to some of the peaceful Laplanders, who dwell in Norwegian Finmark; for Laing says, in his work on Norway, page 411, when referring to the Laplanders, "The idea of witchcraft is not entirely worn out; and the bonder have many tales of the supernatural powers of the old fjelde women."

Originally, these wanderers were all of pure gipsy blood; but in recent times they have gradually become, in many instances, mixed with a section of the Norwegian population, vagrant outcasts or "Skoiern," a class which they would at one time have refused all intercourse with; and the result is, the occasional mixture of fair-haired children.

The blending of such a strain of Norwegian blood would not improve, but rather have a deteriorating effect. This has not happened to the same extent in England, where the admixture has often been from those of the better class of the English population, to the proportionate advantage of the gipsy tribe.

Yet, even in England, there is a feeling among gipsies, once still stronger than it is, against mixed marriages, and one of their own people is generally preferred to the gorgios.

Since the beginning of the present century, Norwegian laws relating to gipsies have been made much less stringent, and therefore more easily enforced. The regulations, also, with regard to all persons being required, at a certain age, to know how to read and write, and to be confirmed, has consigned many gipsies to prison, until they were sufficiently instructed, as mentioned at page 301 of this work.

From inquiries made by Prœsten Sundt, it appears that gipsies who remember "the good old times," deeply lament their admixture with other blood, and formerly, according to their accounts, a gipsy woman who had consorted with a fair-skinned man, became "food for fire;" that is, she was tied to a stake, and burnt. In the case of male offenders, the old gipsy law was less severe; for they were expelled the tribe. His doom—"fallen i brodt"—was pronounced, and he became an outcast for ever.

It would appear that Prœsten Sundt's efforts to reclaim the Norwegian gipsies met with little success, and he found much which led him to fear, that it is very improbable they will ever adopt the habits of civilised life. An irrepressible desire to wander seems natural to

the race; and even their children, adopted and well-treated by farmers and clergymen of the country, generally run away to the woods, in search of their relatives, as soon as they are able. From the accounts given by Prœsten Sundt, it would seem that the Norwegian gipsies are much lower in morality than the gipsies of some other countries. It is a mere chance if they are baptized; they seldom, if ever, frequent church; an impenetrable mystery surrounds the death of their aged people. No Norwegian pastor has ever been present at the burial of a gipsy, unless, indeed, we except such as may have died in prison. Though Prœsten Sundt carefully questioned the gravediggers of the parishes wherever he went, one alone was able to remember that he had once dug a grave for a gipsy.*

Nothing being known as to what becomes of their dead, it is not singular that the Norwegian people believe that the gipsies kill their aged parents and relatives, to save themselves the trouble of taking care of them. This conclusion is quite contrary to our own experience of the English gipsies, who exhibit great affection towards their aged

* Our enquiries incline us to believe that in England gipsies usually seek the baptismal rite for their children, and that their dead are generally buried in consecrated ground. On some occasions the attendance at a funeral has been large, and a tomb or grave-stone erected to the memory of the gipsy who sometimes was said to be a gipsy king, as, for instance, James Boswell, buried at Rossington, near Doncaster, 1708-9; also the instance of a gipsy said to be a gipsy king mentioned in "Notes and Queries" as having been buried at West Winch, Norfolk. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" mention is made of Henry Boswell, said to be a gipsy king, who died in affluent circumstances, and was buried in 1687, at the parish of Wittering. We are also informed that a grave-stone marks the grave of a gipsy in the churchyard of Winchcombe, Gloucestershire. In the churchyard of Calne, Wiltshire, a handsome tomb was erected to the memory of Inverto Boswell, said to have been the son of a gipsy king, who was buried there, 1774. In "Notes and Queries," series 4, vol. 4, page 206, it is stated that a grave-stone erected on the grave of a gipsy buried in the churchyard of Coggeshall, Essex, has the following inscription:—

"In
Memory of
Cassello Chilcott,
Who died in this Parish,
Sept. 29, 1842,
Aged 28 Years.
Cassello Chilcott truly was my name,
I never brought my friends to grief or shame;
Yet I have left them to lament. But why
Lament for death? 'Tis gain in Christ to die!"

We could cite many other instances, if space permitted; and we believe that the non-burial of their dead in consecrated ground in England has occurred only under very exceptional circumstances.

people, many of whom have survived to great ages, receiving to the last constant care and attention.*

Prœsten Sundt says the gipsies vehemently deny that they kill their old people, but state that, in former days, the aged people killed themselves, and that even yet, weak folk end their days as their fathers did.

It may be imagined by some, that the gipsies may have been of the same race as the nomadic Laplanders, but it is conclusively shown that the Norwegian "Tatare" or "Fantefolket" are not in any way belonging, either in blood, or in language, to the Laplander of Finmark. With regard to language, it is entirely different, and we have extracted from Prœsten Sundt's work, published in 1852, some words of comparison between the Norwegian gipsy and the Norwegian Lap, having added the synonymous English, English gipsy, Hindee, and Sanscrit words.

* Gipsies have occasionally attained to a very advanced period of life. Margaret Finch, who, during the greater part of her life, wandered over England, at length settled at Norwood, and died at the age of 109. Her fame as a fortune-teller brought many visitors to her camp to consult her, and she had the title of queen of the gipsies. She was buried at the parish of Beckenham, in Kent, on the 24 Oct., 1740. Her funeral was said to be attended by two mourning coaches, a funeral sermon was preached on the occasion, and a great concourse of people attended her funeral. It is stated in "Dugdale's England and Wales," that, from the habit of sitting on the ground with her chin resting on her knees, her sinews at length became so contracted, she could not rise from that posture, and after her death they were obliged to enclose her body in a deep square box. At an inn called the "Gipsy House," at Norwood, her picture adorned the sign-post. Another instance is that of "Liddy the Gipsy," who not many years since wandered through Radnorshire and the adjoining counties. She is said to have danced at a wedding at the age of 100. Towards the close of her life, she travelled with a knife-grinder, sleeping at the towns on her route. She was of active, restless, blithesome temperament, and was lost in a snow drift whilst crossing through Radnor Forest, at the age, it was said, of 104. We afterwards questioned one of her people, and he said she was only 102.

Norwegian	Norwegian Gipsy.	Lithuanian Zigeuner.	Spanish Gitano.	Persian Luri.	Norwegian Lap.	English Gipsy.	Hindee.	Sanscrit.	English.
Vand	Pani	Pani	Pani	Pani	C̃acce	Panee	Pānee	Pāneeyŭn̆*	Water.
Ild	Jag	Jaag	Yaque	Aik	Dolla	Yog	Āg	Ăgnĭ	Fire.
Nœse	Nak	Nak	Naqui	Nack	Njudne	Nok	Nāk	Nāsā Nāsĭkā Nŭsā Nŭsĭyā Nāŭ (*fem.*) Nās (*crude*)	Nose.
Haand	Vascht	Wast	Bas	Khast	Gietta	Vast	Hŭth Hŭst Hāth	Hŭstŭ	Hand.
Kniv	Tjuri	Tschuri	Chori	Cheri	Nibbe	Churee	Chooree	Choorĭkā Chooree	Knife.
Sort	Kalo	Kalo	Calo	Kala	C̃appes	Kalo	Kālā (*masculine*) Kālee (*feminine*)	Krŭshnŭ Kālŭ (*masculine*) Kālā (*feminine* Kalŭn̆ (*neuter*)	Black.
Tre	Trin	Trin	Trin	Teran	Golm	Trin	Teen (In composition, Tir, or Tri.)	Trĭyŭ (*masculine*) Tĭsrŭ (*feminine*) Treenĭ (*neuter*)	Three.
Varm	Tato	Tato	Tati	Tata	Bakas	Tatto	Gŭrm (Tāp fever.)	Ooshnŭ Tŭptŭ (*masculine*) Tŭptā (*feminine*) Tŭptŭrŭn̆ (*neuter*)	Warm.
Fire	Schtar	Schtaar	Star	Ischtar	Njællja	Star, Stor	Chŭtoor (in composition, Chou)	Chŭtwārŭ (*masculine*) Chŭtŭsrŭ (*feminine*) Chŭtwāree (*neuter*)	Four.

* A dot over the n denotes a nasal, as in French. mon, bon.

From this comparison of words, it appears that the Romany has no resemblance or affinity to the Lap; whilst the similarity of the Norwegian Tater, or gipsy language, to that spoken by the gipsies of all the countries of which examples are given, leaves no doubt that they speak one language, peculiar to themselves.

The Norwegian gipsies are mentioned as a warlike race, travelling with weapons, especially knives, and a dangerous weapon, called "Tjukei." This weapon, used by the Norwegian gipsies, is most commonly made of Bamboo cane, and is about the length of a walking stick, being covered with hide or leather. The middle of it, where it is held, is covered with brass, and both ends of the "tjukei" are heavily loaded with lead. It is formidable, and a blow from it is often most dangerous. The Norwegian gipsies use this weapon with much skill, twirling it round in their hand with wonderful rapidity, passing it dexterously from one hand to the other, in an almost imperceptible manner, a feat which enables them to continue the combat after an arm is disabled, and also to attack their opponent where it is least expected. The "tjukei" seems to be used in similar manner to the Irish shillaly, with which an Irishman is so expert.

As the Tinklers, or Scottish gipsies, the Norwegian gipsies seem to have had their feuds and disagreements, ending in severe fighting and bloodshed. Their animosity and feelings of revenge were doubly dangerous, from the uncontrolled and strong impulses of their nature, the full extent of which can scarcely be comprehended by a kairengro, or housedweller. Even in England, curious instances of wild revenge have occasionally occurred, resulting in the death of one party. On the occasion of such contentions in Norway, the women often join in the fray, and an instance of the ferocity of the gipsy women is given by Præsten Sundt, as occurring at Ullensaker, some time since, at a fight which took place between two strong bands of Norwegian gipsies, which was long remembered in the district. Two of the gipsy women there fought with such violence and determination, that at last they stood face to face, without a shred of clothes left for their comfort and convenience.

This hostile encounter of Norwegian Tatare is similar to some of the gipsy contests mentioned by Simpson as occurring occasionally between bands of Scotch gipsies. One fight occurred at Rommano, on the 1st October, 1677, between two gipsy clans—the Fawes and the Shawes—about some spoil, after Haddington fair, when old Sandie Fawe and his wife were both killed, and George Fawe dangerously wounded. In the February following, old Robin Shawe and his three sons were hung for killing Sandie Fawe and his wife. Dr. Pennecuik erected

on the spot a dove-cote to commemorate the battle, with the following inscription :—

A.D. 1683.
The field of Gipsie blood which here you see,
A shelter for the harmless dove shall be.

Another fierce contest is described as having occurred in the spring of the year 1772 or 1773, the battle originating from the encroachments of one tribe on the district assigned to another, the fertile source of many gipsy quarrels.

This battle happened near Hawick, and, according to Simpson, the celebrated Alexander Kennedy, a handsome, athletic man, at the head of his tribe, with little Wull Ruthven, the father-in-law of Kennedy, and commonly known over the country as the Earl of Hell, and Muckle Wull Ruthven, a man of uncommon stature and personal strength, with Kennedy's wife, Jean Ruthven, and a great number of inferior members of the clan, males and females, including children, were opposed to old Robert Tait, chieftain of his horde, whose forces consisted of Jacob Tait, young Robert Tait, three of Tait's sons-in-law, Jean Gordon, old Tait's wife, and a train of youths of both sexes, of various ages, composing his family adherents. The whole of the gipsies were armed with cudgels, except some of the Taits, who carried cutlasses, and pieces of iron hoop, notched and serrated, and fixed at the end of sticks.

This fray appears to have been prolonged with desperate determination, both parties observing silence, and nothing being heard but the heavy rattle of their sticks, till at last the Earl, who had retired to get his wounds dressed, seeing his daughter, Kennedy's wife, dreadfully wounded, lost heart, and, with the rest of his party, fled, leaving Kennedy alone, with the infuriated Taits striking at him on all sides. Kennedy, who handled his cudgel with extraordinary dexterity, judiciously retreated to the narrow bridge of Hawick, where he was severely pressed by the Taits, and there is little doubt they would have killed him, but for his advantageous position. With one powerful sweep of his cudgel, he disarmed two of the Taits, and felled another to the ground. Kennedy's determined stand, single-handed, without a follower left, against all the Taits, excited a warm interest and sympathy in his favour among the inhabitants of the town, who had witnessed the conflict with amazement and horror. When Kennedy broke a cudgel on his enemies with his powerful arm, they handed him another, till at length a party of constables arrived to his relief, and apprehended the Taits; but as none of the gipsies were actually

slain, the Taits were afterwards set at liberty. In this battle, it was said that every gipsy, except Alexander Kennedy, the brave chief, was severely wounded. Simpson remarks, that what astonished the inhabitants, was the fierce and stubborn disposition of the gipsy females, who, when they were knocked down senseless to the ground, rose again with redoubled vigour and energy for the fight. This conflict was called by the English gipsies, the "Battle of the Bridge."

Many other instances could be given with regard to gipsy contests; but enough is before the reader to show that the wild, lawless life of the Norwegian gipsies was formerly equalled by those of Great Britain, especially in Scotland, where they often carried arms, and in some instances, their bands were attached to some noble house, from whom they derived occasionally protection. It is a peculiar feature of their history, that in almost every country through which they wandered, they have at times drawn upon themselves the strongest hostility of the administrators of the law, and very often a policy of extermination; yet they have still managed to survive, as a distinct people, still clinging to many of their hereditary usages and nomadic habits with singular tenacity.

Prœsten Sundt observes, that it is strange, living, as they do, in small detached bands, they should still retain so many usages, traditions, and habits in common. The true reason he conceives to be, that their meetings are more frequent than we could suppose possible.

On the authority of an old gipsy, he states that when a band comes to cross roads, they are accustomed to place on the right-hand side of the one they are following, some small twigs of fir, upon which they lay a small stone, in order that the wind may not displace them. Any one passing who does not know the meaning of the sign, either does not attach any importance to it, or, at most, thinks that a child has been there at play. The object of the sign is to show to another band where they may meet with their own people; and it is always of great service to such good "Romany" as may require food and shelter, to be able thus to distinguish the route by the sign called the "patron," placed at intervals on some gipsy trail.

In the winter, the Norwegian gipsies use another sign, which they make in the snow with their whips. The sign is called by them "faano," and resembles a sack with the mouth closed.

These two signs are very useful when two bands agree to travel in company; for, in order to avoid attracting attention, they are obliged to have always at least one day's journey between the two parties; and it is by the aid of these signs, they are able to follow each other with ease. At times, too, messengers pass between the

bands, to give timely warning should the authorities be in pursuit of them.

Prœsten Sundt cautiously hesitated to believe this, as well as much which the gipsies told him; but the authority of Borrow upon this subject, and from the practical and certain information we ourselves have gained, as to the use of "patrins," leave no reason to doubt the truth of the account given by the Norwegian gipsy.

In August, 1855, a royal proclamation, in reference to further efforts to be made to control and reclaim, if possible, all Norwegian and Swedish gipsies, gave additional evidence of the interest with which they were regarded by the authorities, and a large sum of money having been voted by the "Storthing," Prœsten Sundt was enabled to publish his work, "Forsat Beretning om Fantefolket." Christiania: 1859.* In this work the author gives most minute particulars concerning the success of his efforts, and quotes the cases of upwards of four hundred individuals, who had been maintained at the charge of the State, during the years 1855-9, at a comparatively trifling expense. The children had also, in most cases, been placed with peasant families. Prœsten Sundt gives a vivid picture of the vicissitudes in life of the gipsies, who, however, cannot be said to be neglected by the authorities. In 1862, Prœsten Sundt issued a small volume, entitled "Anden Aars Beretning om Fantefolket," which contains many interesting and additional particulars relative to the Norwegian gipsies. This was followed by a Special Report of 56 pages, issued in 1863, and a small volume of 113 pages, published in 1865, both relating to the Norwegian gipsies.

* This government proclamation is noticed by the Rev. Frederick Medcalfe in "The Oxonian in Thelemarken," vol. 1, page 160, who says—"I make a point in all these spots of examining any printed notice that I may come across as being likely to throw light on the country and its institutions. Here, for instance, is a government ordinance of 1855 about the Fantefolk, otherwise Tatare or gipsies. From this I learn that some fifteen hundred of these Bedouins are moving about the kingdom, with children, who, like themselves, have never had Christian baptism or Christian instruction. They are herewith invited to settle down, and the government promises to afford them help for this purpose; otherwise, they will still be called 'gipsies,' and be persecuted in various ways."

II.

TABULATED COMPARISON of the Norwegian gipsy (Tatersprog), and the English gipsy (Romanes), showing the similarity of many words in the two languages, notwithstanding the early separation of this people, in detached hordes, in two distinct kingdoms.

PRŒSTEN SUNDT'S NORWEGIAN GIPSY.	ENGLISH GIPSY.	ENGLISH.
Ava	Av, Avel, Avellin	To come, coming
Bal	Bal	Hair
Balo	Balo	Pig, swine Balo Shero, pig's head
Balivas	Balivas	Bacon
Bar	Bar	Stone
Baro	Boro	Great, fine
Barvaló	Barvelo	Wealth, much
Basscha	Bosch	Fiddle, to play Boshamengro, a fiddler
Beng	Beng	The devil
Berro	Bairo	Boat
Besscha	Besh, Beschellay	To sit, sitting
Bittan	Bitty, Bitta	Little
But	But, Bootsee, Kissy, Koosee,	Much
Dad	Dad	Father
Deia	Daya, Day	Mother
Devel	Dovel, Duvel	God
Diklo	Dicklo	Handkerchief
Dives	Divus	The day Cushty divus, good day
Doschta	Doosta	Enough
Drabb	Drabengro	Doctor (one who dispenses medicine)
Dromin	Droma	Road, way
Dummo	Dummo	The back; Dumo, Turkish gipsy for back.
Dur	Dur	Long
Döi	Doi	There
Ful	Full	Dirt
Gav	Gav	Village Boro gav, town
Giv	Giv	Corn Givengro, farmer
Grasni	Grasny	Mare Crashnia (Basque Romany)

Præsten Sundt's Norwegian Gipsy.	English Gipsy.	English.
Grei	Grei, grye	Horse
Gurni	Gurny	Cow
Ja	Jee, jaw, gel	To go
Jila	Gilee, givelee	Song
Juklo	Jukel, Juklo	Dog
Kas	Kas	Hay
Kei	Kei	Here
Ker	Kair	House Kairengro, house-dweller
Kil	Kil	Butter
Kokka	Hokerpen Hokapen	A lie, falsehood
Kokkero	Kokero	Self
Kolliva	Ollivaws	Stockings
Kalo	Calo	Black
Lil	Lil	Letter, a writing; chinomengree also used in English gipsy for letter
Lon	Lon	Salt
Lovo	Lovo	Money
Ma	Maw	Not
Maro	Moro	Bread
Mas	Mass	Meat Moolo mas, carrion
Möi	Mouee	Mouth
Matejo	Matcho, Matchee	Fish Macho (Basque Romany)
Mommali	Mumlee	Candle
Mors	Moosh	Man
Mulo	Moolo	Dead
Mussi	Moschee	The arm
Nak	Nok	Nose
Nav	Nav	Name
Pab	Pob	Apples Pobengree, cider
Pani	Panee	Water
Parikka	Parik	To thank
Patron	Patrin	Leaf-signal Patrin (Turkish Romany) leaf
Pi	Pi	To drink
Piro	Peero	The foot
Piri	Piri	Pot or kettle
Por	Por	Feather
Pral	Pal	Brother
Puro	Puro Puru (feminine)	Old Phuro (Turkish Romany)
Pœna	Pen	Sister
Rakra	Rocker	To talk
Rakli	Rackly	Girl
Rankano	Rye	Gentleman

Præsten Sundt's Norwegian Gipsy.	English Gipsy.	English.
Rani	Rawnee	Lady
Rasscho	Rashei	Priest
Rat	Rat	Blood
Ratti	Ratti	Night
Rup	Rup	Silver
Schelano	Shillino	Cold
Schero	Schero	Head
Siva	Siv	To sow
Sonneka	Soonakey	Gold
Stadi	Stardy	Hat
Summin	Simmin	Soup
Tatto	Tatto	Warm
Tjavo	Chavo	A child
Tjei	Kei	A girl
Tjumma	Chuma	A kiss
Trash	Trash	Fear
Tud	Tud	Milk
Vascht	Vastee, Vast, Vastro	The hand Basta (Basque Romany) Vast (Turkish Romany)
Vesch	Vesh	Wood, forest

The foregoing comparison of the gipsy language (Romanes), as spoken by the Norwegian and English gipsies, will probably be sufficient to satisfy our reader that both languages are the same.

Long as their separation has been, from whatever portion of the world they came, the Norwegian and English gipsies are evidently one and the same people.

The circumstances and causes which have separated and scattered this singular people in detached hordes, to be wanderers in the midst of civilisation, at present remains an impenetrable mystery.

III.

The following table of comparison of Romany numerals, which we have arranged, may be interesting. The English gipsy numerals are completed to ten, partly from Bryant's collection of English gipsy words, published in the "Annual Register" of 1785. We do not know any instance of an English author, since that date, obtaining from the English gipsies, Romany numerals so high as ten. Hoyland,

in his work, published in 1818, gives a list from Grellmann, whose work was translated into English by Raper, in 1785. Hoyland also gives some examples from Bryant, but only verifies, from his own research, the gipsy numerals up to five, and the numeral ten. Crabb, the gipsies' friend, who published a work in 1818, gives examples of gipsy numerals from Grellmann, Hoyland, and Captain Richardson. No other succeeding authors appear to have been able to make up their list of English gipsy numerals to ten, without having recourse to Bryant or Grellmann. Simpson, who has written an interesting work upon the Scotch gipsies, a work evidently the result of much patient research, gives the Scotch gipsy numerals as far as ten; but, after six, the remaining numbers given have evidently no affinity to the Romany language. Either the gipsies, not knowing the numerals to ten, gave him wrong words, or he mistook the sound. Although many words of the language may have been gradually lost, we can only wonder how they have managed to preserve, through all their wanderings, hardships, and difficulties, this link, fragmental though it be, to an early past, in some long-forgotten land, whence they originally came.

TABULATED COMPARISON OF GIPSY NUMERALS.

Bryant's English Gipsy, 1785.	Sundt's Norwegian Tatersprog or Gipsy.	Sundt's Lithuanian Tatersprog or Gipsy.	Borrow's Spanish Gipsy.	Borrow's Hungarian Gipsy.	English Gipsy.	Hoyland's English Gipsy.	Simpson's Scotch Gipsy.	Grellman.	Polock's Sanscrit.	Paspati's Turkish Gipsy.	Paspati's Asiatic Gipsy.	Hindostance.	Hindee.	Sanscrit.	English.
Yec.	Jikk	Jek	Yeque	Jek	Yek	Yake	Yalk	Iek Ek	Eka	Yek	Yúka	Ēk	Ēk	Ékŭ (mas.) Ékā (fem.) Ékŭń (neu.)*	One
Due.	Dy	Dui	Dui	Dui	Dui Doi	Duée	Duie	Duj Doj	Dui	Dui	Di Didi	Dŏ	Dō	Dwí (crude) Dwau (m. and f.) Dwē (neu.)	Two
Trin.	Trin Drill	Trin	Trin	Trin	Trin	Trin	Trin	Trin Tri	Tri	Trin	Dun	Teen	Trĭe (like try Trí	Tri (crude) Trŭgŭ (mas.) Trisŭ (fem.) Treeni (neu.)	Three
Stor.	Shtar	Schtaar	Estar	Schtar	Stor Star	Stor	Tor	Schtar Star	Chater	Ishtár Shtár Star	Ishtar Shtái	Chār	Chār	Chŭtoor (crude.) Chŭtwārŭ (mas.) Chŭtŭsŭ (fem.) Chŭtwāree (neu.)	Four
Peng.	Pansch	Pantsch	Pansche	Pansch	Pansch Peng Panj	Pan	Punch Fo	Pantsch Pansch	Pancha	Pantch Pandj	Pentch	Pānch	Pŭnch	Pŭnch	Five
Sho.	Sink	Shoov	Job Zoi	Tschov	Sho Shov	—	Shaigh	Tschowe Schow Sof	Shat	Sho Shov	Shesh	Chhŭh Khŭt Shŭt Shŭsh	Khŭt Shŭt	Shŭsh (crude) Khŭt } (mas. fem. Shŭt } and neu.)	Six
Afta.	Schuh, more often Sytt	Efta	Hefta	Efta	Afta	—	Naivairn	Efta	Sapta	Eftá	Hoft	Sāt Hŭft Sŭpt	Sāt Sŭpt	Sŭptŭń (crude) Sŭpt (m. f. and n.)	Seven
Oitoo.	Okto	Ochto	Otor	Ochto	Oitoo	—	Naigh Luften	Ochto	Ashta	Okhtó Ohtó	Háisht	Āth Ŭsht Hŭsht	Āth Ŭsht	Ushtŭń	Eight
Enneah	Engja, often Nin	Enja	Esnia	Enija	Enneah	—	Line	Enja Eija	Nava	Enéa Enia Iniya	Néya Nu	Nou Nŭh	Mŭvŭ Nau	Nŭvŭń (crude) Nŭvŭ (m. f. & n.)	Nine
Desh.	Tin	Desch.	Deque	Dösch	Desh	Dyche	Nay	Desch Des	Dasa	Desh Des	Dez Dest	Dŭs	Dŭs	Dŭsŭn (crude) Dŭs (m. f. and n.)	Ten

* A dot over the *n* denotes a nasal, as in French, *mon*, *bon*.

IV.

THE NORWEGIAN POET'S MORTGAGE

OR

PANTEBREV.

Eg er, som vel Du veit, ein Fjellets Mann,
og derfor dreg til Fjells, so tidt eg kan,
at friska meg paa Fly og bratte Bryn,
og sjaa ikring meg alle store Syn.

Men efter som eg meir paa Alder steig,
og Foten mindre lett frametter seig,
so laut eg soleids sveiva meg og snu,
at eg i Jötunheimen fekk ei Bud,
der eg ein Maanads Tid kan liva vel
og styrkja millom Fjellom Skrott og Sjel.

Eg plassen valde, etter Syn paa mange
ved Bygdins vestre Ende paa ein Tange.
Fraa logne Heim, der ser Du Tinder vaja,
og Sletmarkhö, som likjest *Himalaya*.
Med kvite *Lokkar stend ho som i Tankar*
so nett som *hægsta Tinden Gaurisankar*.

Eg tri fekk med meg til det Byggjeverk,
men endaa er min Pung so litet sterk
at ikke eg, som er ein afsett Kar,
kan löysa in min Part i denne Gard.
Fem Daler hadd' eg, so var Pungen tom,
og fem og tjuge er den heile Sum.
Men dette vantad Tjug til Samskotslag,
det fekk af Konsul Heftye eg idag.
For dette og den gode Viljen sin
eg gev'n Pant i denne Garden min.

So, om eg döyr, hel dreg af Landet ut,
so eig i Garden han den fjorde Lut,
imot at han fem Daler legger af
til deim, som paa mit Bu kan hava Krav
forutan Alt, som etter Svärt paa Kvitt,
paa Garden kostad verdt i Navnet mitt,
i Fall han ikkje vil, som hender tidt,
til Andre selja dette pantet sit,
og draga pantesummen derifraa
hjaa deim, som Garden etter Auktion faa,
Til kvert eit Nytaar fær han Renta plent,
i Kongens Mynt med Retten fem procent.

Og so han hev for Gud og Retten sin
der fyrste Pant i Eidsbu Garden min
som vel er ny, men derfor god som gyld,
og fær nok Numer og Matrikulskyld,
og so i Thingets Bok eit serskilt Rum
paa lange, store mugne Folium.
Og saa som Vitne stend her, daa til Svars
Voldmester Thjöme, Archivaren Sars,
som eiga Garden etter Lod og Linje
isaman med med meg—AASMUND OLSEN VINGE.*

Christiania, 28de November, 1868.

Til Vitterlighed:
H. J. THJÖME. E. SARS.

Læst, extraheret, og protokolleret ved Maanedsthinget for Vang og Slidre Thinglag den 16de December, 1868. Det bemærkes at Debitor ei erfares at have *thinglæst* Hjemmel paa *Pantet*, ligesom det ei kan erfares at være skydsat eller at henhöre under noget Brug, hvorfor nærværende Dokument er bleven extraheret paa Vangs Sameies Folium.

For Thingl og Anm, 60—sexti skill.

ENGELSCHJÖN.

* The poet's right name is Aasmund Olafsen Vinge. The poet has signed "Olsen" instead of "Olafsen," probably because the name would not scan otherwise in the last line. The poet is said to have been born, 6 April, 1818, in a poor cottage (huusmands plads) in the parish of Vinge Thelemarken.

In his early youth his library consisted of his Bible, some of Holberg's works, and a few religious books. Most of his early days were spent in tending goats and cattle

in the woods, where he received those strong impressions of the wonders of nature and the beauties of mountain scenery which formed the poet of after-years. When he was grown up, he received sufficient instruction to become a teacher at Mandal, where *he* studied navigation and commerce.

At a comparatively late period of life, in 1850, when he was 32 years of age, he entered as a student of the university of Christiania, and, taking his degree in law, commenced practice as a solicitor.

The poet, as might be expected, was little suited to the practical requirements of the profession, and his peculiar views placed him in antagonism with the state of literature, religion, and politics of the time. The Danish book-language spoken by the educated classes, and now used as the language of literature, did not please him; and he strenuously advocated a return to the old Norsk or Icelandic language. Through the interest of friends, Vinge had obtained an appointment in a government office, which gave him the absolute necessities of life; but this he lost in consequence of his persistent attacks upon the unity of Norway and Sweden under one king, forgetting that the union of the two countries gives them an additional element of power in the north.

In 1858 Vinge published a weekly periodical, the "Dolen," which, with occasional interruptions, he continued for eight years, contributing articles on various subjects, almost entirely written in the ancient Norsk. In this periodical most of his poetry was first published.

As a poet, he is said to excel more particularly in idylls; and as a prose author, by his genial humour. During a residence in Scotland and England in *1862 and 1863*, he wrote in English "A Norseman's View of Britain and the British," *published 1863*. With much originality of thought, it is encumbered with false conclusions and extreme views. The work consists of a series of sixteen letters, and is most interesting as an analysis of the poet's mind, who might have cast his fate on more peaceful waters. They are in striking contrast with "De l'Avenir politique de l'Angleterre (England's political future) par le Comte de Montalembert," published 1856. Yet, withal, there is a freshness in the northern poet's views. They are the real emanations of real and earnest thought, and so command respect, attention, and consideration. Of the society of England, we are sorry to say, Vinge took a desponding view, forgetting, as the lofty mind of Milton speaks—

> "Orders and degrees jar not with liberty,
> But well consist."—

In his letters on England, Vinge, *in order to give a melancholy illustration of the state of society, alludes to the true but romantic marriage of the Lord* Burghley, who, *staying at a country village in Shropshire as a* landscape painter, under the assumed name of Jones, married, in 1791, being then about the age of 37, a country maiden named Sarah Hoggins. After their marriage, Lord Burghley becomes Marquess of Exeter in 1793, and takes his wife, to her surprise, to his magnificent mansion of Burghley House, near Stamford Town, where she afterwards dies in 1797. The incident is described in one of the most beautiful poems Tennyson has ever written. Vinge, whilst he admires the poem, sees much to deplore in the fact that such a state of society should exist, in which a village maid, when she married a nobleman, should feel oppressed, to use the words of Tennyson,

> "With the burthen of an honour
> Unto which she was not born."

Vinge forgets that the village maiden may have done worse in her own position of life. It was quite within the range of possibility for her to have a husband, who,

when occasionally inebriated, might sometimes give her a good beating, or indulge in language not suited to the poetry of Vinge. The poet also overlooks the fact that Lord Burghley gave an honourable love to the village maid. He did not deceive her, but, as Tennyson beautifully describes—

"An' a gentle consort made he ;
And her gentle mind was such,
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.

Nor did the Lord Burghley forget the maiden's relatives and friends ; but made a most ample provision for them. One feels some pride that in England a respectable village girl, whose countenance is said to have expressed sensibility, purity, and happiness, should have had that respect due to her change of rank, and be received at court, where her quiet, unassuming manners are said to have been much admired by her Majesty Queen Charlotte. "But," says Vinge, "she was not born to honour. There is the deep cause of all the mischief, and it is no burlesque ; on the contrary, it is very pathetic."

Still we do not see any reason for the poet's complaint; and though the Lady of Burghley died early, the Marquess did not long survive her, for he died in 1804, and society could not have had anything to do with his death. The present Marquess and Earl of Exeter is their grandson. In allusion to the death of the Lady of Burghley, the poet laureate concludes :—

"So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly by his side ;
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.

Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burghley,
Burghley House by Stamford Town.

And he came to look upon her,
And he looked at her and said—
'Bring the dress, and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed.'

Then the people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest."

Vinge has also published a collection of poems, sketches of travels, scraps of poetry and prose, and a long epic poem called "Store Gut" (the big boy). Lastly he published "Vaar Politik" and "Om Professor Schweigaard." The last named work he had just published when he died, 30 July, 1870. Vinge was one of those visionary poets who would take society up by the roots and plant it branches downwards, expecting it to thrive and flourish. It seldom answers in nature ; but then poets cannot be judged by the standard of ordinary men. Shelley and Vinge were of such. His life was an unbroken struggle. He was a highly intellectual and most interesting man. In Gran churchyard, Hadeland, rest the remains of Aasmund Olafsen Vinge.

TRANSLATION OF THE NORWEGIAN POET'S MORTGAGE, OR PANTEBREV.

THE MORTGAGE.

I AM, as well you know, a man of the mountains,
And therefore go to the Fjelds as oft as I can,
To freshen myself on craig or broad hillside,
And look around to see as far as I can.

But as I find I'm getting on in years,
And that I am not so fleet of foot as I was,
I lie and bask in the sun, and think
That I should like a hut in Jötunheim,*
Where I could live well for a month's space,
And strengthen body and soul among the *fjelds*.

I chose the spot, after looking at many,
With the west end of the hut upon a tongue of land.
From the little hut you see the peaks so lofty,
And Sletmarkhö, so much like Himalaya.
Bareheaded, thus I stood in contemplation,
On mighty Gaurisankar's highest peak.

I took three with me for this building work;
But then my purse is so extremely *light*,
That I, who am but an humble *fellow*,
Cannot pay my share *in this property*.
I had five dollars—*so light* was my purse,
And five-and-twenty was the sum required.
But this much wanted, twenty in the total,
I got to-day from Mr. Consul Heftye.
For this, and for his kind *goodwill*,
I give a mortgage on this house of mine.
So, if I die, or if I leave the land,
He shall possess the fourth part of the house
On paying down five dollars to the man

* Home of the giants.

Who may have any claim upon my hut,
Excepting all that, as the receipt does show,
Was spent upon the house in my own name,
In case he will not, as ofttimes occurs,
Sell this, his mortgage, to another man,
Deducting the amount of the mortgage from
That which the house will fetch when sold by
Auction. With each new year he interest shall
Receive, in Royal coin, at legal five per cent.

And thus, before God and the law, he has
The first mortgage on this isthmus house of mine,
Which is quite new, and, therefore, good as gold,
And shall have number and matriculation,
And have a space allotted in the books of the
Court, in their great big, musty folios.
As witnesses appear the Dike inspector,
Thjöme, and the Keeper of the Archives, Sars,
Who own a share and portion in the house,
Together with myself—AASMUND OLSEN VINGE.

Christiania, 28th November, 1868.

Witnesses:

H. J. THJÖME. E. SARS.

Read, extracted, and protocolled at the Monthly Court for the district of Vang and Slidre, the 16th December, 1868.

It is observed, that the debtor is not aware of having produced any proof of the mortgage; neither can it be ascertained that it has been taxed, or that it belongs to any custom, for which reason this document was extracted on the folio for joint ownership for Vang.

For production and entry, 60—sixty skil.

ENGELSCHJÖN.

V.

We have thought it well to insert in the Appendix, the following notice from J. P. Laurent's "Livet i Felten,"* relative to Mr. Bennett, so well known to almost every tourist and sportsman who has visited Christiania during the last twenty years; and to those of our readers who have chanced to linger in the quaint old rooms at 17, Store Strandgade, mentioned at page 52 of this work, the notice may probably have an additional interest.

"Til min store Sorg erfoer jeg her, at vor Engelskmand under mit Ophold i Kolding havde forladt Korpset og var dragen til Norge, som han pludselig havde faaet Lyst til at see. Da jeg anseer det meget uvist, om han atter faaer Lyst til at vende tilbage hertil, ved Udgangen af Vaabenstilstanden, og om han overhovedet nogensinde kommer tilbage til Danmark, baaber jeg ikke, at jeg begaaer en Indiskretionsfejl ved at navngive dette Menneske, der med saamegen Interesse personlig har fulgt vor Sag i over et halvt Aar. Da han paa Udrejsen bad Obersten om et maatte folge Korpset som civil Ledsager, naturligviis uden at staae i nogetsomhelst Forpligtelsesforhold til Korpset, tilbod han sig at assistere Lœgerne, og, efterat han var bleven Almindelig kjendt, kaldte Karlene ham 'den Engelske Doktor.' Han hed T. Bennett og Kaldte sig for Spög: Voluntary assistant to the medical officers of the Danish army. Inden han forlod Korpset var han afholdt af Alle paa Grund af sin godmodige Characteer og utrættelige Tjenstvillighed imod Alle. Ved Retiraden fra Nörre Maestrup efter det natlige Overfald laa en af vore Jægere syg i den Gaard, Fjenderne havde omringet, og var ganske sikkert bleven fangen, hvis ikke Bennett havde taget ham paa sin Ryg og slœbt afsted med ham, saalœnge han Kunde.—Paa Maeschen† (*sic*) vandrede han bestandig paa sin Fod, skjöndt man ikke vilde have nœgtet ham Plads paa Bagagevognene, og paa lœngere Toure tog han ofte Gevœret eller Tornystren fra de Trœtteste og bar det ufortrödent.—Naar det var, at vi laae i Bivouak, eller i lœngere Tid maatte staae opstillede paa et eller ander Sted uden at turde forlade samme, ilede Bennett stedse omkring og forskaffede, hvad han kunde, til at vedergvœge Obersten og Officererne med, og stedse bar han til det Öjemed et Par Flasker Viin i sin Tornyster. Man kunde vedblive at fortœlle mange lignende Exempler paa den

* "Livet i Felten. Uddrag af en Loeges Dagbog i Sommern 1848." Published at Copenhagen. 1849.

† Probably misprint for Marschen.

Hengivenhed, hvormed han følte sig knyttet til vort Korps, og den rastlöse Iver, hvormed han strœbte efter at tjene Alle, og vi vare Alle enige om, at han fortjente en offentlig Udmœrkelse.

"Den nœrmere Anledning til, at han fulgte med os, samt han noble Adfœrd i den Anledning fortjener ogsaa at omtales. Da Korpset forlod Kjöbenhavn, var det egentlig en Broder til en af de Frivillige, der önskede som Civil at ledsage os, i Begyndelsen rigtignok Kun til Roeskilde, men senere hile Felttoget med. Bennett troede at være den Frivilliges Familie nogen Forbindtlighed skyldig og skrev hjem til den, at naar den yngre Broder maatte gaae med, vilde han, Bennett, bestandig ledsage denne og følge ham hjem, naar han selv vilde. Og da den yngre Broder forlod Korpset i Ejstrup i Begyndelsen af Juli Maaned, ledsagede Bennett ham ganske rigtigen til Kjöbenhavn, og blev i den Anledning forsynet med en særdeles smigrende Skrivelse fra vor Oberst. Men neppe var Bennett kommen til Kjöbenhavn, förend han uopfordret löb omkring til Officierernes Familier og bragte Hilsener fra Mœnd og Slœgtninge, og derpaa vendte han tilbage til Armeen og bragte os en Deel personlige Hilsener fra Hjemmet. Inden han blev mere bekjendt, paadrog han sig flere Ubehageligheder. Paa Als blev han antagen for en Spion, og i Haderslev vilde Politiet absolut arrestere ham som Friskaremand til Engelskmandens store Fornöjelse. Selv Karlene ansaae dette lange Menneske med stort, rödligt Skjœg og hvidt Halstörklœde for en forlöben tydsk Haandvœrkssvend og holdt Öje med ham paa Marschen, indtil, de lœrte ham bedre at Kjende.— Endelig bör jeg ogsaa ömtale, at han er Forfatter af de engelske Vers og Krirgssange, som i afvigte Sommer fandtes indrykkede i den *Berlingske Tidende.*"

TRANSLATION.

"To my great sorrow, I here learn that our Englishman, during my stay at Kolding, has left the corps, and gone to Norway, as if he had suddenly formed a wish to see it. As I consider his return very uncertain previous to the expiring of the armistice, or whether he will revisit Denmark at all; whether or no, I wish to mention the person who has supported our cause with such personal interest for more than half a year. When he first arrived, the Colonel asked him whether he would accompany the army in the capacity of a civil officer, of course without any military obligation towards the corps. He volunteered his assistance in the medical department, and, after remaining some time with us, and becoming generally known, the men called him 'the English Doctor.' After this, T. Bennett sportively called himself 'Voluntary Assistant to the Medical Officers of the Danish Army.'

Although he has left the corps, he was esteemed by every one, on account of his kindly character and earnest desire to be useful to everyone. On the retreat from Nörre Maestrup, after the nocturnal attack one of our Jägers was lying in a yard; the enemy had surrounded it, and he was certain of being taken prisoner, had not Bennett carried him off on his back, and trudged away with him as far as he could. On the march he was always on foot, notwithstanding that he might have had a place on the baggage waggons, and on longer expeditions he would frequently take muskets or knapsacks from the weary, and carry them forward. When we happened to be lying in bivouac, or were forced to stop in any place, without daring to advance or recede, Bennett always went with the Colonel and officers to reconnoitre, for which purpose he carried a couple of bottles of wine in his knapsack. Many similar instances might be related of the devotion with which he felt himself bound to our army corps, and of his ardent zeal to be useful to all, and how all our men loved him. He deserved a public distinction.

"On the last occasion he accompanied us, his noble behaviour again deserves an excellent report. When the corps first left Copenhagen, there was a brother of one of our volunteers, who wished to accompany us in a civil capacity, and, indeed, reached Roeskilde sufficiently, but his health broke down at the review. Bennett deemed it his duty towards the volunteer's family to write, that if the younger brother should join, he would be a companion to him, and bring him home if he wished it. And when the younger brother left the army, at Ejstrup, in the beginning of the month of July, Bennett most kindly went with him to Copenhagen, and, provided with a most flattering letter from the Colonel, was to remain there. Scarcely, however, had Bennett reached Copenhagen, ere he, unsolicitedly, visited the officers' families, bringing greetings from friends and kindred, after which he immediately returned to the army, with many personal messages from home.

"Until he had become better known, he had many annoyances. At Als he was taken for a spy, and in Hadersleben the police actually wanted to arrest him, to the Englishman's great amusement. Our men even looked upon the tall man, with his fair beard and white neckerchief, as a German mechanic who had deserted, and kept an eye on him while on the march, until they learned to know him better.

"I should also finally mention, that he is the author of the English poem and war songs, which I found last summer printed in the *Berlingske Tidende*."

THE END.

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